WEEK
ENDING
DEC. 19, 1931

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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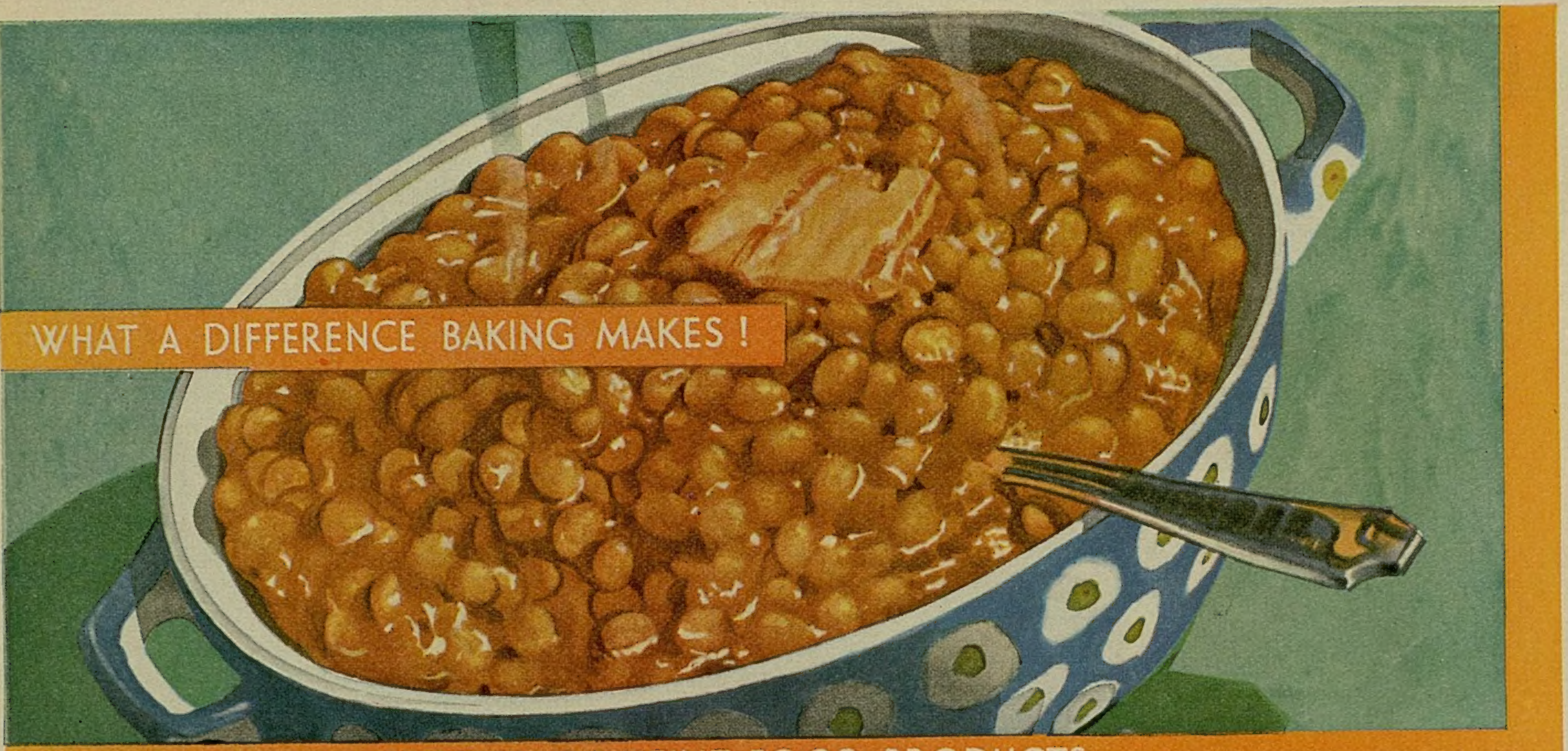
THE LABEL SAYS IT...THE FLAVOR SHOUTS IT...

HEINZ BEANS ARE BAKED!


WHAT A DIFFERENCE BAKING MAKES!

ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES OF HEINZ FOOD PRODUCTS

It's probably news to you—it is to nearly everyone—but most of the so-called baked beans aren't baked at all. They're really steamed or boiled.

Before you say "Impossible!" look on the label of the brand you use. Unless you find the word "Baked" on the label, those beans *aren't* baked!

You can tell real *baked* beans by the label—and by the flavor! Just try Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. They're tender and light and plump—their golden-brown goodness blended with a thick, delicious sauce. Between them and steamed or boiled beans there's all the difference that there is between a crisp-skinned, flaky baked potato and a boiled potato.

Yes, Heinz Beans are baked—actually baked in ovens by the special Heinz method. This oven-baking makes beans wonderfully light and digestible—brings out the full flavor—lets the sauce permeate through and through as butter permeates a baked potato. One mouthful of Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans—and you'll never be satisfied with any other brand!

You can get Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans in four tempting styles. Two styles with tomato sauce—with pork and without. Then there is Boston Style—with pork and a rich molasses sauce. Lastly, Baked Red Kidney Beans in a savory sauce—ready to serve.

Try all four styles. You can get them in convenient sizes. They'll lend variety—give a new thrill to that good old favorite—baked beans. But to be sure of getting real *baked* beans, insist upon Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans!

CORN AND KIDNEY BEANS

1 medium can Heinz Oven-Baked Kidney Beans
1 medium-size can corn
1 green pepper
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
3 tablespoons grated cheese
Few fine buttered bread crumbs

Mix the beans, corn, green pepper, minced finely, salt and the egg, well beaten. Pour into a buttered baking dish, sprinkle top with cheese and a layer of buttered crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven for 30 to 45 minutes.

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ONLY REAL BAKED BEANS CAN BE LABELED "BAKED"

HEINZ
OVEN
BAKED BEANS
WITHOUT TOMATO SAUCE
WITH PORK
BOSTON STYLE
H. J. HEINZ CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
HEINZ
OVEN
BAKED BEANS
WITH PORK AND TOMATO SAUCE
H. J. HEINZ CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
HEINZ
OVEN
BAKED BEANS
IN TOMATO SAUCE
WITHOUT MEAT
VEGETARIAN
H. J. HEINZ CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
HEINZ
OVEN BAKED
RED
KIDNEY BEANS
WITH PORK
H. J. HEINZ CO.

BOSTON STYLE—WITH PORK

WITH TOMATO SAUCE—AND PORK

IN TOMATO SAUCE—WITHOUT MEAT—"VEGETARIAN"

RED KIDNEY BEANS—WITH PORK

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POCKET BEN

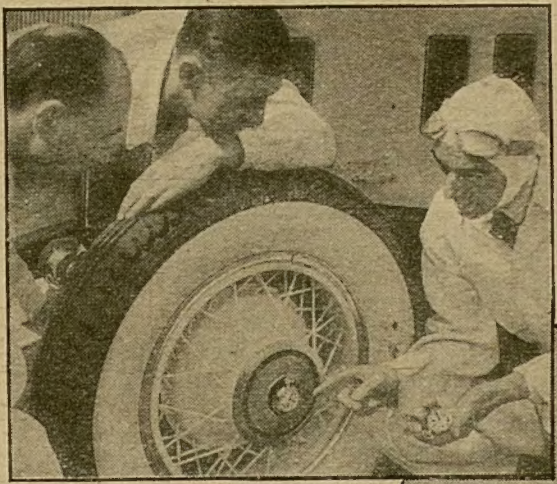
is a

THRILLING CHRISTMAS GIFT!

Any man or boy will be happy to find a Pocket Ben on the Christmas tree

WHO wouldn't be thrilled to own the brother of the daring watch that plunged over Niagara Falls in a barrel, shot a thousand feet into the air in a skyrocket, somersaulted on the wheel hub of a racing car! In every one of the many stunts he has tried, Pocket Ben has come through with flying colors.

That's why you'll find him easily the favorite gift with all ages. Men know they can depend on Pocket Ben to keep time to the dot whether at home or out on the job. Boys know that here is one watch that doesn't mind the rough and tumble of a healthy game.



Clamped to the hub of a Stutz Torpedo Speedster, Pocket Ben turned 1000 somersaults a minute in a dizzy 100-mile ride over a rough brick track of the Indianapolis Speedway. After 64,000 "somersaults," Pocket Ben was still on time to the minute!

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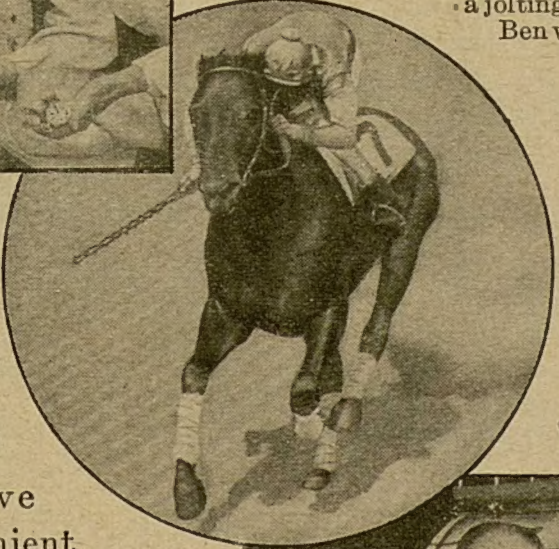

Pocket Ben found a new thrill as an "ankle watch" strapped to the leg of a race horse at Arlington Park, Chicago. After a jolting, jarring mile Pocket Ben was on time to the dot.

•

Clamped to the trigger arm of the bass drum of Paul Whiteman's orchestra, Pocket Ben was punished through a three-hour program. But, 10,752 drum beats failed to throw Pocket Ben off his accurate stride.

And he's a handsome fellow too. Thinner, smaller, Pocket Ben comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands. Convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed and is a member of the famous Westclox family of LaSalle, Illinois.

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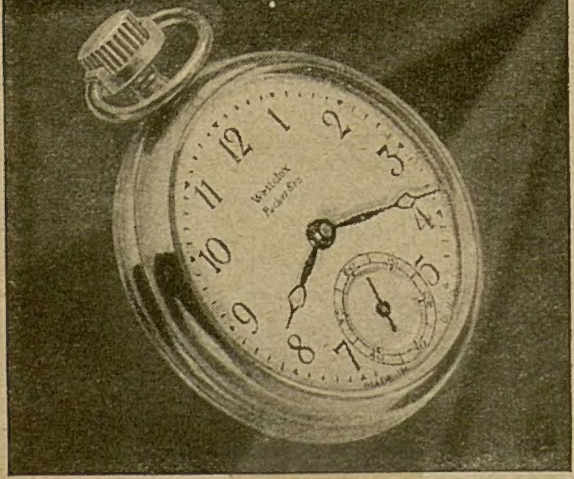
A NEW gift! A POLITE alarm clock! The new Big Ben Chime Alarm with silent tick and two voices.



$1.50

Made by the makers of Big Ben

POCKET BEN

Westclox .... POCKET WATCHES .... ALARMS .... AUTO CLOCKS

DEC. 19, 1931

Liberty

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A Weekly for Everybody

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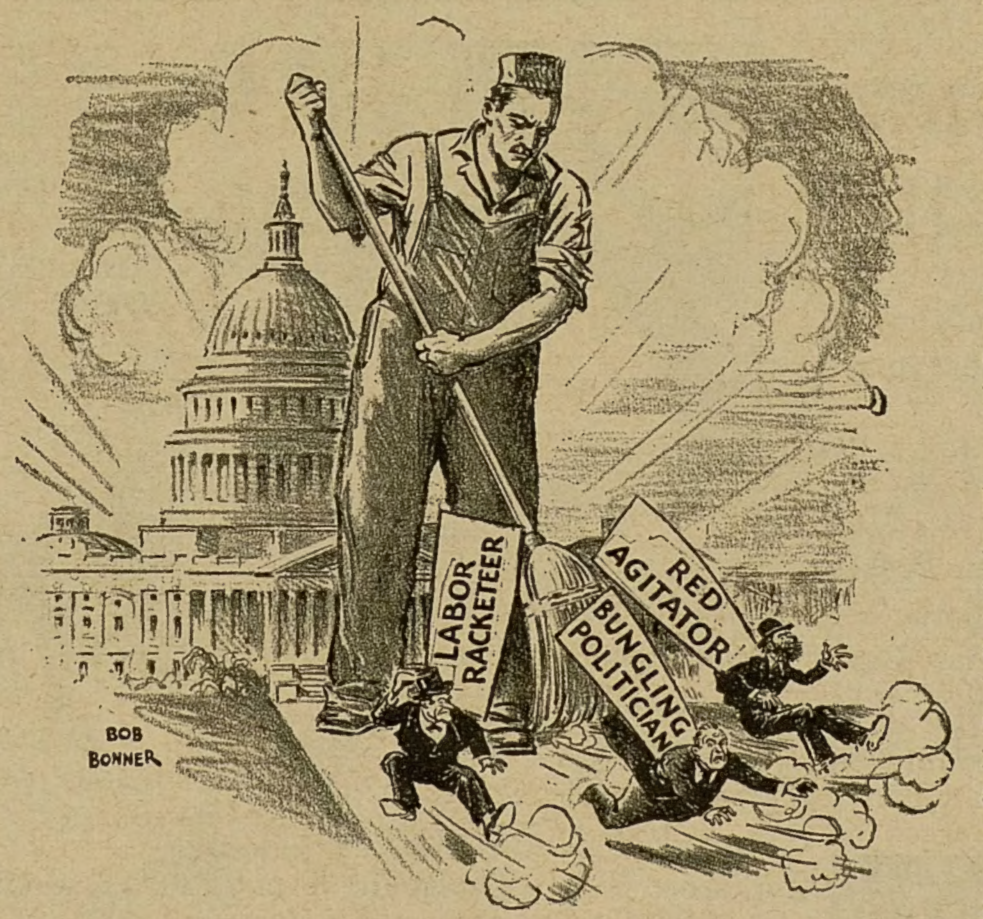
> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."* —*Abraham Lincoln.*

LABOR WILL SUPPLY OUR LEADERS

The struggle between capital and labor has been the subject of unlimited discussion.

In former generations capital was a dominating power, merciless and inhuman at times. But with the coming of the labor unions, and the settlement of differences through conferences and arbitration, there has been a great change in the relationship between these two mighty forces.



An oversupply of power always brings about abuses. Humanity seems to be well provided with greed and selfishness. When capital has the upper hand it is inclined to take advantage of its dominating position, and, likewise, labor leaders, when they find themselves in a similar situation, often take advantage of capital.

It is not good for either capital or labor to have an undue amount of power. The more equally this element of control is divided, the better it is for both. With suffrage open to everybody, however, it is a foregone conclusion that labor will ultimately be the controlling force.

Bismarck, the great German statesman, said on one occasion:

"In the fight between labor and capital, labor has won most of the victories. That will be the case everywhere when labor gets the vote."

Labor has the vote in this country, and in addition it has organizations through which it can effectively function.

Labor has won some great outstanding victories in England, and although it recently went down to defeat, its former representative, Premier MacDonald, finally triumphed.

The high wages made possible during the boom period after the war are still being maintained in some of our industries. They would doubtless drop to the standard which existed previous to the war if it were not for the influence of the labor unions. President Green of the American Federation of Labor has bitterly contested every effort to reduce wages, and doubtless any move in this direction is inadvisable if it can possibly be avoided.

We have created standards of our own in this country. We possess more automobiles than all the other nations of the world. We have made necessities of luxuries, and the ability to enjoy these advantages has been made possible by the almost universal application of high wages.

Wages, however, represent a huge expense in many industries, and every business must be in a position to meet competition. If the labor cost of a product compels its sale at a price beyond foreign or other competing prices, such a business could not be profitably continued. It would go on to certain bankruptcy.

The railroads, for example, have suffered a serious decline in business. Officials of many of these systems maintain that they cannot live without an increase in freight rates and a decrease in wages.

Henry Ford's idea that liberal wages bring free spending which increases business and makes good times for everybody is constructive philosophy. During the boom period of business we were literally rolling in wealth. Nearly everybody had money to invest. Wall Street's customers were multiplied many times over. But great numbers were eliminated in the first financial crisis, and few, if any, of them stood the strain of the continuous downward trend of values.

Labor is gradually increasing its power, but to hold what it has gained it must play a fair game. It must be square and honest not only with the workers whose interests it represents, but with its partner—capital. For, after all, capital and labor are really partners. They should be working together for mutual benefit. Capital should be entitled to its share, and labor should be dealt with in equal fairness.

Capital cannot increase its possessions without labor, and labor cannot promote itself without capital. They should work together harmoniously, having but one object in view—the promotion of their mutual interests. Capital must make a profit if it is to continue to exist. Labor must secure fair wages to be supplied with the comforts of life.

And when the emergencies that are bound to appear occasionally are faced fairly and honestly, there should be no reason for serious differences of opinion.

A *Brunswick* BILLIARD TABLE

the first gift they'll go for

...the last they'll tire of or break

$6.50 $12.50 $17.50 $25 $60 $100

FROM every viewpoint a Brunswick Junior Playmate Billiard Table is the finest Christmas present you can give a youngster. First, because every child, from the moment he gets a Table, goes in for Billiards in a big way. And the longer he plays, the better he likes it.

Secondly, it is a present, the pleasure of which can be shared with his friends, his brothers, his sisters.

Thirdly, it will last, both physically and in popularity, long after practically all other presents are not even a memory. From the parents' standpoint, Billiards is not only a good game for the children, but it is a good influence. It absorbs their interest these long winter evenings; keeps them at home and gives them a means of play that makes them forget the dreary afternoons after school when they can't and shouldn't be out.

And it is a game—one of the very few—that both a father and a mother can play with children, without feeling somewhat foolish and over-tired.

Then comes the question of price. A Brunswick Junior Playmate can be purchased for as little as $6.50. What other real present can be bought for so small a sum? And each model, irrespective of price, is a strong, sturdy, lasting Table, built to the same rigid specifications as the regular Brunswick Home and Championship Tables. Each item of playing equipment is built with the utmost care and with the same regard for quality as the Table itself. *Not toys, but real Billiard Tables reduced in size, they are almost essential to any home where there is one child or more.* Billiards fascinates adults—just as it does youngsters—whether it is played in the home, at the club or in one of the modern recreation centers. It is the most interesting and healthful of indoor games and provides enough but not too much exercise for those of us who lead, by inclination or necessity, somewhat inactive lives physically. Leading department, hardware, furniture and sporting goods stores sell them.

Look for the gold and black Brunswick trademark on the rail (shown below). It's your guarantee that your money is buying, *not a cheap imitation, but the genuine Brunswick* JUNIOR PLAYMATE Billiard Table, built and backed by Brunswick, the world's oldest and largest manufacturers of Billiard Tables.

Mail coupon for "The Home Magnet," a book with complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables.

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Send me free copy of the Brunswick JUNIOR PLAYMATE Billiard Table Catalog, *also the Name and Address of the nearest authorized Brunswick Dealer.*

(Please Print—Use Pencil—Ink Blurs)

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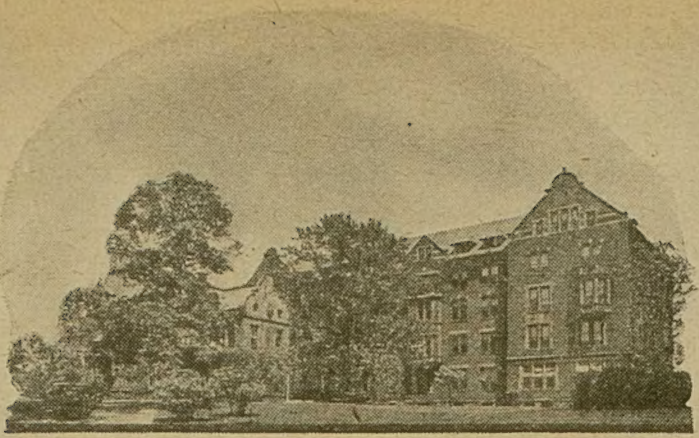


The Cincinnati Conservatory, one of the highest-ranking music schools in the world!

AT Cincinnati Conservatory of Music G-E RADIO captures first honors in tone-test

Awarded 50% more votes than nearest contestant by audience of music faculty and students

At one of America's best-known music centers, G-E Radio chalked up another decisive win in its column of tone-test victories!

A screen completely hid the four famous radios which competed. Not one listener knew the names of the rival sets! Each member of the audience voted for a *number,* not a name.

A button was pressed. The first radio played. Then click—and the second radio performed. Then the next—and the next.

Listeners lent tone-wise ears—and voted. *The radio which swept to the finish with 64 out of 129 votes* —almost as many as all others combined—*was the General Electric!*

This is *proof* of better tone! The tone that won these experts in music will capture your preference, too. Listen to the General Electric — respond to a new achievement in tone reproduction!

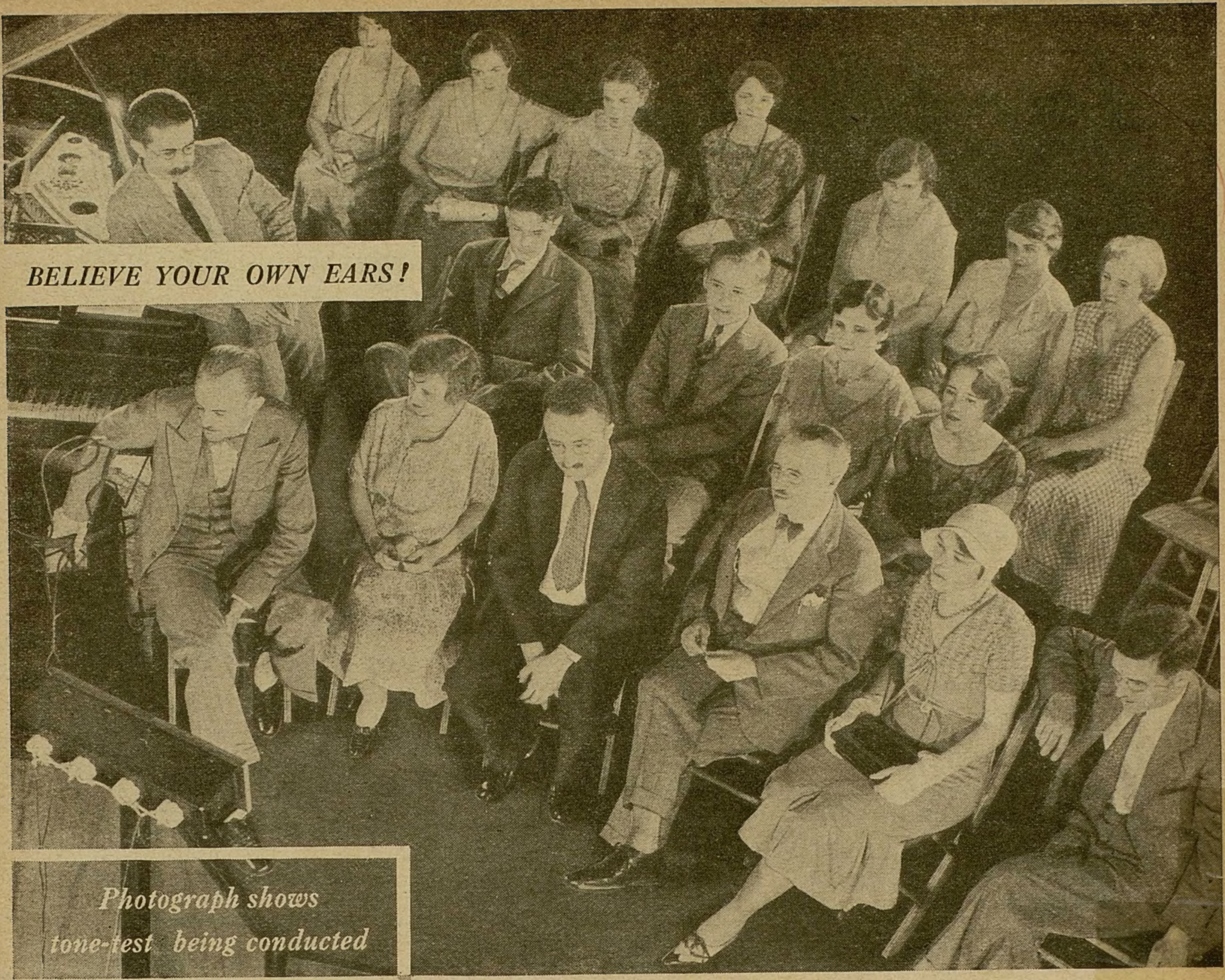
For its purer tone retains the elements which give music its color, life and greatness. Your ears hear a reproduction that is vital and real — not a counterfeit, not a pale, lifeless version of the original.

Important engineering improvements make possible this true, brilliant tone. Among these is the G-E Tone Equalizer, which completely corrects the resonant boominess and fuzziness of tone caused by the usual radio cabinet.

Turn the dial of this great G-E instrument, and marvel at the precision with which each station is captured! You tune in a station at an almost hair-line point on the dial. You get many stations, far and near.

Believe your own ears! Go to a G-E Radio dealer and hear the many beautiful G-E models. Ask about the Certified Inspection Plan. Prices are surprisingly reasonable, ranging from $37.50 for the G-E Midget to $345 for the versatile Radio-Phonograph Combination — and every price means *with tubes.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO



BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS!

Photograph shows tone-test being conducted

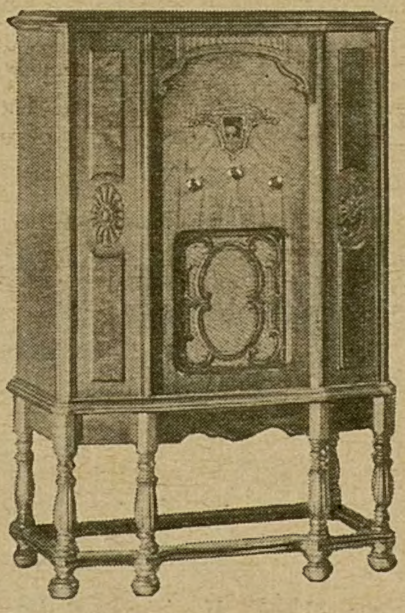
The screen in the foreground hid the four competing radios. As each set was played, its number was flashed by the electric indicator on top of the screen. All radios were current, stock models. Each was the large console model of its manufacturer.

The G-E set had no advantage in tubes—others had as many, or more. Before the test began, an outside, unbiased service man inspected the radios and pronounced them in good working order.

After all sets were played in turn behind the screen, each listener voted by number only.

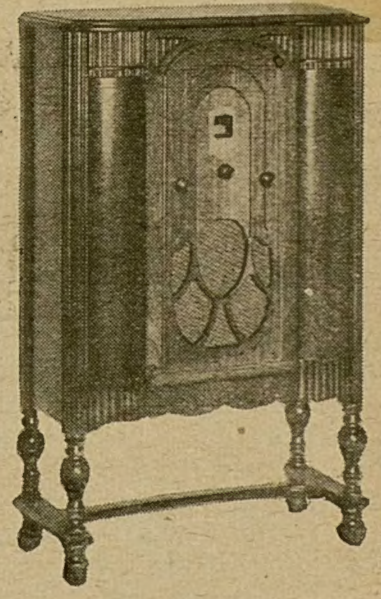
Dr. Evans, Director of Music, and Mr. Mook, Business Manager of the Conservatory, counted the ballots, as follows:

General Electric	64
Radio "A"	41
Radio "B"	16
Radio "C"	8



G-E POPULAR CONSOLE

A 9-tube superheterodyne with the *new, exclusive G-E Tone Equalizer*. 2 Pentode tubes. Automatic volume control. Superb cabinet of brown walnut, with butt walnut overlays. Price, *with tubes,* $124.75.



JUNIOR LOWBOY

A remarkable radio value. 8-tube screen-grid superheterodyne, equipped with G-E Tone Equalizer. Unusually beautiful, large cabinet, handsomely ornamented. Price, *with tubes,* $89.95.

Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon, E. S. T. For the entire family—"Just a Song at Twilight"—every Sunday evening, 5:30—6:00, E. S. T., over a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

FULL RANGE PERFORMANCE

Give to your local welfare and relief organizations, to your community chest or to your emergency unemployment committee, for unemployment relief.

Are We Giving Awa

A Cipher Expert's View of the Methods Used by the Government in Its Diplomatic Correspondence

By

HERBERT O. YARDLEY

(Reading time: 25 minutes 10 seconds.)

ONE of my deep regrets at the reception of my book, The American Black Chamber, is that it has been accepted as a story of romance, intrigue, and ingenuity in the tracking down of spies through secret inks and ciphers, and the uncovering of foreign machinations through the decipherment of diplomatic messages, instead of as an exposé of America's defenseless position in the field of cryptography.

I had hoped to bring home to my government and to the public the dangerous position that America holds by abolishing the Black Chamber and at the same time retaining antiquated codes to carry our diplomatic secrets. All great powers have their Black Chamber where the best cipher brains in the world puzzle out our codes.

I had begun to believe that no one cared to read between the lines of my book, when I received an offer from a national magazine, suggesting that I write an article describing in detail what sort of codes and ciphers our government should adopt. In this manner it was felt that the Department of State might be stung from its lethargy and indifference. In almost the same mail I received a letter from one of America's leaders.

" Is it really true," he wrote, " that we no longer intercept the telegrams of foreign governments and decipher them? Is it also true that the State Department still uses the type of codes that do not safeguard our secrets from foreign cryptographers? "

My answer was very short. " Yes," I replied. " Both statements are unfortunately true."

A few days later I received a letter from this man, asking me to come to see him and begging me to bring some material that he might learn more of the science of cryptography. He pledged himself to use his influence to force the State Department, by indirect means, sooner or later to adopt safe means of communication.

" Since we no longer have a Black Chamber to decipher the secret messages of foreign governments," he wrote, " it seems criminal to me for the United States to play into the hands of foreign governments. The least we can do is to protect our own communications."

I gathered a few typewritten brochures on the decipherment of various types of codes and ciphers—it was always the practice of the Black Chamber to put down on paper any new discovery—and caught a train.

When I was announced, he cleared his desk, told his secretary that he was not to be disturbed, and, turning to me, wrinkled his heavy eyebrows.

" I want you to explain one thing to me," he demanded. " You worked in the code room of the Department of State as a young telegrapher and code clerk for a number of years. You demonstrated, by actually deciphering their codes, that they were unsafe.

" You were later employed by them on secret pay roll to intercept and decipher the messages of foreign governments. You handed the Department of State over a period of twelve years some forty-five thousand deciphered messages. Now tell me this: Why, in God's name, if you tell them their codes are antiquated, don't they demand that you modernize them? "

I leaned back in my chair and smiled. " Perhaps the Department has ordered thumbs down since I wrote The American Black Chamber."

" Thumbs down! " he exclaimed. " What have personalities to do with national danger? If I had been Secretary of State and read your statement that our codes were unsafe, after having employed you secretly to solve foreign codes, I would have demanded your presence in Washington to prove your statement."

I had not expected such an ardent supporter. " It's obvious," I said, " that you have never worked for the government."

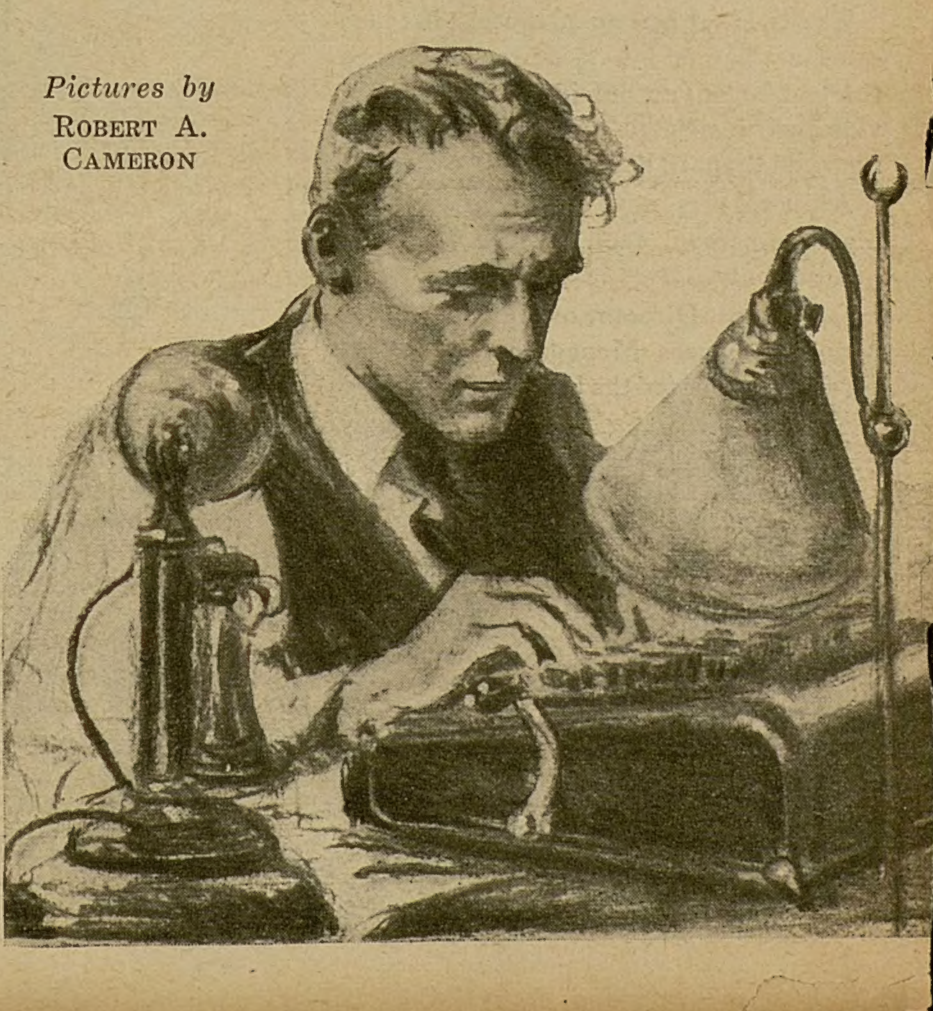
He sat frowning. " Why don't you write the Secretary of State a letter offering to turn over to him without hope of remuneration the type of cipher you describe in your book—an instantaneous and indecipherable cipher? "

" A letter wouldn't do any good," I said. " Did you ever write the Department? "

THEN I told him of the letter I had received from a national magazine and that I planned to write a piece of exposition for it. He advised in justice to my government that I should first offer to turn over to the Department a memorandum of what form of secret communication they should use, with the provision that I be assured that the memorandum would be acted upon and not merely filed.

This I felt a waste of time and effort, and told him so. But he was so optimistic about the Department's reception of my letter, and so distressed at the idea of our secrets being read by other governments, that I agreed to follow his advice.

He gave me a stenographer. A while later I handed him the proposed letter, which read:



Pictures by
ROBERT A. CAMERON

Our State Secrets?

The Honorable Henry L. Stimson, July 11, 1931.
Secretary of State,
State Department,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Sir:

In Chapter XIX of my book, The American Black Chamber, a copy of which I am sending you under separate cover, I have described a conversation I had with a responsible official of the Department when he asked me to analyze the State Department's code messages to determine whether or not they were soluble. The conversation grew from the fact that the State Department had received information that another government was intercepting and reading our diplomatic messages.

It is not necessary for me to detail here as I have in my book the various points discussed. Suffice it to say that I advised your official then that your codes were soluble by skilled cryptographers; that it was not only possible for the agents of foreign governments to read our confidential code and cipher messages, but that they were undoubtedly doing so; that the methods of the Department for encipherment were slow and cumbersome, being no great improvement over those employed in the sixteenth century.

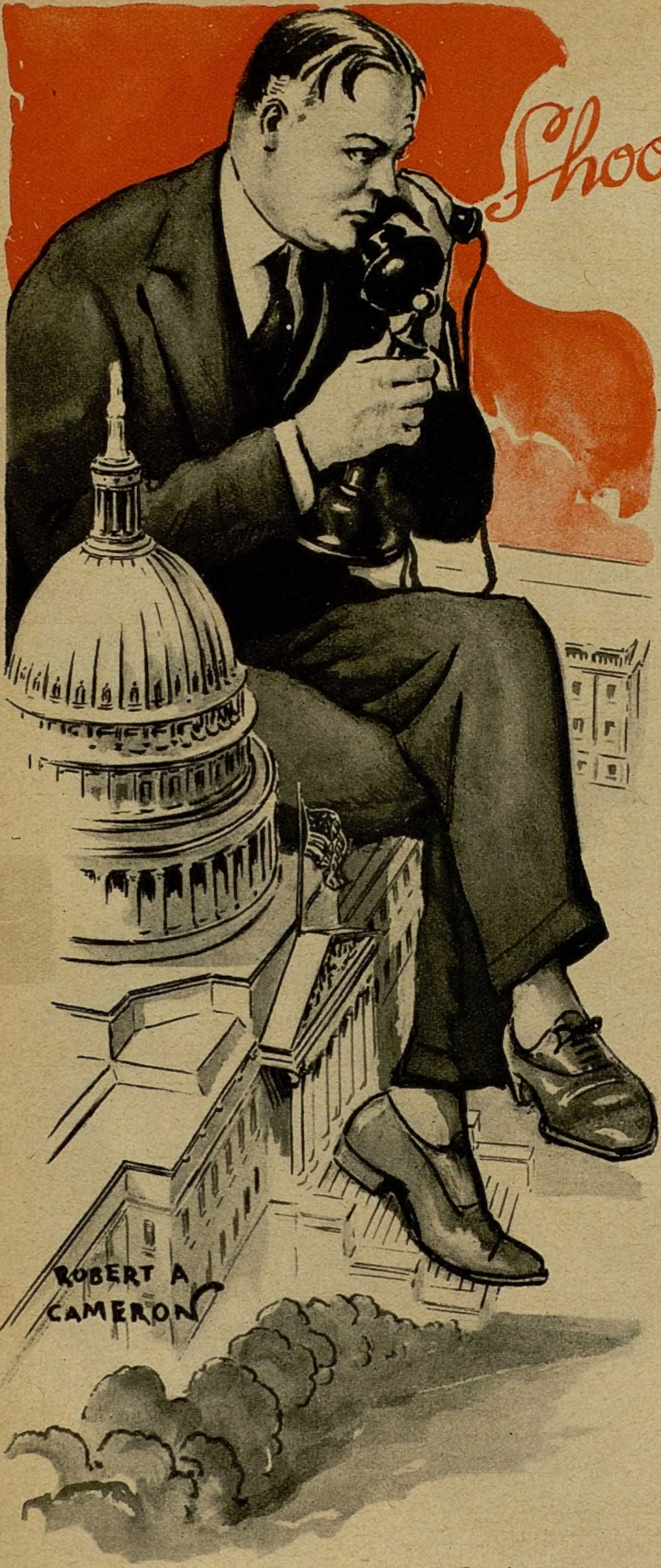
I was asked at that time whether it was possible to devise a system of encipherment which would render our messages indecipherable by even the most expert cryptographers of other governments. I assured your official then that it was possible to do this, but that it could only be done by a consideration of the fact that *no code or cipher is impregnable to attack unless it is insoluble by the inventor himself.*

All existing codes now employed are broken in the end by the fact that the inventor attempts to conceal repetitions. The only indecipherable means of communication is one in which there are no repetitions to conceal. The adoption of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I SENT the code word meaning ten million dollars.. Two letters were transposed, which changed it into the word meaning eleven million dollars!"

"Shoot the Works Andy"



I have seen and heard of a lot of methods of secret communication, but the most delightful one is communication over the telephone by the use of American slang.

ARE WE GIVING AWAY OUR STATE SECRETS?
Continued from page nine

such a code by our State Department is practical. It would safeguard our diplomatic messages forever. It can be made possible for practical use through the employment of machinery to give not only indecipherable but also instantaneous communication.

I have recently been approached by a national magazine seeking an article describing the nature of such a device. I have refused to divulge this information, and will continue to do so until I am convinced that my government has no interest in the matter. If the State Department desires to make its use of codes and ciphers insoluble by foreign agents, to improve the service of transmission immeasurably and guarantee forever complete secrecy for confidential messages, I am prepared to turn over the necessary information without charge or claim of any sort.

But I shall not turn it over to my government until I am satisfied of its good faith in the matter, of its intenion to give the suggestion a fair and complete consideration; until I am satisfied that examination will be given by a competent committee and that the method will be adopted should this committee report favorably.

If, within a reasonable length of time, I am convinced that the State Department has no genuine interest in the matter I shall feel free to proceed with a published report of the exact nature of this instantaneous, indecipherable method of communication.

Most sincerely yours,
(Signed) HERBERT O. YARDLEY.

"I think that states the case," he told me, returning the letter. "I shall be interested in the reply."

I could have told him what the reply would be, having observed diplomats at close range for sixteen years.

I prepared to leave, but he asked me to sit down.

"I asked you to bring with you some examples of cryptography. You say in your book that during the last few years cryptography as a science has made enormous strides, while the State Department, seemingly indifferent to what is going on in the world, has stood still. Can you give me some examples which I can understand?"

I smiled, for everyone I talked to seemed to want to learn something about ciphers. I unfolded my briefcase and took out several brochures on cryptography.

"HERE is the famous Playfair cipher," I said, opening a pamphlet. "This cipher was the official field cipher of the British army at the outbreak of the war. In this diagram the alphabet is based on the key word 'Washington.' Any word, of course, may be chosen by the correspondents for the key. The letters of the key word are written in a large square containing twenty-five smaller squares, beginning in the upper left-hand corner. If any letter recurs in the key word it is only used on the first occurrence. The remaining letters of the alphabet are now taken to fill up the square, I and J being considered as one letter.

"A message is first divided into pairs and enciphered two letters at a time." I handed him the pamphlet, which gives the method of encipherment as follows:

W	A	S	H	IJ
N	G	T	O	B
C	D	E	F	K
L	M	P	Q	R
U	V	X	Y	Z

The Playfair cipher key.

1. When each text letter is in the same vertical column, it is represented in cipher by the letter that is immediately below it; if the text letter is in the bottom column, it is represented by the top letter of the same column; thus:
WU (text) equal NW (cipher).

2. When each text letter is in the same horizontal column, it is represented in cipher by the letter that is immediately to its right; if the text letter is in the column to the extreme right, it is represented by the letter to the extreme left in the same horizontal column; thus:
TB (text) equal ON (cipher).

3. When each text letter is at opposite corners of a rectangle, each letter is represented by the letter in the other corner of the rectangle in the same horizontal line with it; thus:
AF (text) equal HD (cipher) and OM (text) equal GQ (cipher).

OK, it's the cats Herb

4. When the text letters are repeated, insert X, Y, or Z before enciphering; thus:

Change TT to TX TZ, which, enciphered, equal ES BX (cipher).

Message: " Enemy retreating."

Divide into digraphs:	en	em	yr	et	re	at	in	gx
Cipher:	CT	PD	QZ	PE	PK	SG	BW	TW

My friend examined the cipher for several moments.

" Note the lack of repetitions in the cipher for ' Enemy retreating,' " I said. " E is represented by C, P, and K.

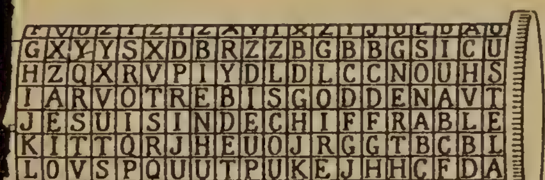
" Before the war this cipher was considered indecipherable by the British. While I was in England studying cryptography under the British during the war, I asked Captain Hitchings, the great English cipher genius, if they still used the Playfair cipher. He smiled good-naturedly at me, and said, ' That was indecipherable once, but now we can solve it within thirty minutes.'

" AN example of the growth of the science as developed by our allies and the Black Chamber is the solution of the famous Bazeries cylindrical device. Here is a picture of it.

" The apparatus consists of twenty disks. Each disk is movable to any position and contains an alphabet of twenty-five letters, and each alphabet is different. The key is the order in which the disks are placed in the apparatus, which is so constructed as to permit the disks to revolve."

My friend was examining the cylinder intently. Suddenly his face lighted up. " I see the sentence, *Je suis indéchiffrable* [I am indecipherable] on the disks. How does one send this sentence? "

" By taking any one of the other twenty-four rows of letters. The sender may take the top line, GXYYSXDBRZZBGBBGSICU, or the bottom line, MUXRNPCRSRRNMKKUDGFC, or any other row.


GXYYSXDBRZZBGBBGSICU
HZQXRVPIYDLDLCCNOUHS
IARVOTREBISGODDENAVT
JESUISINDECHIFFRABLE
KITTQRJHEUOJRGGTBCBL
LOVSPQUUTPUKEJHHCFDA
MUXRNPCRSRRNMKKUDGFC
NKZOMNVXLOAPTLMBFJCF

The Bazeries cipher cylinder.

" Let us assume that the cipher message as received reads like the top line, GXYYSXDBRZZBGBBGSICU. The receiver, having first arranged the disks in the order of his key, moves each disk until he has these twenty letters in one row.

" He now searches the other twenty-four rows for something that makes sense. In this case he finds *Je suis indéchiffrable*.

" Commandant Bazeries, in describing his cipher, says that the possible combinations of the disks are approximately two quintillions [2,000,000,000,000,000,000], and, since each disk has twenty-five letters, the sentence *Je suis indéchiffrable* may be sent in as many different combinations as two quintillions raised to the twenty-fifth power! "

My friend blinked his eyes at this stupendous figure.

" Is what he says true? " he asked.

" What he says about the number of combinations is true," I replied, " but it is not true that the device is indecipherable. The Black Chamber developed a method of solution. To decipher a message in this system without knowledge of the key, we set up the message on twenty-four different disks and gave each letter a number based on its frequency in the English language. We then turned over the twenty-four disks to twenty-four clerks who began to add on adding machines the numbers we had given the letters. This gave us twenty-four charts of statistics. These charts were then turned over to twenty-four cryptographers. After experimenting with these figures, one of the twenty-four cryptographers would find the correct solution."

My friend shook his head doubtfully.

" There is nothing mysterious about this," I assured him, " and nothing particularly phenomenal. When a hundred or more men and women devote their entire time and minds to a problem, it is amazing the formulas they will discover for the solution of various types of codes and ciphers."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ARE WE GIVING AWAY OUR STATE SECRETS?
Continued from page eleven]

"And the State Department has no one studying these problems?" he asked.

"No one," I answered. "The codes they now use are substantially the same as they were when I was a clerk in the code room."

"I think something will develop from your letter," he said hopefully.

I thought him a bit sanguine, but said nothing.

A week or so later I received an imposing envelope from the Department of State. This is what it contained:

THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

HERBERT O. YARDLEY, ESQUIRE, *July 14, 1931.*
WORTHINGTON, INDIANA.

SIR: The Department has received your letter of July eleventh, offering to turn over without charge or claim of any sort the information which in your judgment would improve the code and cipher service of the Government and guarantee complete secrecy for confidential messages, provided that the Department will satisfy you of its good faith in the matter, of its intention to give the suggestion fair and complete consideration, and that you shall also be satisfied that an examination will be given by a competent committee and the method you suggest adopted should the committee report favorably.

The Department would be very glad to receive from you or anyone else any information or suggestions designed to improve the efficiency of its communication service, but such information and suggestions must be tendered unconditionally, and the Department must be left free to decide the manner in which and the extent to which such information and suggestions may be employed. If you are willing to tender your suggestions on these conditions, the Department will be glad to receive them and give them such consideration as in its judgment may be merited.

Very truly yours,
For the Acting Secretary of State:
(Signed) WILBUR CARR,
Assistant Secretary.

This is, of course, what one might expect, but I had had a secret hope that it might be different. One would suppose from the letter that I was a stranger in the corridors of the State Department. One would never suspect that I had been employed there for ten years to turn over to the Department the secrets of the capitals of the world. Nor would one even suspect that I had ever seen a code book.

I very seriously doubt that the Department desires an improvement in the communication service, as Mr. Carr so diplomatically states; this entirely aside from unsafe codes. Any improvement requires investigation and change; investigation and change require thought and energy. In any case, let us go down to one of New York's greatest export and import companies and compare their communication service to that of the Department.

THE president of the Blank Exporting and Importing Corporation is a personal friend of mine. I sent in word that I had a strange request to make, and he consented to see me.

"I want to talk to one of your code clerks—not the chief of the code department, but someone you consider just an ordinary code clerk. I want to find out how much he knows."

He looked at me doubtfully, but told his secretary to send in Mr. Jones, who proved to be a thin, long-legged youngster, about seventeen. He stood nervously twisting his fingers.

"I'm down here to get some suggestions to improve the State Department's communication service," I told him. "But first tell me how long you have been encoding messages and what is your salary."

He looked at his employer, still uneasy. "I've been here about a year," he finally said. "My salary is eighteen dollars a week."

"Eighteen dollars a week. Do you know much about codes and ciphers?"

"Not much," he replied.

"Well, if you don't mind, I want to ask you some questions, anyway. The State Department begins its messages something like this—" and I wrote down on a pad:

No. 648, July 28th. Reference your telegram No.
563, and our telegram No. 642.

"The telegram itself then begins in code," I said. "It takes the Department two and one-half cable words to send these references. How many words would it take you?"

The boy was now at his ease. He studied over the lines a few minutes, then said:

"I could encode that in one ten-letter word. We first encipher our telegram numbers and references in a figure table, then convert the figures into ten letters which are accepted by the cable companies as one chargeable word."

"That is a saving of two and one-half words per cable for most of the Department's messages," I told him. "But let us call it an average of two words. Now how long has this corporation been encoding telegram numbers and references in one word?"

HE was uncertain, but his employer said, since about 1905, when the new cable regulations permitting the use of ten arbitrary letters as one word went into effect.

I was figuring rapidly. From 1905 to 1931 is twenty-six years. When I was with the Department it averaged about 100 messages a day, taking into consideration the telegrams between other posts. For a period of twenty-six years this would be about 1,000,000 telegrams. Cable rates fluctuate, but conservatively the average cost over this period would easily be fifty cents a word. I scarcely believed my eyes. A saving of $500,000!

"You make eighteen dollars a week?" I said. "Well, if you had been with the Department of State since 1905 and they had followed your system of enciphering references, you would have saved your government five hundred thousand dollars."

The boy's eyes grew as large as saucers.

The Department's codes are what we call "one-letter differential codes." That is, each code word differs from another by only one letter. I'll quote a few code words to illustrate this:

BABAB
BABAC
BABAD
BABAF

Now suppose that BABAB means *six-inch cruisers* and BABAC means *eight-inch cruisers*. The ambassador in London during the Armament Conference receives a long telegram from Washington which discusses the cruiser strength and ratio between England and America. In the telegram he finds the code word BABAB—six-inch cruisers. But Washington didn't send the code word BABAB. Washington sent BABAC—eight-inch cruisers, but in transmission across the Atlantic the code word became garbled, and upon reaching London read BABAB. So the ambassador rushes over to the Foreign Office and talks about six-inch cruisers instead of eight-inch cruisers.

In order to compare the Department's code words with those of the business world I asked this eighteen-dollar-a-week clerk what type of code words he used.

"Two-letter differential," he said without hesitation.

"Why?" I asked.

He asked to be excused, and within a few minutes came back with a standard commercial code book and opened it before me on the desk. These are two lines of the page he showed me:

AUWUS—buy as little as possible.
AUWYW—buy as much as possible.

"I'll show you why we use a two-letter differential," he said. "Suppose the sender encodes 'buy as little as possible,' and sends AUWUS. It is garbled by the cable company, and when we receive the code word it reads AUWYS. The U has been changed to Y. We look for AUWYS in the code book, but, since each code word differs from all others by at least *two* letters, we cannot find the code word in our code book. This is a warning that an error has been made.

"Now suppose the code book had been constructed like this," he continued, and rapidly scribbled the following on a pad:

AUWUS—buy as little as possible.
AUWYS—buy as much as possible.

"With such a one-letter-difference code we would find AUWYS to mean 'buy as much as possible,' although our correspondent meant to tell us to buy as little as possible. Is that clear?" the boy asked me.

"Yes, it's clear enough, and especially interesting that a seventeen-year-old boy in the business world appreciates the importance of a two-letter differential."

I thanked him for his explanations. When he left the room his employer said, "If you are really interested in this sort of thing I can tell you something about code words. From bitter experience we not only insist upon a two-letter difference, but even refuse to use a code book which contains code words which, when adjacent letters are transposed, are in the code book. Such a book once cost this firm a million dollars. We were bidding on a project in the Argentine and I cabled that we would increase our bid from nine millions to ten.

"I sent the code word meaning ten million dollars. When it reached the Argentine the last two letters had been transposed, which changed it into the word meaning eleven million dollars. Since that time you may be very sure that we not only use two-letter differentials, but we use code words that differ from each other even after adjacent letters have been transposed."

The first of a series of

Yardleygrams

puzzles in ciphers will appear in

Next Week's LIBERTY

THERE seemed to me to be no reason for answering the State Department's letter. Had the Department seriously wished to improve its communication service it would have done so long years ago.

My friends agreed with me that the matter was closed so far as the Department was concerned, but advised answering the Department's letter and publishing the correspondence, which might awaken the Foreign Relations Committee to the serious situation.

The letter I finally sent follows:

July 25, 1931.

THE HONORABLE
THE SECRETARY OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR:

I have a letter dated July 14 (A-C) signed by Mr. Carr, Assistant Secretary of State, in answer to my letter of July 11, offering the Department of State the indecipherable and instantaneous means of communication, without charge or claim of any sort, which I describe in Chapter XIX of my book, The American Black Chamber. Mr. Carr writes,

"The Department would be very glad to receive from you or anyone else any information or suggestions designed to improve the efficiency of its communication service, but such information and suggestions must be tendered unconditionally, and the Department must be left free to decide the manner in which and the extent to which such information and suggestions may be employed. If you are willing to tender your suggestions on these conditions, the Department will be glad to receive them and give them such consideration as in its judgment may be merited."

I must confess that I am bewildered by this reply. If Mr. Carr will search the archives of the Department he will find my memorandum written before the World War while I was a clerk in the Code Room giving a technical description of my method of breaking the Department's codes. Since Mr. Carr was with the Department at this time this memorandum was handed my superior, Dr. Buck, then Chief of Archives, he is not only familiar with the type of codes then in use by the Department, but can appreciate the statement in my book that since then only one change has been made in the construction of the Department's codes. He must also be aware of the accuracy of the statement that those upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of rendering our diplomatic secrets safe from foreign cryptographers have never had any experience in the solution of unknown codes and ciphers. And you must admit that unless one is qualified to "solve" codes one is scarcely qualified to determine the invulnerability of existing or proposed methods of secret communication.

I shall be very glad to tender unconditionally my instantaneous and indecipherable means of communication to a competent committee, but I must first be advised the names of the technical experts who would review my memorandum.

I feel sure you will agree with me, if you will investigate my history, that I am entitled to the assurance that my memorandum will be reviewed by men who have had long training and experience in the "solution" of codes and ciphers, and that you will agree with my statement that only an experienced solver of codes is competent to judge the indecipherability of secret means of communication.

For your information I should like to add that had the Department of State adopted the secret means of communication I speak of it would not have been necessary for the President and Secretary Mellon, while using the telephone during the moratorium negotiations, to use slang, as the papers report, in an effort to keep secret from the French Government the nature of their conversations. With instantaneous and indecipherable means of communication in effect, the President could communicate with his Ministers without fear of being overheard.

If you will investigate the matter thoroughly I feel that you will also agree with me that in this mechanical age it would be difficult to defend the Department's present means of communication in which code clerks fumble around for hours turning the pages of antiquated codes.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) HERBERT O. YARDLEY.

I SHOULD like to have heard that conversation over the telephone!

I have seen and heard a lot of methods of secret communication, but the most delightful one is communication over the telephone by the use of American slang.

The incident reminds me of the attitude of a Signal Corps colonel in France during the World War. Headquarters had attempted to impress upon all commanders the vital necessity of the use of codes, for it was known that the Germans intercepted our wireless messages and attempted to read them. One day our own wireless intercepting station turned in a message that was in plain English, but divided into groups of five letters. The colonel who sent the message was ordered to headquarters to explain his action.

"What do you mean by sending messages in this fashion?" his superior officer demanded.

"There is no necessity for the use of codes," he replied. "The Germans are too dumb to read that message."

I presume that is the theory of our government. Foreign nations are too dumb either to understand slang or to decipher our messages, so why bother?

The whole trend of civilization is toward machinery. So the trend in cryptography should be toward machinery, which means, rapid, accurate, safe communication.

With machine ciphers in use, if Secretary Stimson wished to communicate with Ambassador Dawes in London, he could take the elevator to the code room and dictate his message to the cipher-machine operator, who, while writing the message on a typewriter, would at the same moment flash the message across the Atlantic. Should England listen in on the wire she would hear nothing but an indecipherable string of letters.

THE END

ALIAS That DAMN

(Reading time: 32 minutes 2 seconds.)

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN, alias Kitty Sinjun, alias Kitty Singe, alias Sir Hairy Singe, alias That Damn' Cat, leaped lightly from an early American hooked rug to the back of an early American armchair, and then stepped daintily on to the neck of the gentleman seated in the armchair. The young gentleman was bowed over a portable typewriter.

"What's another word for unbelievable?" he called out. "Ouch!" Christopher St. John had stretched himself across the back of the gentleman's neck.

"What, dear?" A husky, sweet voice floated in from the next room.

"Never mind. I've got it. Come take your damn' cat off my neck."

A light clopping of heels, and a very young woman appeared in the doorway. The blond young man looked around at her appealingly.

She was slender in the right places, curved in the right places; her black hair with blue lights in it was done up in back with just the proper sweet disorder in its dress. Green eyes regarded him with slow amusement from an oval face. Her tan linen smock was too short to cover her knees, but there was certainly no visible reason for covering any part of legs like hers.

The young woman clopped three steps and deftly lifted ten pounds of cat, disentangling the clinging claws.

"Now you and your cat go play," said the husky gentleman, rubbing his shoulder.

"We take his mind, as he calls it, off his work, Christopher," said the lady, cuddling the black-and-white beast against her neck. "Ow! Keep your claws in your paw. *Retiens tes griffes dans ta patte, ma belle chatte,* or mistress spank!"

"Don't quote Baudelaire to that beast!" her husband admonished. "He's an intellectual snob now. Next thing we know, he'll be sleeping on your set of Marcel Proust."

"He would *not* go to sleep over Marcel Proust," declared the lady with the bee-stung lower lip. "He's brighter than his master. He would enjoy Marcel Proust."

Samuel Adams Anderson, ex-newspaper man of three days' standing, glared.

"Besides," she went on, her tone elaborately casual, "Kitty Singe has got to learn French before we get to Paris."

Mr. Anderson jerked his chair back from the desk.

"May I ask how you expect me to get five francs a day for cat meat if we go to Paris?"

Mr. Anderson's bride of exactly two months and three days dropped the cat unceremoniously into the wing chair, her green eyes flashing.

"I thought that was all settled," she said sharply.

Sam got up slowly from his chair and put his arms around his wife's defiant shoulders.

"Honey," he said, "you know how much I love you, don't you?"

She nodded assent, her nose buried in the silk of his dressing gown.

"You know I would go to Paris and live off your money if I could bring myself to do that with any woman, don't you?"

She threw her head back, tried to wrench herself out of his arms, couldn't.

"It's not my money!" she stormed. "It's our money. You talk as though my little five hundred dollars a month were thousands and thousands. If you wanted to be so righteous about it, why didn't you make me refuse to take the trust fund when gran'pa set it up for me?"

"If he wanted to give you a wedding present," said Sam grimly, "that was your business and his. But I will not spend any of it on household bills. When I can't support you—"

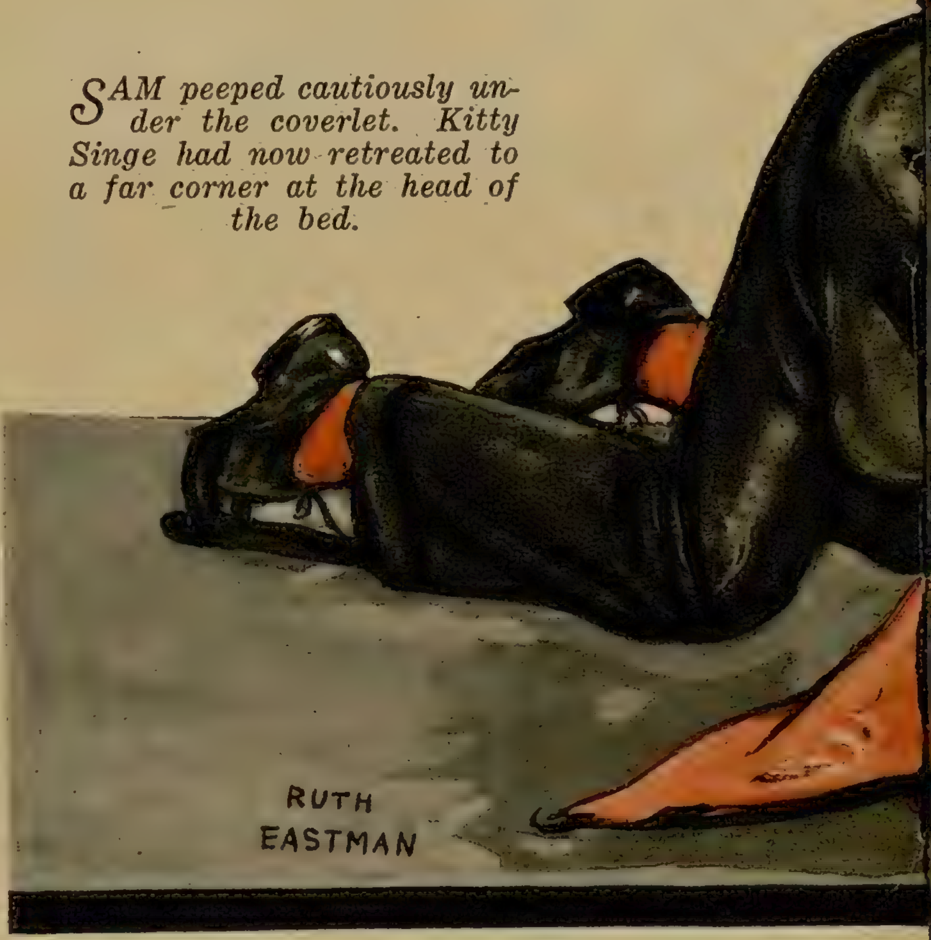
"You're just medieval. What if you did lose your job? Was it your fault that the Universe sold out to people you don't want to work for?"

"I can get another job just by walking over to the telephone and calling Stanley—"

"Of course you can," she broke in. "Sweetheart, if I didn't *know* you could write, I'd stay here in New York with you and let you be a newspaper grub, even though it meant giving up my scholarship and being just a wife who sold cute illustrations and little daubs of paint. What I'm fighting for is your career as much as mine—more than mine. Honest and truly."

He pulled the defiant face close enough to kiss the olive frown over one eyebrow.

"If I could get a newspaper job in Paris that would pay me enough for us to live on, I'd go in a minute. But there aren't any—not this year, particularly."



SAM peeped cautiously under the coverlet. Kitty Singe had now retreated to a far corner at the head of the bed.

She pulled backward again. "And if there were I wouldn't let you do it. If you're going to write for newspapers, New York is the only place for you. But I want you to write for posterity."

He had to grin at that, over her head.

"Do you know what I think I'm going to do for posterity?" he asked, elaborately casual. "I'm going to write for the movies."

"Since when have you had that bright idea?"

"Since this morning. Hy Hirschfield called up—"

"Who's he?"

"He used to be on the Sunday Universe. He's a scout

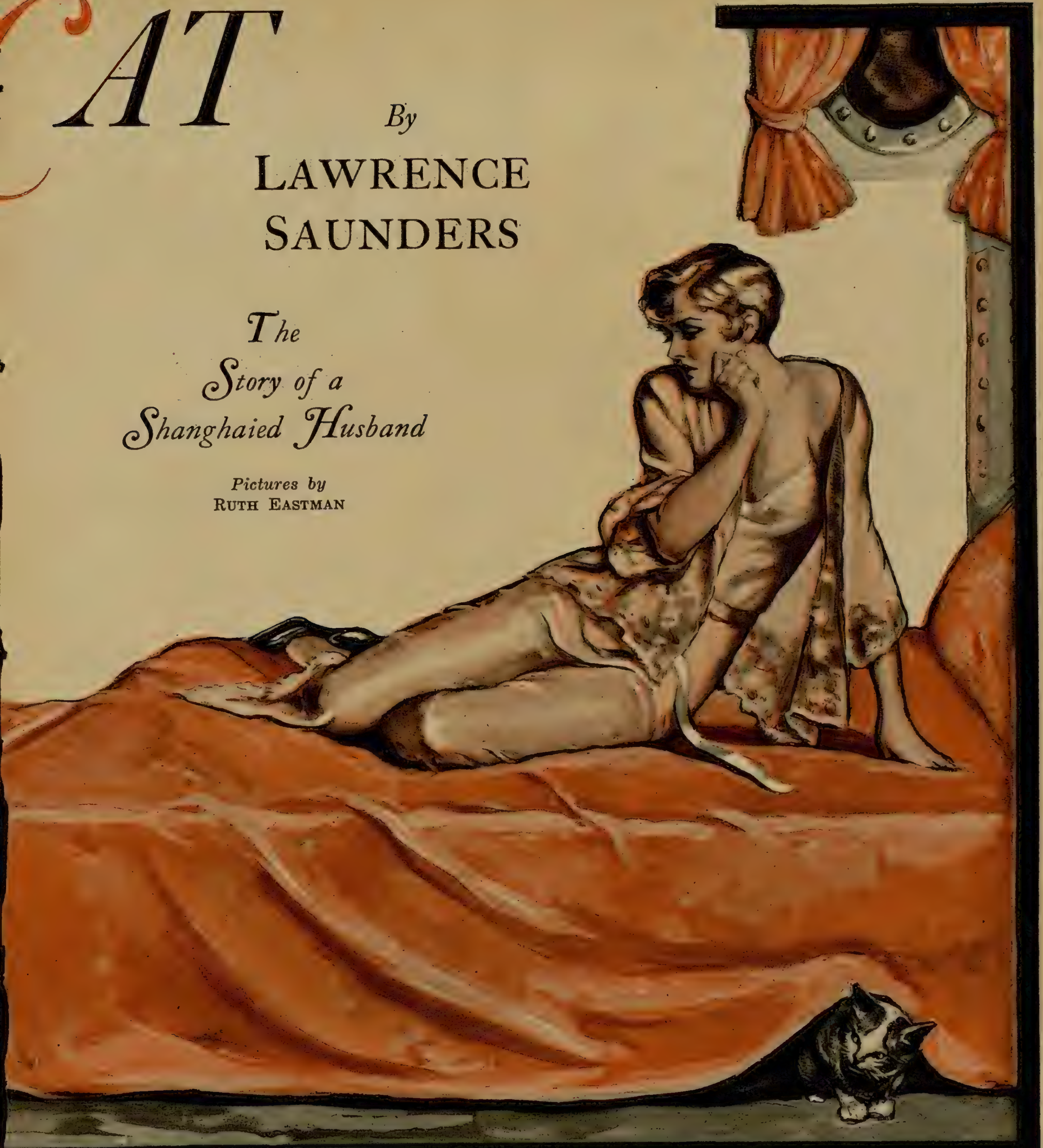
CAT

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

The Story of a Shanghaied Husband

Pictures by
RUTH EASTMAN



for the movies now. Ponderous Pictures. He called me up this morning."

"When?"

"While you were in the shower. He says he can get me a six months' contract, with a renewal option—"

"How much?"

"Ah, there speaks old Iron Man Haring's granddaughter! Just four hundred a week the first six months, but a lot more if I make good—"

"Writing or acting?"

"Aren't you flattering? Writing, of course."

"I'll bet they make an actor out of you, and that would be *terrible*. All those silly mash notes—"

"Be sensible, Peggy. I'd write originals for Ponderous, and dialogues and continuities when I learned how. Writers never get mash notes."

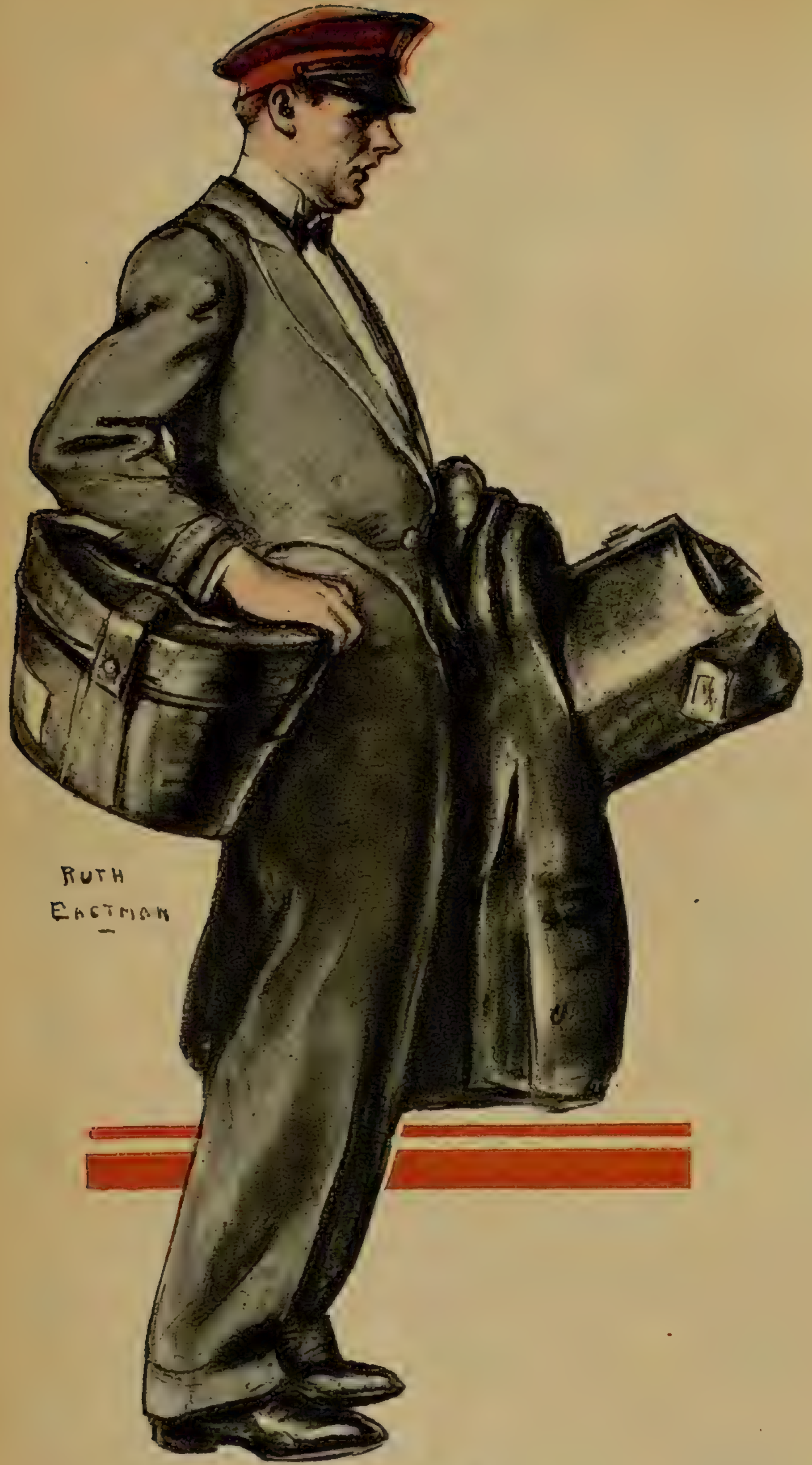
"Why couldn't you write them just as well in Paris?"

"Because, foolish, that isn't the way the movies are run. I'd have to be on the spot. Wouldn't you like to see Hollywood?"

"I saw Hollywood when I was twelve years old. Grandfather took me to show me how movies were made. I was sorry he did; it spoiled my illusions."

"Well, how do you know that going to Paris wouldn't spoil your illusions about Paris?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



ALIAS THAT DAMN' CAT
Continued from page fifteen

"Because I've been there and I love it and it's the one place I want to go to study and I won that scholarship at the academy on my own work and not because I was Henry Haring's granddaughter and if I don't sail this month I've got to surrender it to that grubby little Groves girl that I never did like and who'll marry the first man with money who asks her and be a dilettante all her life and waste her talent—she's a really good artist, if I have to admit it. And if you need any more reasons—" She broke off. "But you want to go to Hollywood. I can see it. You're flattered."

HE let his arms drop.

"And you want me to go to Paris and live on your money and write bum short stories and worse books."

She appeared to be about to stamp her foot.

"Sam, why can't you have half the confidence in yourself that I have in you?" she demanded.

"Because, darling, as I've told you before, I tried to write short stories once, last year. I wrote four and got twenty-six rejection slips. I've never had the nerve to start a book. I did write a play once, with a fellow; but he left the whole manuscript in a speakeasy, and I got sore and we never did start over. It was a pretty good play, or at least we thought so. He'd let me have the plot; it was my idea."

"Well," she said enthusiastically, "there's something to start on. You could write it in Paris—and as a play, not a movie. If it was a good play the movies would buy it and you'd get double—"

"Papa's little Scotswoman!"

"Well, this idea of your going to Hollywood is out. You're going to Paris."

Sam fished a black, straight-stemmed briar pipe out of his dressing-gown pocket, took a couple of slow steps toward the desk, and absently began filling the crusted bowl from a brass tobacco jar.

"All right," he said slowly. "Let's settle it right now. I've got to finish that letter to Hy, either accepting or rejecting his offer, and mail it special delivery. He's going back to the coast on the Century tomorrow."

"You've written nearly a page—" She clopped across to the desk and began reading the letter in the typewriter. Sam lighted his pipe, trying to appear nonchalant; his hands were trembling.

When she straightened up and turned around, her face was white with anger. Sam's was both sheepish and defiant. There was a nervous, small-boy grin around his lips.

"So you're going to Hollywood?" she asked rhetorically, in a cold-steel tone that reminded Sam of Iron Man Haring in a temper. "Well, you're going without me! I'm going to Paris."

"Now, listen—"

"I WON'T listen. I love you, Sam, I don't think you know how much—" Her voice broke just a little. "But I've got just as much right to a career as you have. My career, for the next year at least, is in Paris. If you had any sense you'd see that yours is too. But you haven't. Take your old movie job! Go to Hollywood and learn how to be a trained seal! I'm sailing on the Zurich Friday night."

"How do you know you are?"

"Because I've got my ticket, and I can get a separate passport just by calling up Fred Loring in Washington and he'll bring it up by air."

"Wait a minute! Let me get this. You've got your ticket? You didn't tell me—"

"I've got tickets for both of us, and I wrote Fred last week for the passports. He looked up the information for yours from your passport of three years ago."

"You thought you could put it over on me, eh? My own ideas were just trivial and childish and you'd argue me around—"

"You're a fine one to be saying that!" she flared out. "I suppose you weren't writing a letter to that—whatever his name is—telling him that I'd come along to Hollywood with you, like a meek little wife, without even asking me. Oh, you're impossible!" She seized the hem of her smock and jerked it up off her slender body, over her defiant head.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"I'm going uptown and get some things, and pack up and go to a hotel until my boat sails."

"Don't trouble yourself," said Sam grimly, untying his dressing gown. "I'll probably leave for Hollywood with Hy on the Century tomorrow."

"Oh, Sam! And not even come to the boat to see me off!"

"You can come to the train to see me off."

Be it said in defense of two headstrong young people that each expected the other to weaken. Be it said to the credit of Sam that he was so sure she would weaken that he let Margaret storm out of the apartment on her way to shop—first reminding her, helpfully, that she should get Fred Loring at the State Department on the telephone right away, which she did. When she had slammed out, young Mr. Anderson packed his trunk and his two bags, shaved, dressed, rang up the service elevator, accompanied the luggage downstairs, taxied to Grand Central Station, got claim checks for the trunk and one bag, and continued with the other bag to his club. He had in his pocket a ten-dollar bill and a one-dollar bill, and his bank balance was less than two hundred dollars; he had no job except the promise of one from Hy Hirschfield; and his heart was heavier than it had ever been in his happy-go-lucky life. But he was trying to whistle Ravel's Bolero under his breath as he left the club and walked west to Broadway.

He waited until Hy came back from lunch, and, after waiting longer to see the Eastern general manager of Ponderous Pictures, signed a contract, at five hundred dollars a week for six months, with option of renewal for seven fifty. The extra hundred dollars had been suggested by the Eastern general manager, casually, because Mr. Anderson hadn't seemed particularly enthusiastic about signing.

When his name was on the dotted line, the E. G. M. imparted to Sam a bit of cautiously phrased information.

"Now, sir, it's up to you," he said. "I don't mind telling you that the big boy himself suggested that we go after you. He'll have his eye on you even while he's in—" He checked himself, cleared his throat. "I mean to say, no matter where Mr. Pommerantz may be, he keeps his whole business at his finger tips. He'll be watching you; he's been watching you ever since you interviewed him for the Universe last year." He rose, put out his hand. "Now, son, you go in and win."

The newest of the bright young men of the Ponderous staff tried to look pleased, but his face wouldn't work that way.

In the reception lobby again, Hy Hirschfield squeezed Sam's elbow jubilantly.

"Now, you old skinflint, when do you want to leave for the coast? Why don't you go out with me tomorrow? I'll get a compartment for you and the bride—I'm looking forward to meeting her, by the way; the boys say she's a honey—"

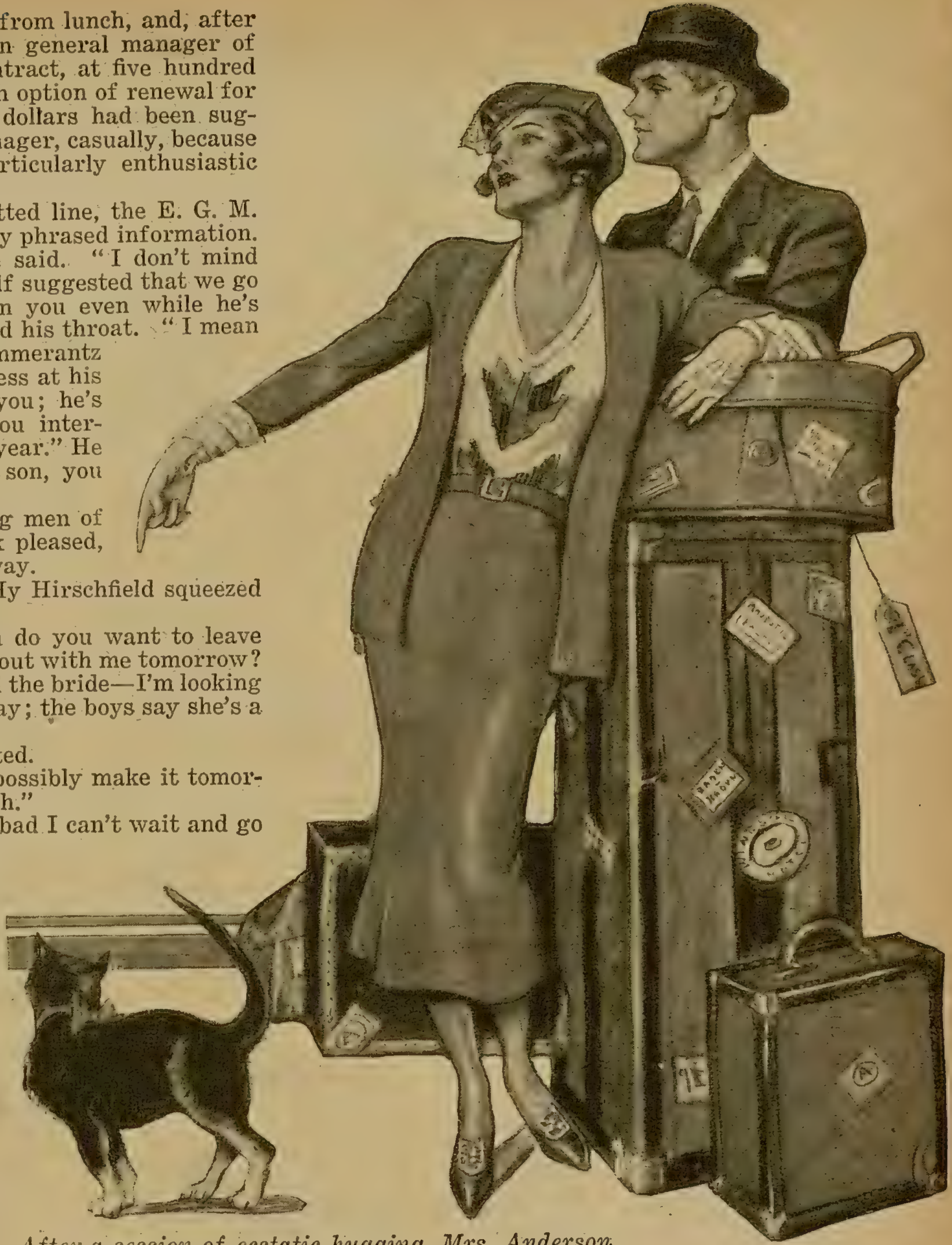
Mr. Anderson looked disconcerted.

"I'm sorry, Hy, but we can't possibly make it tomorrow. We can go Saturday, though."

Hy's pleasant face fell. "Too bad I can't wait and go along. But I'll have the brass band out for you when you get there. I'll reserve the bridal suite at the Roosevelt. You won't have to lift a finger—I'll send your tickets down to you by messenger tomorrow morning."

Sam shook his hand absently, and managed a feeble grin.

"DON'T mind me if I don't show much gratitude, Hy," he said. "I'm a little upset—the suddenness of all this. I'm no end grateful. You've been perfectly swell. I wish I could ask you down to dinner, but we're all upset—"



After a session of ecstatic hugging, Mrs. Anderson became calmer. "Put Mr. Anderson's bag in the cabin, please," she instructed the steward.

An elevator door glided open and Sam made for it.

"Kiss the bride for me," Hy called after him.

Young Mr. Anderson, whose income had fallen off, with the sale of the Universe, from one hundred and fifty dollars a week as star reporter to nothing a week, and in three days had been raised to $26,000 a year as a bright young man going up in pictures, felt a bit faint as he got out of the elevator.

It was hot and sultry on Broadway this June afternoon, and he walked out into the crowd that had come out of the Wednesday matinées—it was five o'clock—with reluctance.

Mr. Anderson had a lot on his mind.

One thing that was worrying him was the fact that he had neglected to say good-by to Kitty Singe. He was going to miss that nuisance of a cat. However, Kitty Singe was coming to Hollywood with him and Mrs. Margaret Haring Anderson on Saturday. It occurred to him now that he had postponed his departure until Saturday because he wanted to force the decision on Peg. Either she sailed on the Zurich Friday night, or she didn't. Why had she selected such a small steamer? Well, she was an experienced ocean traveler and doubtless liked the little boat. A good line, anyway, handled by competent men. This time of the year she should have an easy crossing.

But what was he thinking about? She was going to Hollywood with him!

He was descending the stairs to the subway station, headed for home, when he checked himself. Didn't dare risk that; he might weaken. He'd go to the club, where he'd left his bag, for the night, and have it out with Peg in the morning.

Thursday morning, after he had tossed for hours on his bed at the club and had consumed three bottles of iced mineral water, an irate young woman woke him out of a heavy sleep at half past ten to say over the telephone that a messenger had arrived from Ponderous Pictures with an envelope containing two tickets and compartment reservations to Los Angeles, California, and should she send one ticket back by the messenger, or was he planning to take someone else with him, or what?

"Hold both tickets," he had instructed. "I'll be down there as soon as I can shave and dress."

"If you're coming to argue, you might as well not come," she had said curtly, and hung up.

Arriving at a quarter to twelve, Mr. Anderson had sat on an early American love seat in the living room of his own apartment, stiffly formal, while an equally upright young woman in a blue boucle frock sat in the most un-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ALIAS THAT DAMN' CAT
Continued from page seventeen

comfortable chair in the room and discussed, politely, their differing plans for the next year.

She thought it was most considerate of him to have postponed his departure until Saturday, so that he could see her off. Her passport had arrived from Washington on the eleven-o'clock plane; Fred Loring had sent it up by the nicest young Princeton man from the State Department, who was going to be a career diplomat and had sat there and told her all about himself—an enchanting lad, really!

There had been no trouble about her getting a passport under her maiden name; since the Ruth Hale decision, a married woman could get a passport in her own name without any trouble.

Of course, without Fred to cut the red tape in Washington, she would have had to postpone her sailing; and that would have been a disappointment, because she had known the captain of the Zurich since he was second officer of the S. S. Switzerland. The Zurich was a most comfortable little boat, and there wasn't a big passenger list at all, in spite of its being June—in fact, no one she knew was on the list. And so on and so on. And what were Sam's plans after he got to Hollywood? And he must remember to be careful when he went to the beaches, because he sunburned so terribly. . . .

Mr. Anderson's dignified reception of all this information was somewhat disturbed by the affection lavished upon him by the usually snooty Christopher St. John, who had sprung upon his lap as soon as he sat down, purred violently, "made biscuits" with ecstatic paws and claws on his knees, and had finally been moved to stand upon Sam's waistcoat, now hopelessly covered with white hairs, and lick his chin, which was set at its Nordic firmest.

These marks of affection from his wife's cat were unprecedented. During their nine weeks' acquaintance the model cat, that had strayed away from Miss Haring's studio and brought these two young people together through a newspaper advertisement and a lost cat story, had regarded Mr. Anderson frankly as an intruder, to be tolerated because he couldn't be intimidated, as a dog could be.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Anderson, "Kitty Singe really missed you—" She broke off hastily, added, with a bright smile: "We are both going to miss you just horribly—but we hope it won't be for long."

"Six months is pretty long," said Sam, his guard down. "Either way you take it," he added hastily. He got up. "Suppose I come down tomorrow evening and help you get your luggage to the boat—"

"It won't be necessary, Sam. I don't make much fuss about sailing. My trunks will be aboard in the morning and I'll have very little to take in the taxi; just one small bag and Kitty Singe's carrying case. Suppose you just come to the boat at eleven o'clock. I got you a pass. I've got a suite for just my regular fare! It's 21-B Deck."

"I've got a pier pass," said Sam curtly. They kissed. Somehow, this wasn't like their kisses had always been.

SAM departed. Where he went and what he did with his time until Friday night is strictly his own affair. All day Friday he was asleep in a friend's room. He got back to the club and his clean linen and razor at 10:20 P. M., daylight time, only to make a taxi dash for the pier, unshaven and carrying his kit bag. It had dawned upon him that there might be some mix-up about Daylight Saving time and the ship's sailing, so he had asked the club porter, who had informed him that the Zurich would sail at 11 P. M. Daylight Saving time, instead of, as Sam had taken for granted, at 11 P. M. Eastern Standard. Margaret, for all her seagoing experience, had apparently forgotten about the difference in time. Perhaps she would miss the boat!

When he paid off the taxi and hurried through the long pier shed, he found that visitors had already been sent ashore from the Zurich. A flash of his pier pass, an annual courtesy from the line's press agent, convinced the underofficer at the gangplank that Mr. Anderson was a special case and needn't show his ticket. A steward seized his bag, hurried ahead of him to a door in the corridor amidships on the far side of the promenade deck, rapped.

The door was flung open, arms were flung around Sam's neck, tears were trickling down his chin. Miss Haring had been weeping.

"Oh, Sambo!" she babbled hysterically. "I knew you'd come! I knew you'd come!"

"Why, I told you I'd come," said Sam, trying to get at a handkerchief.

After a session of ecstatic hugging and hanging on his neck, Mrs. Anderson became calmer.

"I've got your passport and ticket," she said. "Put Mr. Anderson's bag in the cabin, please," she instructed the steward.

"Oh, no!" said Sam hastily. "Hold it. I'm just seeing my wife off."

THE steward galvanized into life and started to say something, but no one heard what he said. For out of the open door of the suite marked Fräulein Haring had stolen one Christopher St. John, alias Kitty Sinjun, alias Kitty Singe, alias Sir Hairy Singe, alias That Damn' Cat. At the moment of Sam's verbal bombshell he had elected to rub himself, ecstatically, against the rather intermingled ankles of his family, so that when Mrs. Anderson let her left foot come down out of the air, the heel came down upon the snaky black tail of her cat. The yell that he let out, as he hurtled between the waiting steward's legs and up the rubber-carpeted corridor, was blotted out by a roar of the Zurich's siren.

Sam's first thought was that the cat might run off the gangplank on to the pier. He must catch the cat and hustle ashore. He raced up the long corridor, spun around the turn the cat had taken, and banged into a white-coated boy carrying a tray. Boy, ginger ale, cracked ice, and tray exploded all over the thwartships corridor. But Sam stayed not upon the order of his going. There was no time to lose; the siren was bellowing again.

Kitty Singe had turned to the left and was racing down the far end of the pier-side corridor, having described a U-shaped course. Well forward he disappeared, and Sam, charging up some seconds later, discovered that there was an open door—open just six inches. He started to rap on the door; the ship swayed and it swung open.

A woman screamed. Sam passed through a short corridor stacked with luggage and a doorway at his right. A woman was huddled upon one of a pair of twin beds in an oversize cabin. Kitty Singe was nowhere to be seen, but there was little doubt that he was in this room, probably under the bed. Sam, however, had been taken aback by three things that were instantly apparent to his trained reportorial eye:

1. The young woman on the bed, pedaling her feet up and down in its billowy softness, was an exceedingly beautiful, practically unique platinum blonde, who was clad in a minimum of pale-blue silk.

2. She was babbling explosive German, of which he could make out only: "*Die Katze! Eine schwarze Katze!*"

3. The young lady was unmistakably none other than Elsa Lindler, the German motion-picture star who was the latest and the greatest of the Continental finds of Ponderous Pictures. Mr. Anderson had seen her, in fewer clothes than she had on now, in several motion pictures. Moreover, he had interviewed her, after her first arrival in New York, for the Universe, had spent an hour with her, chaperoned by a self-effacing press agent, and had dreamed about her for weeks afterward.

To these three facts there was instantly added a fourth, still more startling. A man in a dressing gown stood in the doorway of a bathroom across the bedroom from Sam. He had been whooping with laughter; now he was staring at Sam, transfixed. The man was Saul Pommerantz, executive head of Ponderous Pictures, Inc.

Sam made his decision quickly. "I beg your pardon," he said in a queer voice. "My cat—"

"*Ja! Ja!* Under the bed. Take eet out, quick!" The lady had ceased pedaling about the bed and was moaning low.

Sam tiptoed around to the far side of the bed, dropped to his hands and knees, lifted the coverlet. Kitty Singe was crouching under the other twin bed, lashing his wounded tail and cursing under his breath. The ship's siren was silent now.

Sam went around to the far side of the other bed, dropped again to his knees. The great Lindler muffled a scream with her hand. Kitty Singe had changed beds; so had the lady above. Sam peeped cautiously under the coverlet. Kitty Singe had now retreated to a far corner at the head of the bed. There wasn't room for Sam to crawl under it. He straightened up, exasperated.

"Get around on that side, will you?" he directed the disconcerted Pommerantz. He ducked down again. "Here, kitty, kitty! Come on, Kitty Singe! Come on, kitty!"

Sam's voice had taken on a buttery-and-sugary tone. But Christopher St. John was not moved by it. His eyes glowed, his black tail lashed steadily. In a moment Sam spied a very red face framed in silver hair peeping under the far side of the bed. A hand moved cautiously toward Kitty Singe, a large diamond flashing on it.

Kitty Singe decided to make a dash for it, and got through the enemy's lines without losing a hair. A scream from above signaled his appearance in the open. Sam got to the end of the bed, on his hands and knees, just in time to see him, after a futile dash into the living room of the suite, scramble out into the entry and disappear. There was a scuffle, sounds of cat anguish, and Sam rounded the door jamb to find Kitty Singe clawing at the little steward, who was trying to hold him in his arms.

"Please, please!" the steward spluttered, holding his face averted from the cat. "The ship is sailing! I don't know where you go—I don't find you— The ship is sailing!"

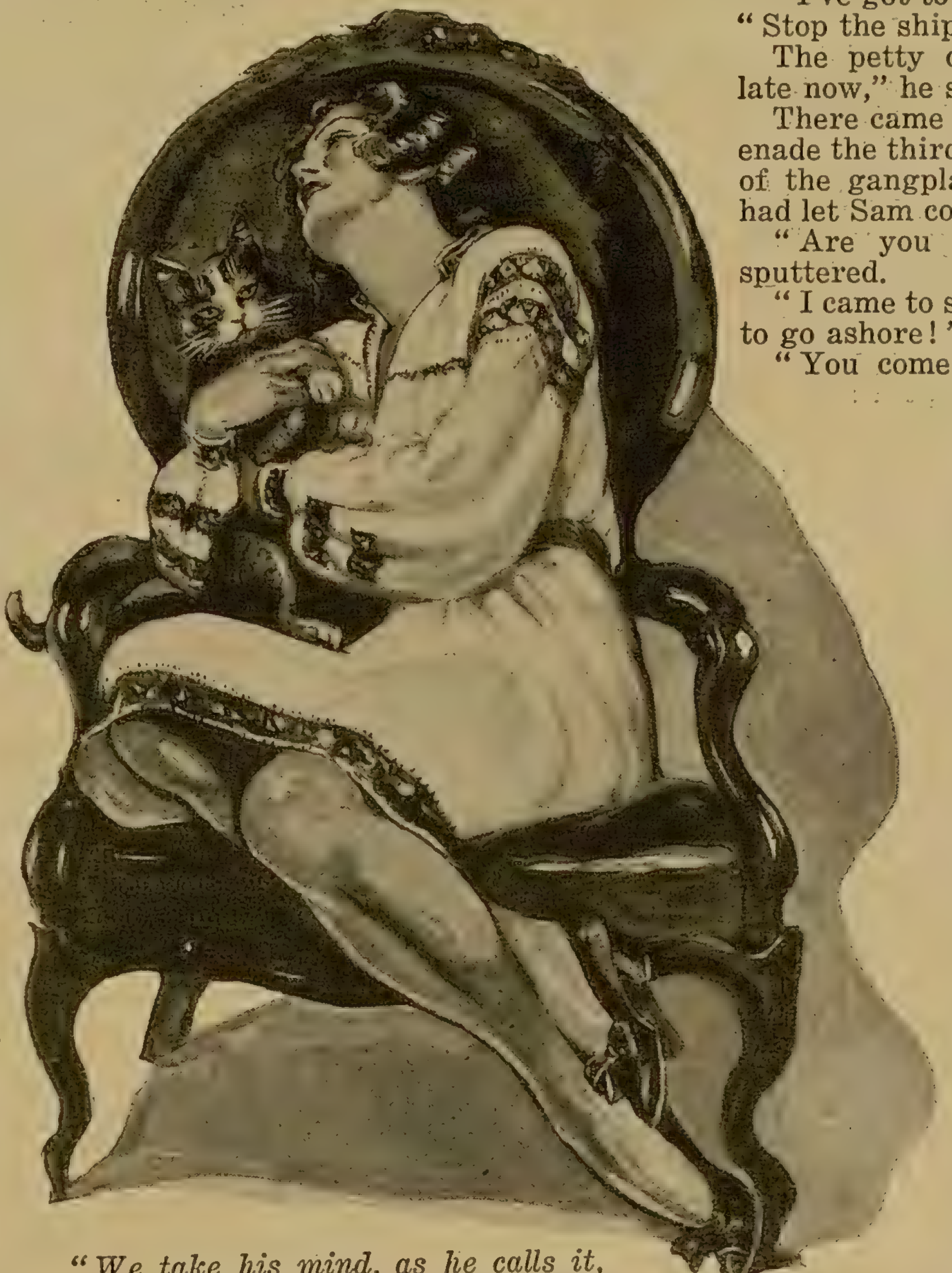
SAM reached out a wary hand and grabbed Kitty Singe by the scruff. He was dangling there, wriggling, when Mrs. Anderson joined the tableau. She brushed the steward aside, plucked the cat from her husband's outstretched hand, snuggled it on her shoulder.

"Wuzzum scared to death— Ouch! Stop that, Christopher! Wuzzum just all wounded and scared and everybody chasing it all over the ship? Well, mistress make it all well. Mistress didn't mean to step on its tail—"

"Here, kiss me! I've got to get off!" Sam stuttered.

She kissed him, and took her time about it, while Kitty Singe growled in his ear. The steward mopped his miserable face with a huge handkerchief.

"The gangplank is ashore," he said. "I have tried to tell you, but the cat she—"



"We take his mind, as he calls it, off his work," said the lady, cuddling the black-and-white beast.

Margaret, still clinging to Sam, was shaking with sobs. No, by the Lord Harry, she was laughing!

Sam tore himself from the clinging arms, grabbed his bag from the steward, ran up the corridor, around a turn, out on deck. There was ten feet of air and greasy brown water between ship and pier. Sam seized the nearest man in a uniform.

"I've got to get ashore!" he roared. "Stop the ship!"

The petty officer shrugged. "Too late now," he said.

There came rushing along the promenade the third officer, who, at the head of the gangplank ten minutes before, had let Sam come aboard.

"Are you not a passenger?" he sputtered.

"I came to see my wife off! I've got to go ashore!" Sam yelled at him.

"You come aboard with a bag. I think you are a passenger. You show me a pier pass instead of a ticket, but I let you come because you are in a hurry."

THE petty officer was sputtering French overside at the gangplank crew on the pier, who stood there staring stupidly and grinning.

"Well, do something!" Sam barked at him. "I can't go to Europe. I've got to go to Hollywood. A big deal! Millions!" he improvised.

"Wait, I will speak with the captain." The third officer raced for a ladder and scampered up it to the boat deck, *en route* to the bridge. Sam followed him, and met him at the foot of the ladder to the bridge coming down.

"The captain is sorry, but he can do nothing. The stern is now so far out in the stream that the pilot will not permit we should try to go back. There is a strong tide, and he sailed fifteen minutes early because of it, anyway."

Sam shouldered the third officer aside and climbed to the bridge, rules or no rules. The captain confronted him at the door of the wheelhouse.

"You are Mr. Anderson, *hein?*" he asked, smiling. "I am sorry, but the pilot says you must go down the bay. You can get off with him and spend the night on the pilot boat. It is pleasant punishment; the pilots are very fine hosts, I have heard."

Sam grinned and shrugged his shoulders.

"All right. It can't be helped. I'll go down and have a last visit with my wife. How soon do we get off?"

"Maybe two hours; with a fog like this, maybe longer. I will personally send the third officer to call you in plenty of time. But why don't you come across with us?"

"A contract, captain—on the West Coast. Motion pictures. I've got to leave New York tomorrow."

The captain was studying him. "I have known your wife since she was a small girl, crossing with her grandfather. May I congratulate you? You have not been married—how long?"

"About three months," said Sam, flushing. "It's too bad that our—that we have to separate this way, if only for six months; but you know how this motion-picture business is—"

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

ALIAS THAT DAMN' CAT
Continued from page nineteen

"Oh, yes! Well, good luck!" From his puzzled politeness, as he shook hands, plainly the captain didn't know how this Haring-Anderson marriage business was.

Sam went below, red in the face and grim. He took off his hat and mopped his brow as he walked along the corridor toward Margaret's cabin. She wasn't in it. The door was wide open. He called her.

A stewardess appeared in the door of the bedroom, linens on her arm.

"I am to tell monsieur that madame is in the cabin of your friends. This way, please."

The woman led him around to the port-side corridor forward, and rapped on a door marked Suite D. The door card showed it was occupied by M. and Mme. Schmidt-Paulus, whoever they were.

Saul Pommerantz, still in his dressing gown, opened the door part way.

"Oh, it's you!" he said, grinning. "Come in."

He led the way into the living room, which looked like a florist's ice box. There sat Elsa Lindler, talking to Peggy in the manner of two strange women being exceedingly nice to each other—and, of all things, the Fräulein was stroking Kitty Singe, who was curled on the blue-silk lap of her negligee, calmly enjoying the attention.

"Elsa, this is Mr. Anderson, a friend of mine," said Pommerantz.

Sam bowed. Pommerantz beamed upon him.

"I am happy that Mr. Anderson is now writing for Ponderous," Elsa said. They certainly did keep in touch with the office, Sam thought. Or had Peg told them?

"I'm going to Hollywood tomorrow," he explained.

"How? Swim ashore, maybe?" Pommerantz seemed to be enjoying his joke.

"I'm getting off with the pilot," Sam said shortly.

"So? And let your wife go to Paris all by herself?" His grin irritated Mr. Anderson.

"A contract is a contract," he growled.

"He says a contract is a contract, Elsa!"

They burst out laughing; they laughed and laughed; they ended with the beautiful Miss Lindler in the arms of the handsome if rather portly Mr. Pommerantz, beating him in the back. Kitty Singe had fled to Peggy's protection. Peggy was smiling politely.

Mr. Pommerantz finally enlightened the frowning Sam.

"NOW you are in the family, I can tell you the joke," he said. "Eight months ago, you know, I brought Elsa to the States. First I make her post a bond she will not marry while she is starring for Ponderous."

"I remember," said Sam. "There was a lot of publicity on it."

"Well, I meant it," said Pommerantz, wiping his eyes, his left arm still around the waist of the lovely Elsa, who was grinning like a cherub. "It hurts a star like her with the public—all sex appeal like she is— I don't mean that's all she is; she's got brains, too, and if you don't believe it you should just try to do business with her. Well, anyway, I brought her out to the coast, and in two months what do I do? I marry her myself!"

"No fooling?" said Sam, genuinely surprised.

"In Mexico. And did it cost me plenty to cover it up! My boys are loyal, Mr. Anderson. A few of them found it out, but do you think anybody on the outside knows it? No, sir!"

"I'm sure of that," said Sam, "or it would be all over the front pages."

"Well, we wouldn't have to keep it up now, because Elsa's got a new contract. But we wanted to go on one more little honeymoon and keep our secret—it's pretty nice, you know. When we come back we'll tell everybody."

NEXT WEEK—

The Reparations Myth

Why no nation can win a world war, and the reasons for our present international financial entanglement

by

Chester T. Crowell

also

stories and articles by

William Almon Wolff—Franklin D. Roosevelt—James Hopper—Marie Beynon Ray—Richard Carroll—Robert Benchley

Sam grinned. "Well, I'll never give you away." He changed the subject. "Has my wife apologized for the cat, Miss Lindler? You seem to have gotten over your *feliphobia*—"

"That word," said the lissom Elsa, "I do not know. Please explain."

"Your fear of cats. You were petting him just now—"

Elsa giggled. "Oh, I have no fear of cats. Only of black cats. I do not like many cats, but of black cats I have a horror."

"But our cat's not black. He's black and white."

"Certainly! But when he comes in so fast I cannot see he is white underneath. I jump on the bed and he runs under it."

Sam chuckled. "Naturally. Well, Peg and I will be going along. I'm very happy to have met you both again."

"Oh, sit down! Sit down!" said Mr. Pommerantz of Ponderous. "We should all get better acquainted." He winked, crossed to the bell button.

"I'd better let the third officer know where I am, then," said Sam uneasily. "He was to come for me in my wife's cabin."

"You can see him tomorrow."

"Oh, no; I'm going ashore with the pilot," Sam reiterated.

"You mean you would leave a wife like that?" Elsa Lindler demanded.

SAM didn't relish that, even from such a charming judge. But Saul Pommerantz had pulled her head over on to his shoulder and was whispering to her. She nodded, twinkled at Sam maliciously.

"Mr. Pommerantz says that I am to order you to go with us."

Sam's pride made one last stand. "My contract calls for Hollywood, not Europe," he objected.

"Your contract calls for 'such foreign travel as the company may require in the performance of your duties,'" Mr. Pommerantz quoted.

"Does it? I didn't read it," said Sam. This wasn't businesslike; he couldn't be ordered around like a valet.

"It does. And the interests of the company require that you should go to Paris with Elsa. I'm not saying anything about your wife. This is business. Elsa should do a fine picture like the one Charlie Chaplin did for Edna—you remember: A Woman of Paris. Well, this would be like that, only different. The man who writes it should live long enough in Paris to get the feel of the place. I don't want it to be a Continental picture, you understand. I'm making Walton Rogers the new leading man for Elsa."

His excitement mounted; he was pacing the floor.

"You see, Rogers—he's an American business man—he falls in love with Elsa—she speaks French and English—and he thinks she's an innocent girl, and then he finds out— And we got to work it out from that point. I don't want a smell of Hollywood in this. Only the things that would happen to an American man in Paris. You see? All you got to do for six months is live it. Then you write me a big dramatic picture."

At this point Mrs. Anderson was heard from:

"What do I do while he's being the American business man astray on the boulevards?"

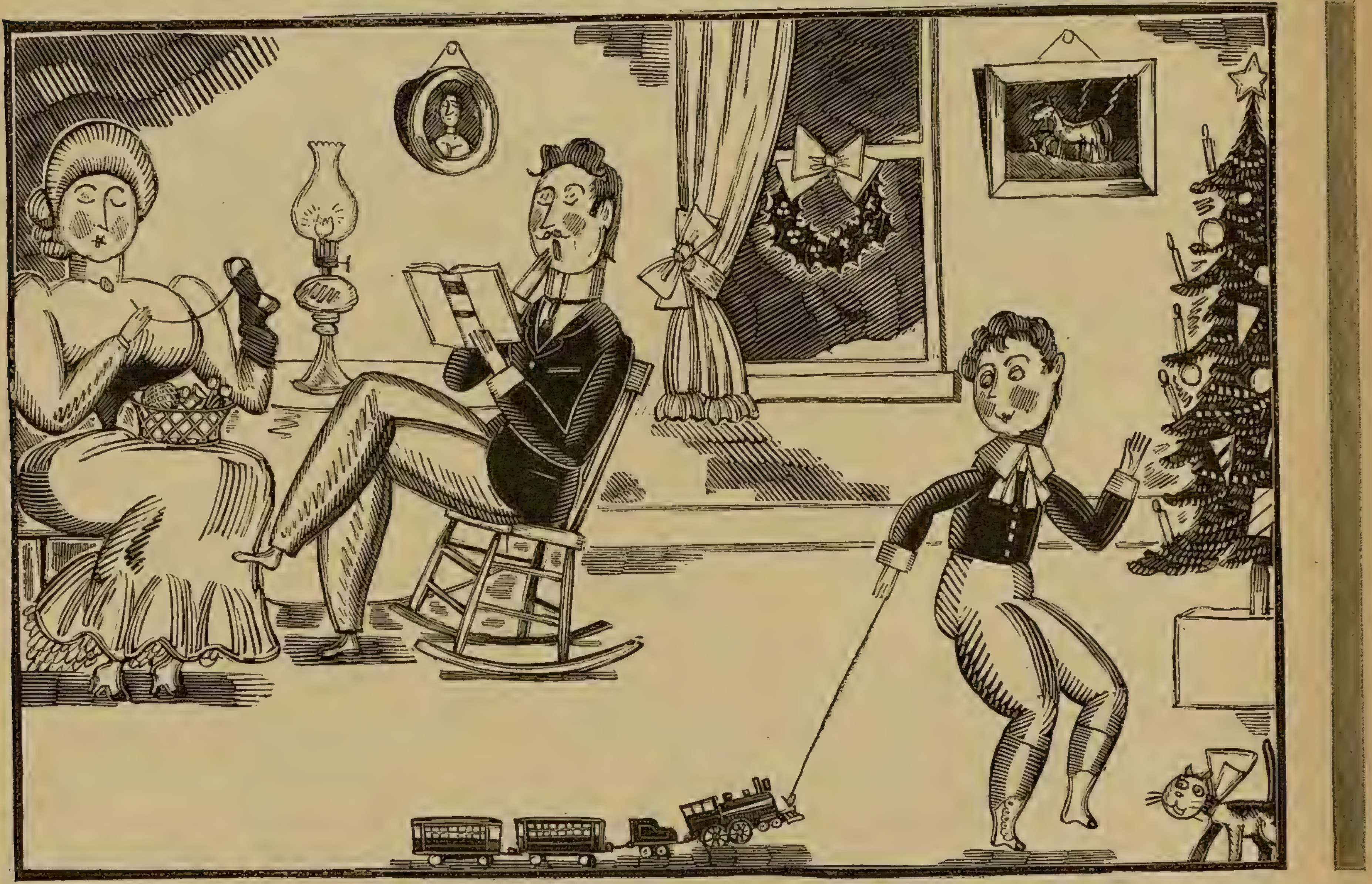
"Little lady," said Mr. Pommerantz gallantly, "that is a question that shouldn't keep me awake nights at all. He can learn about sirens from you. Besides"—Sam wondered why he winked at the blushing Mrs. Anderson—"why didn't you think of that a while ago?"

She was too busy, at the moment, to answer, and Sam was too much occupied to wonder what Mr. Pommerantz meant.

When you find yourself back in heaven, you don't care how you came.

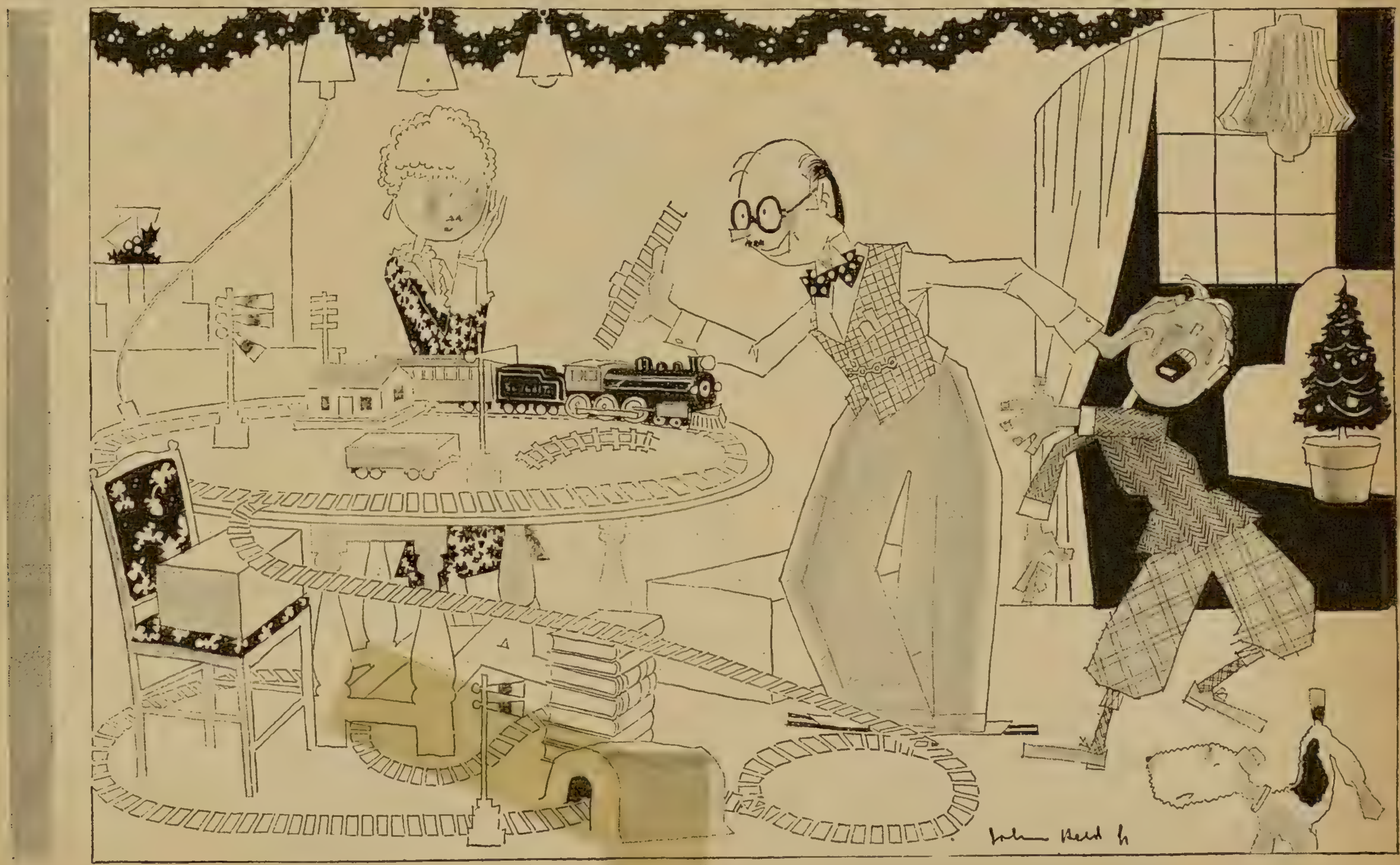
THE END

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



In days that are spent

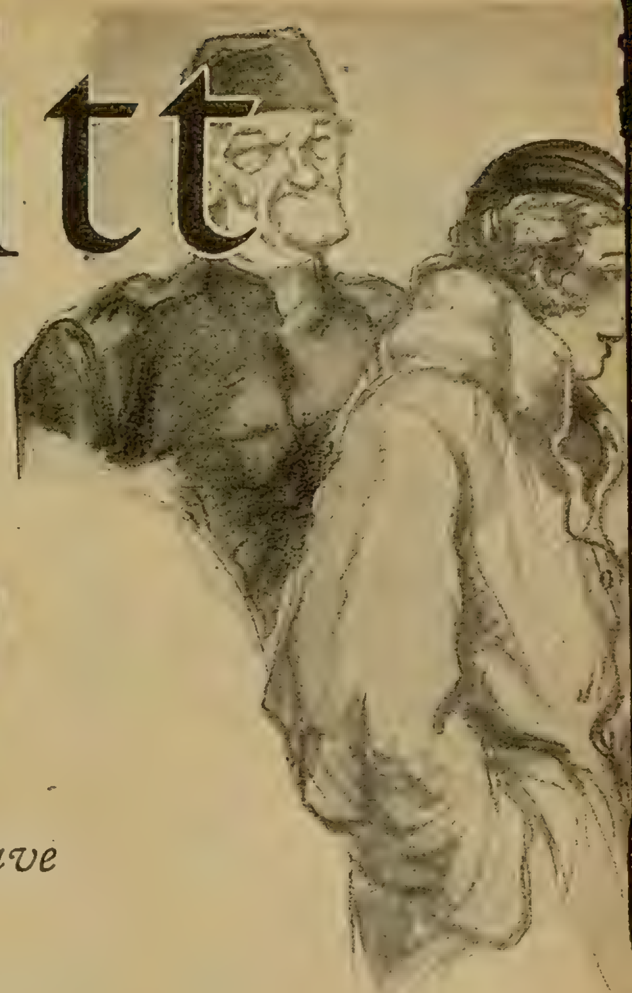
The toy train was a big moment at Christmas



The modern version

And the toy train is still a bigger moment

Mrs. Babbitt Goes to RUSSIA



What the Wives of American Engineers Have to Endure in the Land of the Soviet

By EVE GARRETTE GRADY

(Reading time: 22 minutes 40 seconds.)

MRS. CARPENTER was in tears. She sat Niobe-like on a hard, straight chair in her Russian living room and wept and wept. The apartment was cold, the furniture dusty, and the rug on the floor had not been shaken out that day. Little Elizabeth, with one glance at her stricken parent, rose silently from the leather divan on which she had been playing with her dolls, and tiptoed into the bedroom adjoining. She hoisted herself up on the hard iron bed, and sat gazing out of the window, feet dangling, her eyes fixed unseeingly upon the picturesque peasant sleighs that slid lumberingly by.

"Gee, I hate this dirty old Russia!" ran her rebellious childish thoughts. "I don't see what father and mother wanted to come here for, anyway. I'll be glad when I get back to Germantown. Gosh, won't the kids be surprised to hear me *gavoreeting parooski?*"

Mrs. Carpenter heaved a pathetic, sobbing sigh. Her tear-stained eyes vaguely swept the cold, untidy, cheerless room. She was engaged in pulling herself together. Another dab of the handkerchief, and she rose to her feet. Once again her eyes swept the living room. This time, however, it was with the calculated gaze of a general planning his campaign of battle.

"Well, if I must entertain the bridge club this week, I must. Although I do think it was mean of Mrs. Stuart not to have the ladies next," said Mrs. Carpenter.

. . . .

What happens when an eminently respectable American matron is suddenly uprooted from her pretty Dutch Colonial house, her electric refrigerator, her woman's clubs and bridge luncheons, and transplanted to the most bewitched country in the world today—Soviet Russia?

Over three thousand American engineers, their wives and children, are in residence in the Soviet Union today, pending the completion of the Five-Year Plan. It is the American engineer who is harnessing Russian rivers, conquering Russian mountain fastnesses, and modernizing her cities, all the while preaching the gospel of the American machine, new Russia's god. He is the Five-Year Plan's greatest constructive force; for it is the American who is responsible for Russia's greatest tractor plant in the world, greatest automobile factory in the world, greatest steel plant in the world, and greatest hydroelectric project in the world.

American technical and scientific genius has irrigated Turkestan. American mass production and mechanical methods, combined with organizing ability, have guided the Soviet collective farms. American brains are rehabilitating Russia's coal mines and her transportation system. American management of the oil wells of Baku is making it possible for the Soviet Union to cut the bottom out of our profitable oil trade in South America.

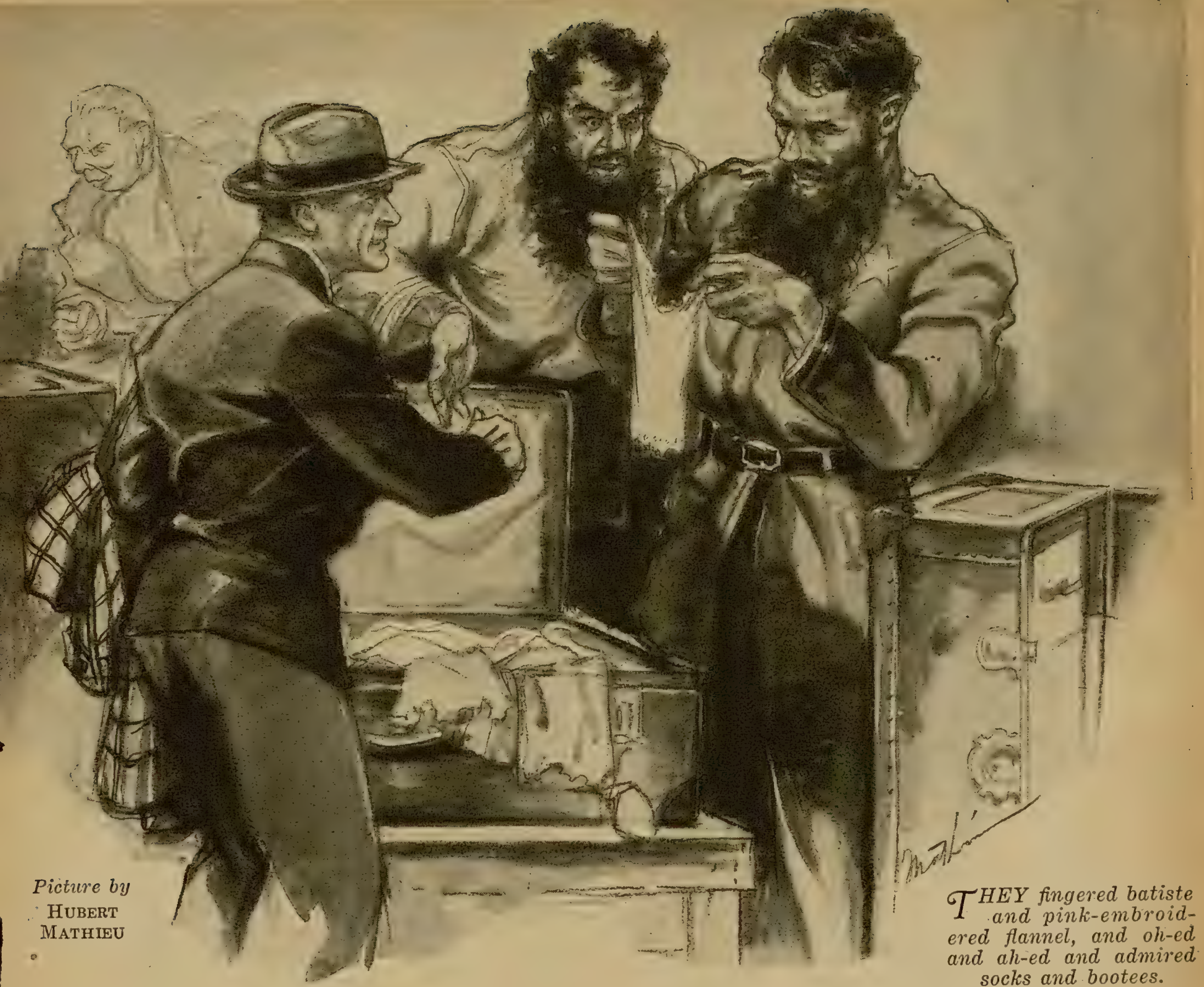
Therefore there are large and thriving American colonies in Moscow, in Leningrad, in Kharkov, in Rostov, in the Ural Mountains, and out on the snow-bound Siberian steppes. And in these colonies, with an unconsciousness of the seething Soviet life about them that is truly remarkable, Mrs. Thomas of Blankville, Ohio, Mrs. James of Dashville, Iowa, and Mrs. Rogers of Hometown, New Jersey, are to be found carrying bravely on, ineffably, unchangeably—each the American matron still.

The searchlight of modern academic attention is being played upon Soviet Russia's revolutionary educational system. The manner in which she is enjoining upon both the school child and the school the obligation of service to the community, with useful child labor as the basis of every school program, is the subject of heated debate in our best scholastic circles. Thousands of men and women in the United States are gazing wistfully across the sea, wondering how it could be made possible for them to see at first hand the Soviet educational experiments.

Just a block or two from Mrs. Rogers' apartment house in Kharkov is a Soviet public school. But does she visit it? Not on your life. Although Mrs. Rogers was president of the Parent-Teachers Association of her home city in New Jersey, she knows that nothing can possibly be good that is of Soviet origin.

Mrs. Rogers arrived in the Soviet Union, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson of Whilomville, Colorado, the wife of another American engineer *en route* to Russia. The ladies met in New York and came abroad together. Although it was quite an undertaking to cross the border all alone, they were buoyed up by the knowledge that their husbands were to meet them in Moscow.

No husbands, however, were standing on the train platform when the Berlin sleeper pulled into the Moscow station; only a very furtive-looking, collarless gentleman with unruly hair and shifty black eyes. He introduced himself to them as an interpreter, sent by the trust to whom Messrs. Rogers and Wilson were consultants. He explained that Mr. Rogers and Mr. Wilson were detained in Kharkov at a very important conference, but would surely be at the Kharkov station. The ladies debated the advisability of intrusting themselves to such a disreputa-



Picture by HUBERT MATHIEU

THEY fingered batiste and pink-embroidered flannel, and oh-ed and ah-ed and admired socks and bootees.

ble-looking individual. Since, however, he was the bearer of apologetic notes from their respective spouses, it was concluded that he must be all right.

The interpreter took his charges to the Hotel Metropole. There, far from being stuck in the elevator, as was Bernard Shaw some time later, they were not allowed to ride in it at all, because they were only going as far as the third floor. And riding down was entirely out of the question, because Russian elevators are "lifts" only. They were assigned to a mammoth room (at fifteen dollars per day apiece) with a rubber plant in the window and magnificent gold-and-lacquer Chinese screens before the beds.

There was even a private bath. But, alas, when they prepared to tub, it was discovered that there was no bath plug. And although the management was very sorry, it would be impossible to supply a plug for the American ladies' bathtub, because it was the engineer's work to supply bath plugs and he was unavailable, it being his "free" day.

AND although the beds were comfortable enough, neither Mrs. Rogers nor Mrs. Wilson closed an eye all night. For a gentleman they had met in Berlin had told them all about how the G. P. U., Russia's dread secret police, are always spying about to hear if foreigners are criticizing the government. The ladies made a minute search of their room for a concealed dictograph—they had been assured that dictographs were being installed in all Russian hotel rooms—but they were unable to find one. They were taking no chances, however; they stole about just as quietly as mice, didn't talk except in whispers, and, as I said, didn't sleep a wink.

The next morning Mrs. Wilson made an unpleasant discovery. The shoes which she had placed outside her door to be shined had mysteriously vanished in the night. The hotel employees and management not only disclaimed all knowledge of them, but refused to be responsible for the loss. The *Amerikanka dama* should not have put her shoes outside her door to be shined. Soviet Russia is the land of the proletarian and everyone is equal. The hotel porter is on the same plane as the manager. It was really too bad that the American lady had lost her shoes, but there was nothing the hotel authorities could do.

MRS. WILSON had the extreme good fortune to have another pair of shoes with her, or the situation might have been serious, since in the spring of 1930 it was impossible to purchase shoes in Moscow.

Over their Spartan breakfast of black bread without butter, and tea without lemon or cream, the interpreter made elaborate explanations.

"The life is hard now here in Russia," said he, with an all-embracing sweep of the arm. "We have little to eat, little to wear. Some poor fellow probably took your shoes, madame, for his wife who goes barefooted. We work eighteen hours every day. I myself have but five hours' sleep each night. But we are glad to suffer for our country. Things will be better for our children."

The ladies were greatly impressed; so much so, in fact, that as they stepped on the train bound for Kharkov they

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MRS. BABBITT GOES TO RUSSIA
Continued from page twenty-three

simply insisted that he accept a five-dollar bill for all of his courtesies to them. They thought he was the bravest thing. And although he told them that it was forbidden to receive tips, still, with great reluctance, he would take the five dollars—the mesdames must be sure not to breathe a word of it—because his six-year-old daughter was crying with hunger.

Yet it was that train trip from Moscow to Kharkov, an overnight journey by sleeper, that finished Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Wilson as far as Soviet Russia was concerned. For what had that interpreter done but deliberately lied to them! "I never liked his looks from the first," said Mrs. Wilson afterward. Instead of having the ladies put in a compartment for two persons in the first-class carriage, as he had assured them had been arranged by the exertion of herculean effort on his part, they found themselves in one for four. And, horror of horrors, it developed that two simply frightful-looking big burly Russian men were to have the two upper berths!

Well, I tell you, Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Rogers were almost hysterical with fright. One of the men, who spoke a little English, informed them that it was quite the custom for men and women to be given space together in Russian sleeper compartments. Were not the women of Russia emancipated and equal with men? Of course they were. Then there could be no fine discriminations between the sexes, even in the matter of assigning sleeping-car space. He told Mrs. Rogers, who was determined to make the conductor change them to another compartment at once, that it would be useless to make the effort, because all of the compartments on this particular *wagon lit* were for four persons. Besides, they were the only women in the coach.

Will Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Wilson ever forget the terrors of that night? Never. The Comrades by this time could not but be aware of the fact that the American ladies had some strange fears of their presence. They set this down to "bourgeois prejudice" and tried to make it easier for them. Carefully they explained that they would go out in the corridor while the ladies disrobed for the night; and then, when the ladies were in bed, would they please be so kind as to turn their faces to the wall while the Comrades came in and undressed?

STRANGELY enough, this explanation of Russian sleeping-car etiquette did not improve the situation at all. Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Wilson, for the first time in their lives, went to bed with all their clothes on, and with sheets pulled up over their heads. And so they lay, shuddering with terror, while the men tiptoed quietly in and undressed right beside their berths in the dark and climbed up to the berths above. And when the Comrade who spoke English called down, "You may turn around now, mesdames," they did no such thing!

Later he called down again, "Will you please lock the door, madame?"

Mrs. Wilson hissed between livid lips to Mrs. Rogers, "Don't you do it—don't you do it! I'm not going to be locked in here with those two brutes." So both ladies lay as still as they could.

The Comrade repeated, "Madame, will you please to lock the door? Or shall I come down and do it?"

Mrs. Rogers, who was the braver spirit, responded quietly, "Never mind. I'll do it."

She proceeded about a great business of rattling the bolt and door chain vigorously, to make the Comrades think that she had really locked the door.

"We can give them as good as they take," whispered Mrs. Rogers to Mrs. Wilson. And all night long the American ladies lay, one armed with a diamond bar pin, the other with her nail file, awaiting the attack in the darkness which did not come.

The next morning, when the Comrades clambered down from their upper berths, they were very angry to find that the compartment door had not been locked at all. "All of our baggage might have been stolen," the English-speaking Comrade said crossly. "It is not safe to travel here in Russia unless our compartment doors are locked. We have too many thieves and robbers on our trains."

Well, after that initiation into Soviet life, there was nothing good that either Mrs. Wilson or Mrs. Rogers could have to say about the Bolshevik scheme of things. And although, in the course of time, they grew quite accustomed to traveling in Russian style on their way out of the country on vacations, still the American colony gallantly made it a point of always sending a male American escort with any of the ladies who were going "out" alone. And the ladies often used to laugh and joke together—feeling most terribly risqué and sophisticated and bohemian—about "sleeping with Mr. Williams or Mr. Beck."

The Kharkov colony was, however, quite universal in its condemnation of Mrs. John Quincy Adams Smythe, who boasted that she had gone so far as to undress and sleep in her pyjamas the night she and her husband went from Kharkov to Leningrad and shared their compartment with two Soviet engineers. The ladies thought that was going a bit too far—and so did Mrs. John Quincy Adams Smythe's husband.

A GREAT deal of interest is being expressed in this country as to how Soviet social legislation in favor of women and children works out from a practical standpoint. One hears much of efficient factory nurseries for the babies of working mothers, model milk kitchens and *crèches*. And one is avid to hear more about how the Bolsheviks are going about the breaking up of Russian family life and the education of women to the point where they will be amenable to having their children raised by the state.

All sorts of remarkable, not to say unbelievable, human experiments in the relationship between mother and child are being carried on in Soviet Russia, and one would naturally expect Mrs. William Dickson to be interested in investigating them. Mrs. Dickson is past president of the Woman's Club of an important city in Ohio, and was personally responsible for inspiring the legislation which now protects the working mothers of her state. But now that she is in Russia, is Mrs. Dickson concerned with Soviet welfare activities? Not at all. She has had a letter from Mrs. Evans, who is living in the American colony of Rostov, and it contained the most frightful news!

Mrs. Evans wrote that the wife of an American who was down on location work in an isolated Russian village halfway between Rostov and Odessa was to have a baby in three months. For some simply inexplicable reason the mother was not going "out" to have it. There was only one other American woman living in this village—a bride of six months—and she wrote frantically to Mrs. Evans that there was nothing to be had there in the way of goods for making a layette. Owing to the goods shortage, there were no materials in the stores of Rostov, either. Mrs. Evans wanted to know if anyone in the Kharkov colony was going out to Berlin soon, and perhaps could bring in a layette.

As luck would have it, Mrs. Dickson knew the very people. The Kellys were going out on vacation almost immediately, and, approached in the matter, said they would be delighted to bring back the layette. There would be plenty of time, according to Mrs. Dickson, for they were to return on April first and the baby was not expected until June. The prospective father sent seventy-five dollars to Mr. Kelly, and the various American colonies in the south of Russia, all of which by this time had heard of the impending arrival, sat back and rested more easily.

Then a bombshell broke. Back came the Kellys from Berlin with the news that the layette for the new baby had been confiscated at the border station by the Soviet customs officials! The Kellys had no infant of their own, as their passport records clearly showed. Mrs. Kelly was not *enceinte;* at least, so she went on record, when questioned point-blank about it. Therefore, if the Kellys had no children, and Mrs. Kelly was not about to become a mother, where were the papers from the government granting permission to the Kellys to bring a baby's layette into Soviet Russia? In order to import articles for other Americans it is necessary to have documents, said the officials.

Whereupon the hot Irish blood of Mr. Kelly boiled over. There were strong words at that border station, and a heartrending picture was painted of an American woman far, far from home, in a country where you couldn't even buy a cake of soap, waiting for her fellow countryman to bring clothing for her new little baby. Finally the officials relented. To bring in the layette would be permitted. After all, Mr. Kelly's documents proved conclusively that he was an American specialist, come to help put over the Five-Year Plan.

But a duty charge would have to be paid. Therefore the bearded customs Comrades bent interested countenances over infant woolen bands and shirts and petticoats and nighties, the like of which they had never seen before. They fingered batiste and pink-embroidered flannel, and oh-ed and ah-ed and admired microscopic socks and bootees. After a heated conference which lasted a good hour, the decision as to the approximate value of the layette was arrived at. Mr. Kelly was informed that the duty charged would be 750 rubles ($350).

WHEREUPON Mr. Kelly blew up again, but this time in vain. It was useless for him to shout that he had only paid seventy-five dollars for the infant garments in the first place. How could the Comrades believe such a ridiculous statement as that, especially since Mr. Kelly had lost the receipted bills that might have proved it? It was pointless for him to assert that he would report them for highway robbery. In the end the Kellys were obliged to admit defeat and depart layetteless. Most pertinent point of all, they did not have $350 between them.

By the time the desolated Kellys got back it was well into April, and the baby was due in June! Frantic letters were thereupon written to every American colony within a radius of five thousand miles, begging each American woman to take her rations book and hasten at once to her "foreigners' store" and buy as much flannel and cotton and woolen material as she could.

Although the quota permitted to each American woman on her ration book was from half a yard to two yards of goods per month, depending upon whether the material was linen or cotton or silk or voile, yet in the summer of 1930 so many Soviet stores in the south of Russia had no yard goods at all on their shelves that it was necessary for every colony to come to the rescue of its fellow countrywoman.

And behind the frenzied letters, and the delayed deliveries of mail, and the unbearable slowness of parcel-post services, in the mind of every American woman in every American colony loomed the specter: "What if the baby comes early?"

Which, of course, is exactly what happened. The baby made her first public appearance, wrapped in a flannel pyjama top belonging to her proud father, on the 30th of May. This was just exactly two weeks before the first batches of flannel and cotton and voile began to trickle in for the most discussed layette in Russia.

HISTORY was made in Soviet Russia in 1930. That was the year that determined whether the Stalin dictatorship was to stand or fall, whether the Five-Year Plan was practicable. In 1930 the backbone of peasant resistance to the collective farm movement was broken by the brutal liquidation of the Kulak, and a bumper wheat crop gave the Kremlin hope just as the clouds loomed darkest. And in 1930 the tide of embargo against Soviet "dumped" products in Europe began to turn, and Great Britain and Italy and Germany, in self-defense and of economic necessity, prepared to sign life-giving trade agreements.

Yet if the collective farm movement had failed; if the returns from the first year of the Five-Year Plan had been unfavorable; if Stalin had not been able to crush the opposition Right faction in the Communist Party in the spring elections; and, most important of all, if the Russian fields had not borne a rich golden harvest of grain—1930 would have undoubtedly seen the end of the world's first proletarian republic.

The year 1930 was therefore a stirring one in which to live in the Soviet Union, and the Americans who were there had front seats at what was perhaps the most absorbing drama that the world had ever seen. They saw the grim horsemen, Hunger, Terror, Chaos, and Despair, ride furiously across Russian housetops; they heard a suffering, straining humanity groaning in the travail of rebirth. And they watched a Russian Detroit going up along the banks of the Oka River; a Russian Gary, Indiana, rising in the Urals; a Russian Chicago and Pittsburgh building on barren lonely steppes.

In Kharkov, a thriving Soviet city of 500,000 population, the capital of the fertile Ukraine, which is the heart

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Don't LET LITTLE COUGHS GROW UP!

EVEN a little cough irritates the delicate tissues and nerve ends of the throat. That irritation causes more coughing ("reflex action"—doctors call it). These "bigger" coughs irritate more. And so—*big coughs from little coughs grow.*

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[MRS. BABBITT GOES TO RUSSIA
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of the wheat-growing country of Russia, amazing industrial activities were being carried on under the rigors of the Five-Year Plan. Eight miles outside the city limits another Detroit was being built; on the other side of Kharkov lay a model collective farm, made according to an American agricultural expert's best recipe. The city proper was the headquarters for the coal industry of all the Russias, and the nerve center for the mines in the Don Basin.

In Kharkov's scientific laboratories Pavlov's first assistants were carrying on his great experiment with the conditioned reflex; and in the venerable University of Kharkov professors with distinguished names and of great learning were endeavoring to execute the Comrades' command to turn out trained young Soviet engineers in six weeks.

Kharkov boasted of an airport, a Red Army headquarters, model Soviet schools and kindergartens, *crèches* and factory nurseries and milk stations, public parks and public baths, and the "largest office building in Europe."

In 1930 Kharkov was hard hit by the food shortage. Butter was $5 a pound, sugar $1.25 a pound—and so on. For the first time in their lives Americans discovered what it actually meant to be hungry enough to bootleg food and later to patronize "speakeasy" grocery stores. The city suffered too from the goods famine, and its stores were empty. Hundreds of homes were searched by the G. P. U. when the coin shortage became acute, before the 1930 inflation of the ruble began. Hundreds and hundreds of Russian engineers and lawyers and doctors and professional people of every type were marched off to jail, accused of being "counter-revolutionaries."

And in 1930 the ladies of the American colony of Kharkov were in a tremendous flutter. They had organized a luncheon-bridge club.

. . . . . .

IT is night. Mrs. Carpenter stands in her ten-by-ten-and-a-half Russian bath-kitchen, in the throes of preparing refreshments for the bridge club which she entertains on the morrow. A chocolate cake is to be the *pièce de résistance* of the afternoon, a distinct feather in any hostess' cap at the height of a Soviet food shortage. All of the ingredients for its making—the white American flour, a box of American sugar, American chocolate, and American vanilla—are carefully spread out on the board that fits over the bathtub.

In the modern Soviet apartments in which American specialists so frequently find themselves housed, the functions of kitchen and bath are combined. Is it not the practice to build bathtubs in kitchens in that wonder city, New York? It shall also be the practice in the Soviet Union!

And although it is really too bad, still the Comrades are adamant on the point that the only space which they can conscientiously assign to Russian servants of American specialists, as their own personal sleeping quarters, is in these same bath-kitchens. Pressed on the point as to just where a servant would sleep in a ten-by-ten-and-a-half kitchen which already accommodates a claw-footed bathtub, the Comrades triumphantly suggest that she sleep on a board over the bathtub. Which, the Americans agree, appears to be the only solution.

Mrs. Carpenter's bath-kitchen on this particular evening is very cold. The cement floor sends icy chills through her body. Outside, the mercury in the thermometer has dropped to twenty degrees below zero. The hermetically sealed windows are hoary with frost and she can easily see her breath. It is the Soviet law that no household temperature may exceed forty-five degrees Fahrenheit, and apartment-house furnacemen have learned to obey it scrupulously. Therefore Americans have made the practice of importing oil heaters. Mrs. Carpenter has two heaters, but she does not dare to risk lighting one in her kitchen. There is a kerosene shortage and she has only just enough to see her safely through the party. The ladies would be very angry if the Carpenter apartment were not heated. They would talk for days.

The prospective hostess has therefore donned a heavy fur coat and tasseled cap, and has wrapped a woolen scarf about her throat. She has slipped on two extra pairs of woolen stockings and her arctics.

And then—the lights go out.

THREE hours later Mrs. Carpenter, still inclosed in her heavy fur coat, with woolen gloves on her hands and arctics on her feet, stands stoically in her frigid bath-kitchen, stirring a batch of candy by the feeble glow of a kerosene lamp. Outside the closed door in the hall sits the servant Douscha, tired and sleepy. She is waiting for her mistress to finish in the kitchen so that she can go to bed on her board over the bathtub. Mr. Carpenter, in the living room, puffs furiously at his pipe and asks himself the question which husbands have asked since time immemorial—what in God's name women see in such foolishness. Little Elizabeth is sleeping in her huge iron bed, a wax doll snuggled to her breast. . . .

The next afternoon the sun beams smilingly in through the windows cheerfully hung with terra-cotta-colored gauze draperies. Twelve well dressed women sit in Mrs. Carpenter's Russian living room, at three tables, their attention focused on small pieces of cardboard. The Kharkov bridge club is in session. Little Elizabeth, in a baby-blue frock embroidered in rosebuds which came from Vienna and has been duly admired, poses picturesquely by the window in the only wicker chair the apartment boasts, her sleek childish head bent industriously over a picture book that does not interest her one bit.

"Just like a magazine cover! Isn't she adorable?" one enthusiastic lady has cried.

The hostess bustles hospitably about the room, offering cigarettes to the smokers and peering over the shoulders of the players. She is charmingly gowned in soft violet Liberty satin; a handsome amethyst brooch confines a fichu of Chantilly lace at her throat. Mrs. Carpenter, as all the ladies in the colony are fond of observing, has *such* a social sense! She *always* carries things off beautifully!

"Lou Carpenter, when I come to your house it just makes me forget that we're here in Russia. Girls, wouldn't you swear that you were home?" someone exclaims earnestly. Mrs. Carpenter blushes with pleasure. She has received the supreme compliment.

THE END

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A Cup of Water

A Short Short Story

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

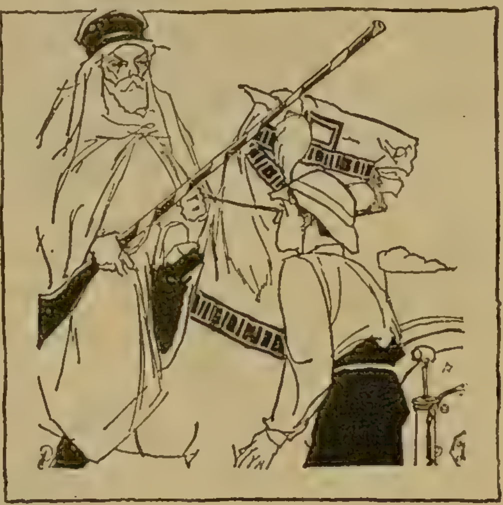
(Reading time: 5 minutes 21 seconds.)

THE snort of a horse had made Kirby glance up from the sweatful task of pumping a new-patched tire tube. He had left his crazy car's engine running, lest it refuse to start afresh.

Thus he had not heard the soft padding of unshod hoofs over the sandy ground.

Some fifty lean men sat their leaner mounts, staring in stolid curiosity at the chugging machine. (Automobiles were a startling rarity to the Bedawi of the Moab country in those prewar days.)

A hawk-faced oldster walked his horse out from the half circle.



Kirby straightened, touched his brow and breast in salutation, and strove to give courteous indifference to his tone as he said:

"*Naharak sa-id* [May your day be happy], Sheik Ysouf!"

Kirby knew the Near East too well to augur anything favorable from the idle exchange of compliments which followed.

Born in his father's mission house near Nablus, he had lived in Syria until he was sent to America to college and to engineering school. Then the Cabell Company had sent Kirby to the land of Moab to manage its little Transjordan antimony mine in the foothills under Nebo.

"Kirby *howaji,*" Ysouf was saying, "the black camel has knelt at the door of El-Kanah. Two nights agone my own kinsman, Beni-Diab, was slain. The dirge still sounds for him."

"*Ohé!*" chanted Kirby, in the same singsong drone. "*Alhandulillah!* May he lie where rose leaves shall fall upon his tomb! Beautiful and tall was Beni-Diab, even as the—"

"Beni-Diab was shot dead outside your tent, at the mine whose sheik you are!" Ysouf broke in harshly upon the civil mourning chant. "He—"

"Allah has deprived of wisdom and truth the madman who told you such a lie, *effendi!*" exclaimed Kirby with much indignation. "True, a man was slain there, as you say. But not a noble of El-Kanah's tribe. It was a filthy night prowler. The guard saw him creep out of my tent in the darkness, carrying the canvas bag which held the laborers' pay. The guard fired and the *fellaheen* thief fell. When we came with lanterns, some accomplice had dragged the body away. I am but just returning from the serail, where I went to report the affair. You can realize the shot man could not have been Beni-Diab, since he was a sneaking tent thief. Surely no kinsman of the illustrious—"

"We waste time," interposed Sheik Ysouf. "You know the law."

Yes, Kirby knew to the letter the blood-atonement law of the Bedawi. As manager of the Cabell mine, he himself was responsible for the killing of the Bedouin night thief, and must pay the debt.

At a signal from Sheik Ysouf, fifty or more slugs from the long-barreled flintlocks would rip through him where he stood. There would be no witnesses on this spot of desolation.

On his way his car had passed a half troop of irregular pashalic Turkish cavalry on its way back to the barracks, south of Zoar's site.

The captain, a lifelong acquaintance of his, had hailed him in good-fellowship.

The cavalry could not be far behind him. At sight of these immemorial foes, the outlaw Bedawi would scatter like dust before the sirocco. But—

"I am parched with thirst and dust," whined Kirby cringingly, as Sheik Ysouf turned in his saddle to give the firing signal. "*Effendi*, by your creed, my throat must parch in hell through all eternity. By your guest right, you may not refuse a cup of water to foe or to brother. I ask a gourdful from the goatskin bottle at your crupper. By your own sacred guest right, I claim it."

Impatient of the delay, Sheik Ysouf poured water from the goatskin into the gourd cup which hung beside it.

"Drink!" he bade the prisoner. "But drink swiftly."

Kirby took the cup and lifted it toward his lips. Then he lowered it and peered in fright over his shoulder at the tensely waiting tribesmen.

He raised his eyes beseechingly to Ysouf's scornful gaze.

"Drink?" he quavered. "And be shot or stabbed in the back while yet I am drinking? No. Among your men there are those who gladly would rob me of that last moment of joy for the blood feud's sake. Thus was your people's foe, Abou Hussein, struck down while he drank. I—"

"You shall not be slain as you drink!" declared Ysouf, his face contracting at reminder of the one recorded blot on the guest right's sacredness. "I swear it, for my men and for myself, on the spirit of Beni-Diab."

"Am I a three-day passenger at Jaffa, to think such an oath would hold, made to an unbeliever like myself?" stammered Kirby, cringing lower, yet his voice rising almost to a scream. "If indeed you and yours will let me drink my last draft in peace, then swear to me by the Triple Oath which no man may break—even to an unbeliever—and hope to look upon the face of Allah the Compassionate. Swear I shall not be slain or harmed until I have drunk this cup empty. I call on you in the guest right's name."

NOW, the Triple Oath, odd as its terms may seem to a foreigner, is one not to be taken lightly. But neither is an implication that the holy guest right may be violated.

Intoning as if in prayer, Sheik Ysouf called loudly:

"You shall take no hurt from me or from mine until you have drunk empty the cup you hold. I swear it—on the sword of the Prophet, on the beard of my father, on the milk of my mother. *Tamám!*"

With the speed of light, Logan Kirby tossed the contents of the gourd high into the air. The water cascaded earthward. The sandy ground sucked it in as it fell.

"*Khater-karak* [Thanks], O brother to eagles!" laughed Kirby, his semblance of craven cowardice falling from him. "Bid your riders find for me the water which my awkwardness spilled, and return it drop by drop to the gourd, and I will drink it. Until then, by your oath, I shall take no hurt from you or yours. *Mashallah!*"

In the instant of blank silence, the still air brought to Kirby's ears the jingle of cavalry equipment and a multiple tread of hoofs from beyond the bend of the road. His taut nerves relaxed.

He battled against an overmastering desire to sit down on the ground and cry.

THE END

Garage for Twent

By B. L. JACOT

(Reading time: 16 min. 35 sec.)

DR. BELLING came on the inn unexpectedly. The narrow mountain road, high up in the Alpes Vaudoises above the Lake of Geneva, took a sudden turn as it crested the pass, and there, nestled against the sheer walls of gray rock, stood this rambling old *auberge*. There was little about it to show that every detail of the timber-girt roof, the rough lime-washed stones, medieval oak doorway, and glaring new garages was to stamp itself on his memory for life, forming a background he was destined never to forget.

From his seat behind the wheel of the car, as he ran a doubtful eye over the hostelry, the grim collection of buildings looked to him—as things have a tendency to look at high altitudes—touched with a desolation that was almost unreal, in the trailing rags of mist left carelessly, it seemed, by a dying wind on the mountain side. A faint bumping rumble from the radiator ahead told him the engine, in spite of its 250 brake horse power, was boiling. For the last fifteen kilos the car had done its work in low gear: a long pull. The mountain roads, downhill now to Lausanne, were wet with the evening mists—and treacherous. Seven o'clock, and eighty kilometers yet to reach Geneva. . . .

In spite of the fact that he had now lived for six years in Switzerland, the road was unfamiliar to Belling. He frequently made the week-end journey from his chalet at Interlaken to his headquarters in Geneva, but this was the first time he had attempted the uncharted road over the Alps, through Gruyères and Châtel St. Denis. A New Englander, bachelor at fifty-three, and Doctor of Philosophy, Belling had spent many years in travel before he had adopted this unusual rôle of an American professor employed by the League of Nations. But he liked Switzerland. Something of the mountains appealed to him, and the air was good for his health.

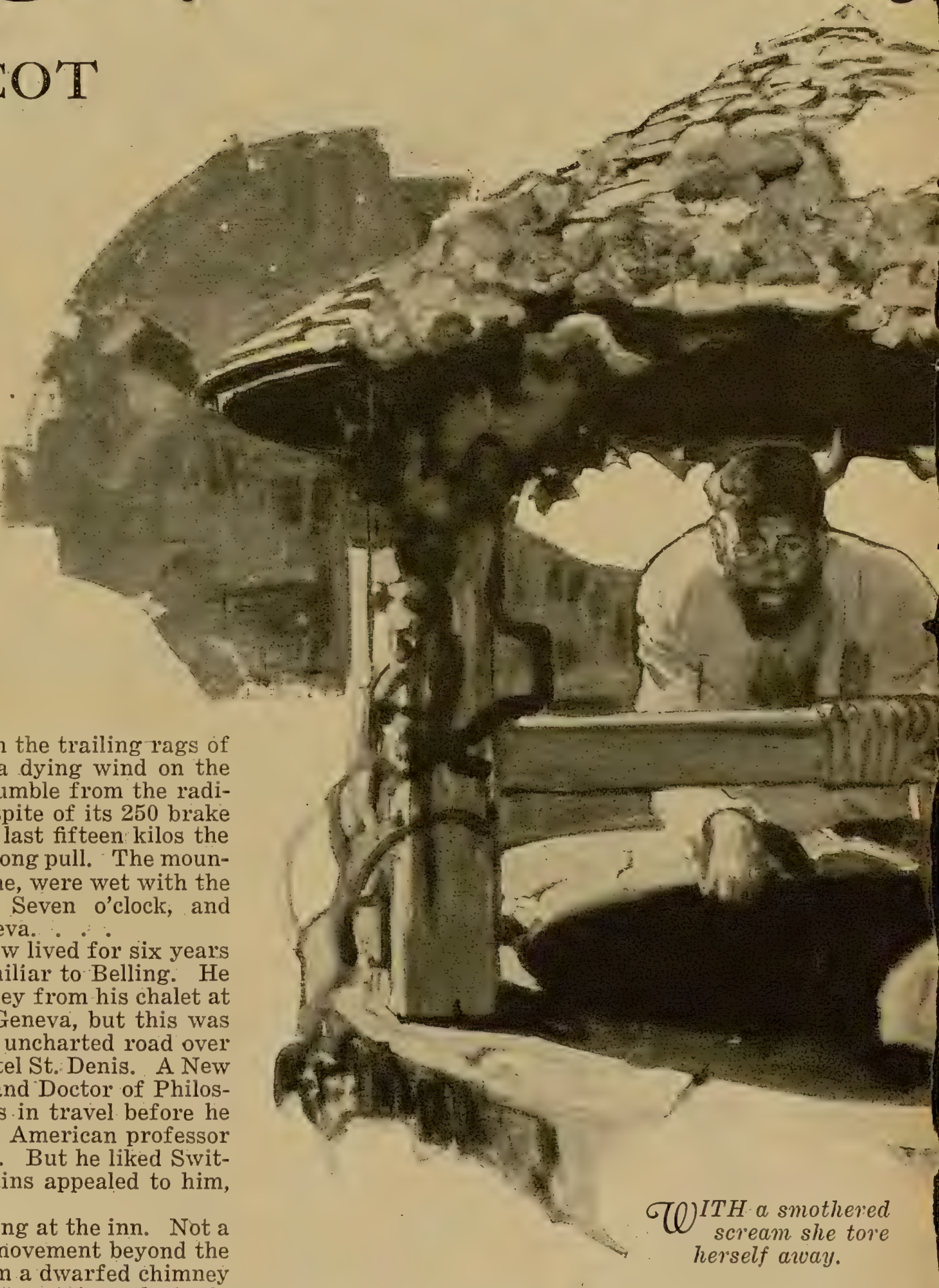
Over his shoulder he was still gazing at the inn. Not a sound in the chill air, not a sign of movement beyond the faint trail of smoke drifting up from a dwarfed chimney against the overhanging wall of the mountain at the back. Yet, as Belling knew, with these isolated inns, *cabanes*, monasteries, this was often the case. The great solitudes on the snow line, the frozen stillness of the pine forests, afforded plenty of room to swallow all signs of human activity.

He ran his car off the track in among the rough benches and trestle tables in front of the inn. The sight of that new block of garages had made up his mind. Garage room meant tourists; and, in any event, something in the grandeur of the spot drew him. Stepping stiffly out from the driving seat, he drew a deep breath and took it all in.

Far up on the mountain side overhanging the broad roof of the inn was a patch of perpetual snow, lodged like the imprint of a giant white hand on some more gently shelving slope. Above it, and the crazy trail of the mountain road cut like a ledge round its bulk, sheer rock rose dizzily to the cold steel blue of the sky. On the other side, beyond the white stone posts marking the outside edge of the turn in the road, he looked down to the distant ultramarine streak of Lac Leman—the Lake of Geneva—more than a mile below him as he stood.

Beyond the lake, hazed by the distance and shadowed gigantically by the setting sun, lay the undulating line of the Bernese Oberland, silhouetted in white. And intermediately, fading to formless blue-gray stretches, were the slopes: grim rock slopes, green pasture slopes, snowbound slopes, all with this one thing in common: the pungent green scratchings of the pine forests, dwarfed to pencil tracings by the limitless distance.

He became conscious that someone was watching him, and turned with an uneasy start. Framed in the low

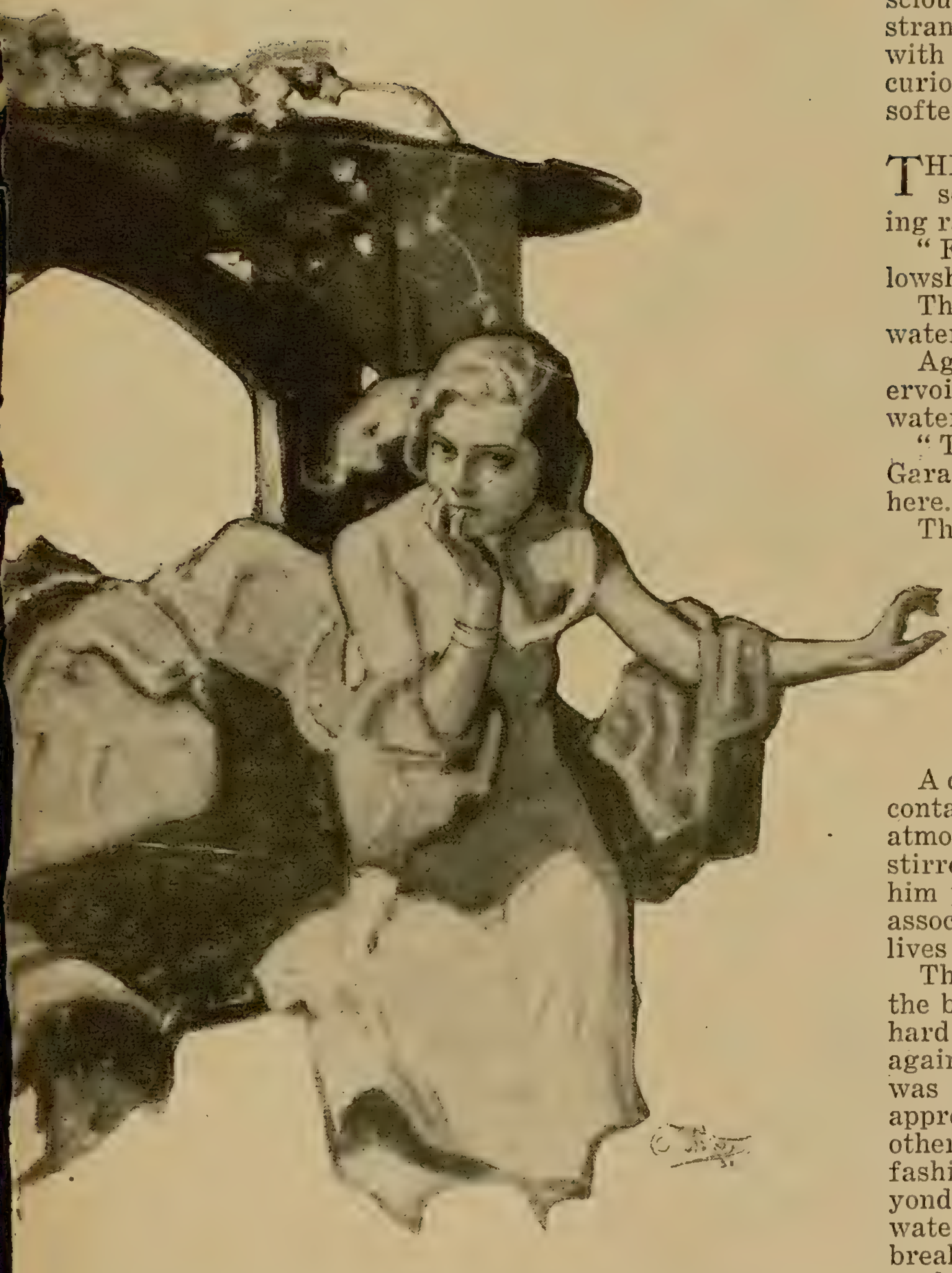


WITH a smothered scream she tore herself away.

Cars

A Story of Tragic Vengeance that Might Have Been True

Pictures by
Dan Content



doorway of the inn was a heavy figure. The *aubergiste,* Belling decided, and for a moment held the other's appraising eyes. Never had he seen such hands and arms. From the lumpy shoulders of this massive man those enormous limbs hung down almost on a level with his knees. The innkeeper was watching him steadily, yet there was something remote and disinterested in his gaze. An enormous Swiss, he was neatly, almost daintily dressed in American shoes, a gray flannel suit, and a flowing black silk tie. A heavy black spade beard covered his face, and on one of those fingers, thick as a child's forearm, was a single diamond ring.

Gorilla was the word that jumped to Belling's mind; but he had not seen the other's eyes at close range then. "You can put me up for the night?" he asked, in French, as he approached.

"But certainly!" Moving courteously to one side, made room for the professor to enter. But Belling in cated his car—absently, for he had just noticed the ey

"I will send the *garçon,*" offered the innkeeper. "H one has garage for twenty cars."

A small man, not of robust health, with his troubleso chest and shortsighted spectacled eyes, Belling was c scious of relief as the other disappeared indoors. Y strangely, the strongest impression this man had with him was not of overbearing brute strength, but o curious tired, soft quality in his deep voice, and t softer shadow of patient sufferance in his eyes.

THE waiter, a little Parisian, smaller than the prof sor himself, came out with a bunch of keys, and B ing ran his car into the garages, clean-looking and fre

"Fine garages," he offered, with the unconscious f lowship of one small man for another.

The waiter smiled. "Built since two years. And water tank—see!"

Against the gray rock at the back was a concrete r ervoir with pipes supplying the house. "Runni water?" Belling asked.

"Throughout! *Chauffage central. Eau courant* Garage for twenty cars. In the season one is very busy here. Many waiters. But now there is only me."

The inn when he entered was ill lit by the small square windows with their painted shutters. The narrow stone-flagged passage gave on to a long, low room, dotted with round drinking tables, and leading from it was a broad staircase built of pine with a heavy carved balustrade. The Parisian, with his bags, led the way up to his bedroom. Belling learned a good deal from this affable little man in the course of the evening.

A curious feeling was growing on him as he made closer contact with the inn. Always particularly sensitive to atmosphere, something about this medieval hostelry stirred those hidden senses which for years had occupied him professionally. An old inn, he tabulated, with the associations of centuries, countless travelers, countless lives and purposes, set apart in the solitudes.

The first thing he noticed about the bedchamber was the balcony on the south side. The wood floor carried a hard yellow polish, and a high four-poster bed was ranged against the paneling of the wall. The low-pitched ceiling was crossed with oak beams, and from where he stood appreciatively at the door he could count some half dozen other doors in the paneling, opening presumably on old-fashioned clothes closets built into the thick walls. Beyond the radiators was a new bathroom with running water, as promised. Belling was glad he had decided to break his journey and stay the night. Atmosphere and modern improvements!

The *aubergiste,* he learned from the waiter, was a man with a tragic sorrow. Two years ago his young wife, Vaudoise from Sarraz, had run off with a soldier, *u artilleur.* Nothing had been heard of them since. It wa *triste.*

Belling nodded. He was thinking, as he rummaged i his bag for his toilet things, of the man's eyes. And h voice.

"Since when, he has not been the same. It has sour the life of *monsieur le patron.* The affair," went on t waiter, warming to the task, "*a commencé* when one h the troops quartered here in the inn for *les exercis* Two weeks later they were gone, those two! Pft! *Com ça! Incroyable!* Only two weeks—one was *rapide,* yes

"Run my bath for me, will you?" ordered Belling.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

GARAGE FOR TWENTY CARS
Continued from page twenty-nine

“ Formerly this was the room of madame. *Elle avait le* *ic!* When they return from the honeymoon, only the est room of the house for his wife! *Monsieur le patron* ad *une grande passion pour sa femme.* It is *triste.* One ad only to look in his eyes to know it. *Et quel colosse!* nly three months married. . . . But he is a man of me sense! Yes. He did not brood. He occupied him- lf with the new water tank and constructing the new rages for the tourists. One has now garage for twenty rs. Before, one had nothing. No water—only *le puits,* e well down there.”

Belling followed his arm to where he was pointing. Be- w the balcony to the left was the pink roof of the garage. With only a well to supply the place,” he said, “ water rrying must have been a man's job.”

“ But what a well! ” The Parisian raised his hands. The monsieur will believe me when I say one turned and rned, and never, it seemed, would one see anything of e bucket except chain! ”

Belling smiled. “ You'd better see about getting me mething to eat,” he said, and applied himself to his bath.

After a simple but excellent meal in the deserted dining om Belling retired early to bed. Something in the still- ss of the mountains called for sleep. He saw the land- rd only once again that night, when he appeared at his bow during the course of his solitary meal to inquire litely if everything was to his taste and to apologize r the fact that Belling was the only guest in the house. n ugly customer, Belling was recording as he carried his ndle up the stairs to bed. Primitive type, elemental. earer to nature and prehistory than the city-bred man. he affair had wounded him deeply, but, for all the patience behind those wide gray eyes, Belling could not help thinking of the gorilla arms—and of the *artilleur* who had stolen his wife. What a man to marry! What a man to steal a wife from! He was still thinking of the *aubergiste* and his tragedy when he fell asleep. . . .

What it was wakened him from his heavy sleep Belling could not at first decide. Some recollection of a cry troubled him as he sat up, listening, in the large bed. Moonlight was filling the room with a lemon-yellow flood, dividing the floor with the sharp-cut shadows. The night was still, now. Not a sound. But a draft of mountain air, raw with the tang of the pines and the frozen snows, drew his quickening senses to an open window. Then he knew that something was wrong. That window giving on to the balcony had been fastened when he blew out his candle.

AS he strained through the stillness, a cry rose from the yard outside—the ce of a man at his last gasp. And with it the sharp stab of a woman's scream, er at hand. Belling jumped from the heights of his bed, the blood beating up into his throat and every nerve on edge. For a moment a shadowy form screened the moonlight at the open window. Then a girl stepped into the room. He tried to call out, but he could not speak. That cry from the man below was still echoing dreadfully in his ears.

A soft wrap was drawn round the girl's scantily clad form. A hand was at her throat, and in the light of the moon her face was drained bloodless. Even in that brief moment as she hurried across the room Belling was struck with the milky beauty of her skin, the soft shape of her limbs outlined by the clinging wrap. Something fragile in the sheer beauty of the glimpse caught at his breath. But she was gone almost as soon as she appeared. On the far side of the room she pulled open a door and stumbled hrough. And as she went sounds of a heavy scuffle rose rom outside, accompanied by a low-pitched growl so in- nse in its fury Belling instinctively recoiled.

With a steadying arm against the post of his bed, he nsidered for a moment. The affair had been so sudden. mething had to be done. The girl—that white face, ildlike in its wide-eyed appeal. He wondered how she l got into his room. Guests had arrived after he retired, and trouble of some sort had cropped up. It looked like serious trouble. He buttoned an overcoat over his pyjamas and, crossing the polished floor in his slippered feet, opened the door the girl had used. With a start he found himself out under the open sky, at the head of a flight of stone steps leading down into the yard.

But it was not surprise that pulled him up short, with the cold sweat breaking out on his forehead.

In the moonlight, at the foot of the steps, was the landlord, his huge face distorted with rage. In his hands, held easily at arm's length, was an indistinct form. The form of a man. As Belling stood open-mouthed at the stairhead the man's legs kicked feebly—and with his eyes fixed on those huge hands at the victim's throat Belling understood why. He understood, too, the terror he had seen in the girl's face. At the landlord's feet was a low brick wall. At first Belling did not recognize the well; but when he did a cold hand clutched at his heart. Those feebly kicking legs were dangling over the black cavity of its mouth.

IT was all over before he had time to think. One moment the scene was a blur. The girl—a slim figure in the thin light of the moon—beating with her fists at his shoulders, tearing at those gorilla-like arms; the innkeeper, with his gleaming teeth, concentrating on the work with his thumbs; the odd wood roof of the well, sitting like a little round hat over it all. Then, with a jerk of his wrists, that grinning, bearded figure loosed his grip. And the other slid from sight!

A terrible quiet fell on them. Then the chain began to jangle and screech over the roller, and the geared handle at the side of this queer beehive-like roof to clatter crazily round. Fathom after fathom went down into the mountain side with the man who was entangled with it. Then as it stopped with a jerk, the frozen group came to life.

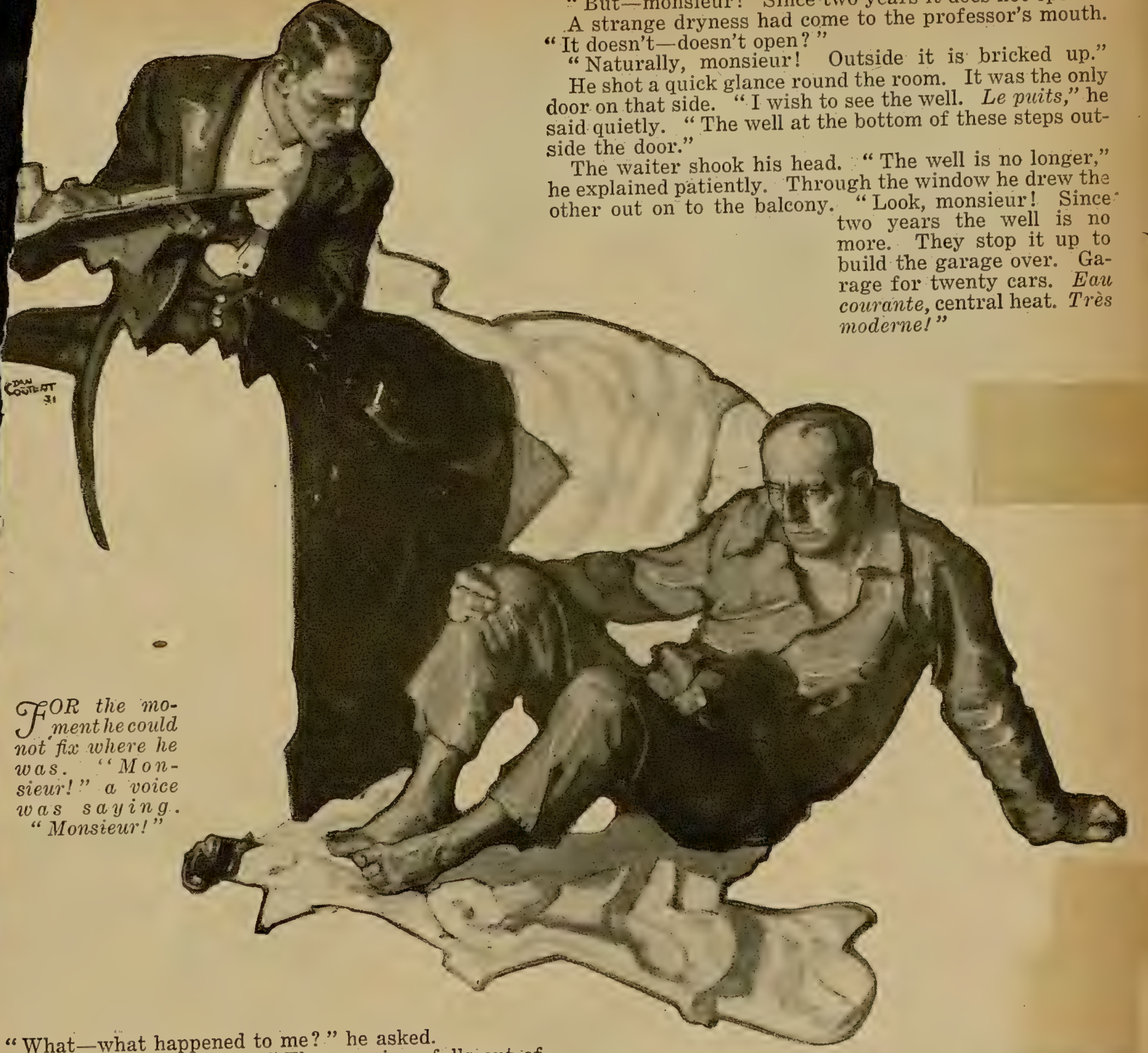
The man at the well jumped round on the girl standing stupefied behind him, and grabbed at her arm. But with a smothered scream she tore herself away. She was halfway up the steps before he pulled her down, and as Belling stood, till then queerly powerless to move, the glow in the innkeeper's eyes chilled the blood in his veins. He did not hesitate.

The sharp outlines of the well, the white posts on the road beyond, the stone steps themselves danced and heaved before his eyes as he raced down the stairs. When he flung himself on the bulk of the innkeeper, those thick fingers had already closed round the white throat. A throaty purring came from between his clenched teeth as he dangled the limp form over the mouth of that black shaft dropping away to the bowels of the mountain.

Beating at the man's shoulders with his fists, tearing, as the girl had torn, at those arms, Belling heard the sobbing of his breath and the curses pouring from his lips. But there seemed no power in his limbs. The innkeeper did not notice him. The staring eyes of the girl appeared to be fixing Belling, childishly betrayed. Her limp arms seemed to beckon him as they swayed. But a smother of woolly impotence sapped his strength. He fought and tore, but he was dashing himself against a rock.

The end came swiftly once more. He was struggling frantically yet helplessly in the chill tang of the mountain air, when he saw the body of the girl fall away into the darkness, and heard the scrape of it as it fell. Something irresistibly heavy crashed against his head, and all the noise and clamor faded away in a blanketing hush of silence. . . .

The morning sun was slanting through the windows when Dr. Belling came to his senses. He was conscious of a splitting pain across the temples, and for the moment could not fix where he was. “ Monsieur! ” a voice was saying. “ Monsieur! ” Belling recognized the Parisian waiter. He made out the bedroom. A tray of coffee and rolls was on the table beside the four-poster bed—above him, for he found he was lying stretched on the floor in a tangle of bedclothes. The happenings of the night came back to him, and he jerked to his feet.



FOR the moment he could not fix where he was. "Monsieur!" a voice was saying. "Monsieur!"

"What—what happened to me?" he asked.

The waiter was puzzled. "The monsieur falls out of bed, is it not?"

He shook his head. The inn seemed quiet. He half expected a roomful of police already. "Who carried me up here?"

"Carried, monsieur?" The little man fingered his napkin. "Perhaps a little drink of coffee—?"

BELLING'S head was aching cruelly. He took a drink from the cup. His hand was shaking. The landlord himself must have carried him up the stone steps and flung him on the floor. Perhaps this waiter knew nothing. Why hadn't the man thrown him down the well, too? He moistened his lips. "*Monsieur le patron,*" he began, "is—here?"

"But naturally!"

"In the—hotel?"

"Certainly. You wish to speak to him?"

Belling was thinking quickly. Obviously he had to get to his car without delay and inform the police. But he doubted if he would be allowed the chance, once the innkeeper knew he was alive. A curious desire moved him to see the well. He moved toward the balcony; but from the window by which the girl had entered he could see only the pink roof of the garages below. Turning back, he pulled at the door in the paneling through which he had followed her down the steps. It was locked now, it seemed.

"The monsieur's bath?" The waiter was watching him critically.

"I want this door opened," Belling told him sharply.

"But—monsieur! Since two years it does not open!"

A strange dryness had come to the professor's mouth. "It doesn't—doesn't open?"

"Naturally, monsieur! Outside it is bricked up."

He shot a quick glance round the room. It was the only door on that side. "I wish to see the well. *Le puits,*" he said quietly. "The well at the bottom of these steps outside the door."

The waiter shook his head. "The well is no longer," he explained patiently. Through the window he drew the other out on to the balcony. "Look, monsieur! Since two years the well is no more. They stop it up to build the garage over. Garage for twenty cars. *Eau courante,* central heat. *Très moderne!*"

Suddenly Belling felt very sick. On the wall outside his room he could see the marks in the masonry where the steps had been—and at the foot of them the cement foundations where the garage began.

As he dressed he debated what he ought to do. W[illegible] would believe him? The more he thought about i[illegible] less he believed it himself. Yet, all the time, the rattle [illegible] that chain unwinding echoed in his ears. Have the garage pulled down and the well uncovered—on suspicion?

He had his bill brought to his room, and paid it. His one idea was to get away from the place and try to forget it all, as a fantasy. But at the foot of the stairs, as he followed his bags to the car, he noticed a wedding group photograph hanging on the wall—and the idea of fantasy went forever from his mind. The girl with the bouquet of picturesque mountain flowers was the child who had stumbled through his room! He could not look at that flowerlike face without seeing it slipping, drawn and bloodless, into the blackness of the well. With a stifled cry, he almost ran out of the inn.

At the wheel of his car, as he turned on to the road, he could not resist a glance back over his shoulder. Framed in that medieval porch was the great form of the innkeeper. It seemed to Belling that the man was watching him keenly, soft-eyed and remote. And as for a moment their eyes met the conviction came to him that the man knew; that behind those eyes of a wounded deer he was laughing, challenging.

THE END

C
Scene
and N

Strictly Dishon
Fairbanks Travel

By FRED

Above: Paul Lukas and Sidney Fox in Strictly Dishonorable.

Below: Ivor Novello and Ruth Chatterton, who head the cast in Once a Lady.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 15 seconds.)

THE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, in solemn assembly in Hollywood, selects as the best performers of 1931 Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore. Miss Dressler received the award for her work in Min and Bill and Mr. Barrymore for his acting in A Free Soul.

These may not be your selections for 1931—and they certainly are not mine. But they prove that Hollywood has discovered finally that youth is not everything.

Moreover, it has learned that an able player such as Miss Dressler has a box-office draw as great as—or greater than—most of the stars who trade youth, beauty, and personality for the salary of a dozen or so corporation presidents.

Nineteen thirty-one has been a great year for the old-timers. For instance, Lewis Stone, Hollywood veteran, scores the real hit of this week's outstanding film, Strictly Dishonorable.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ STRICTLY DISHONORABLE

CAST

Gus, Count Di Ruvo	Paul Lukas
Isabelle Parry	Sidney Fox
Judge Dempsey	Lewis S. Stone
Henry Greene	George Meeker
Tomasso	William Ricciardi
Mulligan	Sidney Toler
Waiter	Carlo Schipa
Waiter	Samuel Bonello

Directed by John M. Stahl.
Produced by Universal.

Preston Sturges wrote this cheery little romance of amour in a speakeasy as a successful stage play. Universal paid $125,000 for the screen rights and softened its daring.

Escorted to a speakeasy by an unpleasant fellow from East Orange, the little girl from the South meets a romantic opera tenor, falls in love, and naïvely hurls herself into his arms. This, too, despite the kindly advice of a bibulous old judge who questions the amorous singer's intentions.

But Isabelle Parry, of the Mississippi Parrys, spends the night in the tenor's apartment.

Still, Strictly Dishonorable really is very harmless. You can check your blushes with your hat. Although little Sidney Fox is pleasant enough as the girl and Paul Lukas does the singer with charm, the best performance is that of Lewis Stone as the kindly old jurist.

Lukas is a little too serious and Miss Fox loses her Southern accent a little too often. Still, the romantic comedy is pleasantly acted, despite its lack of inspiration in direction.

★ ★ AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES

Doug Fairbanks took Director Victor Fleming, a small staff, and a sound equipment upon his rece tour.

This film, presenting a sort of k Burton Holmes tour, is the result.

The senior Fairbanks gallops the Far East, climbs temple ruins ing, "What do all these acroba you, after all?"), takes part i hunt, is entertained by the Siam, and generally enjoys him

Mr. Fairbanks' playful spok planations have been superim upon the scenes. The star, as yo guess, does not take his work seri For instance, when he shows th Mahal, a quartette bursts into My Gray Home in the West.

edy, Music, riage

he Screen; a Douglas hr, and Ruth Chatterton

MES SMITH

Above: Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood in Flying High.

Below: Douglas Fairbanks (left) in Around the World in Eighty Minutes.

★ Once a Lady

CAST

nna Keremazoff	Ruth Chatterton
nnett Cloud	Ivor Novello
ith Fenwick As a child	Suzanne Ransom
Grown up	Jill Esmond
nmy Fenwick	Geoffrey Kerr
dy Ellen	Doris Lloyd
ger Fenwick	Herbert Bunston
. Fenwick	Gwendolen Logan

Directed by Guthrie McClintic.
Produced by Paramount.

th Chatterton as another déclassée

Russian girl marries into a stuffy, English family, finds she cannot l her cold-blooded husband or his y relatives, and runs away to Paris. becomes a successful courtesan and, later, saves her daughter, now n up, from a similar *de luxe* fate.

The drama is emotionally thin, providing Miss Chatterton with a rôle handicapped by an accent and unbecoming clothes. Still, if you like Once a Lady at all, you will like it because of Miss Chatterton.

Everyone else is completely inconsequential.

★ ★ Flying High

CAST

Rusty	Bert Lahr
Pansy	Charlotte Greenwood
Sport	Pat O'Brien
Eileen	Kathryn Crawford
Dr. Brown	Charles Winniger
Mrs. Smith	Hedda Hopper
Mr. Smith	Guy Kibbee
Gordon	Herbert Braggiotti

Directed by Charles F. Reisner.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The musical films are coming. Flying High, based on a musical-comedy hit of last year, presents its original comedy star, Bert Lahr, as the nut inventor of an autogyro who is afraid of heights.

The eccentric fellow, to save himself from jail for debt, is forced into marriage with an equally eccentric lady (Charlotte Greenwood) who has a penchant for aviators. There are subordinate romances, songs, chorus evolutions.

As a filmed musical comedy, Flying High is just so-so. Your enjoyment will depend upon whether or not you like the Lahr brand of humor. He is frequently funny here, but we doubt his future screen possibilities. He is not a film personality.

Do you know that—

Dick Barthelmess is to do Harry Harrison Croll's novel of life among the Mississippi poor whites, Cabin in the Cotton? . . . An avalanche of films dealing with Soviet Russia is getting under way in Hollywood? . . . John Boles, no longer with Universal, has been signed by the Fox Studios? . . . Pauline Frederick will play with Nancy Carroll in Wayward?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—The Champ, Street Scene, Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant.

★★★—Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet.

The Churches and

A Clergyman's Answer to Rupert Hughes

By S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D., LL.D.

Radio Minister of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America
and Pastor of Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, New York

(Reading time: 12 minutes 45 seconds.)

Editor's Note: Opening the church buildings as shelters for the unemployed and destitute was challengingly proposed by Rupert Hughes in last week's Liberty. His article implied that the churches in general were not fully alive to this winter's conditions and doing their utmost for relief. In the article that follows, these ideas are discussed by Dr. Cadman.

TWO major questions are today before the American people and the world: the colossal expenditure on competitive armies and navies, and the poverty and distress caused by unemployment. They cannot be separated. Plain reason demands an answer to the inquiry why nations now reduced to near bankruptcy should persist in spending huge sums of money for war preparedness, after those same states have solemnly renounced war as an instrument of political policy.

But the challenge of unemployment is universal and immediate. There is no sadder sight on earth than honest laborers with hand or brain compelled to stand on bread lines, except it be the foodless, fireless so-called " homes " which many of those laborers represent.

One does not doubt that we shall be able to prevent actual physical destitution. But behind the most lavish measures for temporary aid lies the infinitely bigger issue of the extermination of unemployment's causes. These are rooted in the accepted industrial and economic order. They involve the capitalistic system and whatever the term covers. They silence its boastings and summon it to readjustments which will tax the wisest energies of all concerned.

Like many other readers of Liberty, I turned to Mr. Hughes' article in last week's issue, eager to discover if he had any light to shed upon an admittedly perplexing and complicated matter. I am bound to confess keen disappointment with his somewhat lengthy and labored arguments. They are more conspicuous for heat than light, and heat is precisely what the discussion does not need at so critical a juncture. Of course I heartily agree with his assumption that the churches should manifest an active and practical interest in this wholesale emergency. They are obligated to fearlessly apply the principles of human brotherhood to the abolition of needless poverty and its degrading effects.

I am also aware that some nominally religious people who are actual worldlings discredit their faith by their selfish behavior. But these moral and spiritual derelicts constitute a small minority in our religious organizations. The facts demonstrate that they do not express the attitude of the vast majority of devout Jews and Christians.

He would have rendered a real service to unemployment, and also to the churches, if he had directed his thinly veiled attack upon them as a whole against the occasional Pecksniffs whose callous conduct is in truth a disguised compliment to the religion they defile. But I fail to find in Mr. Hughes' pseudodramatics any worthwhile attempt to awaken the many readers of Liberty to a conscious responsibility for their particular community. He has nothing to say about the splendid and indispensable relief work which Jews and Christians are doing daily, and doing as a recognized habit of their religions. On the contrary, he plainly attempts to leave the impression that the ecclesiastical bodies of our country are sleepy, indifferent, and selfish; aloof from the wounded man in the ditch, and only anxious to pass him by. There is nothing new in such misleading tactics. Writers of Mr. Hughes' kidney have paraded their animus against religion and its institutions until they bore sensible Americans to tears. One wonders, in conning his article, whether Mr. Hughes is not more hostile to the churches than is sympathetic with the unemployed. Otherwise, why does he voice rancor and distort facts? . . .

The distinguished scientist, Professor Robert A. Millikan, is quoted by Mr. James Myers in his book on Social Progress and Christian Ideals (page 104) as maintaining that " about ninety-five per cent of all altruistic and humanitarian work in the world has come and is coming directly or indirectly from the influence of *organized religion.*" Perhaps this is too liberal a reckoning. Yet that a scholar of eminence accustomed to weighing his words should make it is very significant. Even if the reckoning be taken at ninety per cent, what margin does this total leave for Mr. Hughes' covert flings at the church? I submit no uninformed person would suspect, from the tone and content of his article, that the luxury-loving occupants of costly and stuffy churches were furnishing the main sinews for the war on poverty, famine, disease, and preventable death.

PARDON a personal testimony at this point. For two years I headed a Commission for the China Famine Relief Fund, during which period $1,500,000 was raised in this country and sent to the stricken Chinese provinces. The Jews and Christians of the United States gave nearly all that sum, and they are still contributing. Philanthropy of this kind is the nation's eighth industry. Its annual income is in the neighborhood of two and a half billion dollars. By far the larger part of this tremendous sum is given through the synagogues and churches and by members of these institutions.

Before the blizzard of depression struck this country, the various societies and commissions established by all the religious communions of the nation were engaged in forming plans for industrial betterment and social reform. There is scarcely a parish of any doctrinal persuasion in the land which does not care for its own poor;

the Unemployed

and those which are financially able to do so set no boundaries to their practical benevolence.

For thirty years and more of my pastorate in one devoted Brooklyn church, its six women's organizations have taken the city, state, nation, and world as their respective spheres of relief.

Nor is there aught unusual in the arrangement. It is characteristic of religious bodies as a group. Without their faithful mediation and unremitting effort societies like the Red Cross could not exist, and the funds so frequently distributed by politicians who do not collect them would not be forthcoming.

The aftermath of want, woe, and incipient anarchy bequeathed by the World War compelled all ecclesiastical institutions to revise and enlarge their social program. Today it is clear that society needs not only an ambulance trailing in the rear of the social struggle to pick up its wounded, but a more just and humane world order to stop the futile and ferocious struggle of disrupted internationalism. The tyrants and oppressors are now on the defensive because they have been brought to bay by the courageous action embodied in the Papal encyclicals on war and peace and labor and capitalism, and in the official pronouncements on these issues of the Hebrew, Anglican, and Protestant churches made simultaneously in Europe, Great Britain, and America. These published utterances by responsible authorities of the world's religious communions were fiercely opposed by advocates of things as they are.

IT is well understood that international experts on industrialism and economics do not agree about the sources of prevalent unemployment. Some attribute it to war debts and reparations; others to tariffs and imposts in restraint of trade; still others to the gold standard or to the depreciation of silver in China and India. Overproduction and faulty distribution are likewise accused as the obstacles that have nearly stifled the world's commerce.

Evidently reliable information is the primary essential. This information is being acquired by the most representative world organization of Greek Orthodox, Anglican, and Protestant churches—the Universal Coun-

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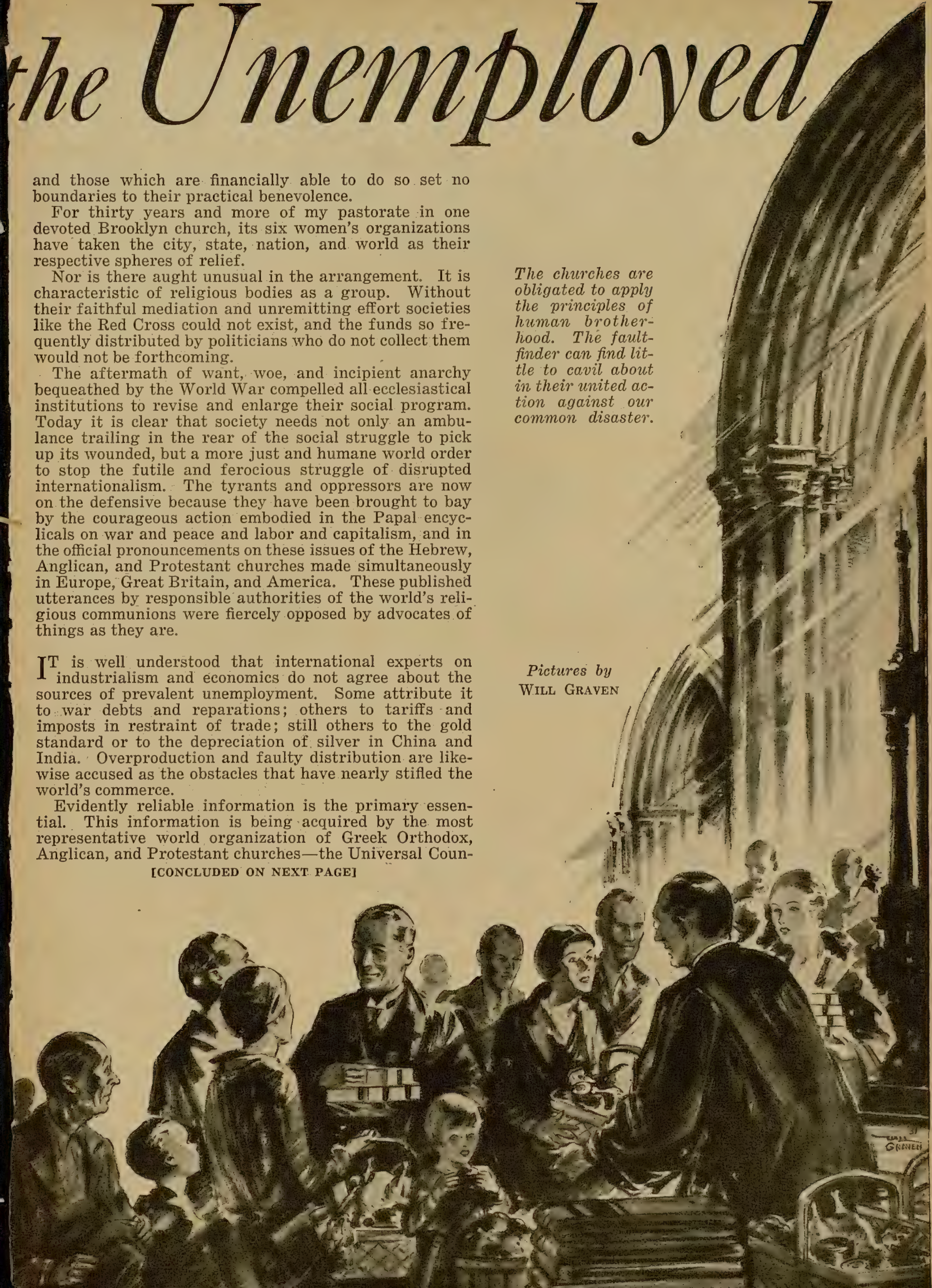

The churches are obligated to apply the principles of human brotherhood. The fault-finder can find little to cavil about in their united action against our common disaster.

Pictures by
Will Graven

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

cil of Christian Life and Work. After preparatory conferences, that famous council assembled at Stockholm in August, 1925, and set itself to the stupendous task of studying the social problem as a whole. Its Continuation Committees have since met in London, Berne, Prague, Eisenach, and Cambridge (England). Competent advisers outlined their programs and suggested lines of investigation which would yield the needed facts.

As the chairman of the American section of Christian Life and Work I have been familiar with its proceedings from the first. They are sane, balanced, constructive, and helpful to the last degree.

It is easy to be cynical about such a procedure as that of Stockholm. But what other human agencies have accomplished anything worth while for the permanent arrest of unemployment? Neither bankers, statesmen, nor merchants have shown us the way out of the cruel impasse.

Mr. Hughes seems to have nothing better to suggest than opening the church buildings to shelterless men and women. The churches themselves are ready to do that or anything else in the hope of staving off the wolf for a single winter. But who takes any stock in a mere plaster for an ingrowing cancer? Certainly not the churches, if one is to determine their bearing by their open commitments.

Here in America the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America has adopted a social creed which I am glad for Liberty to publish abroad. The creed consists of sixteen articles and includes several relating to unemployment. Permit me to quote a few of these:

> Equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.
>
> The abatement and prevention of poverty.
>
> The right of all men to the opportunity of self-maintenance, for safeguarding this right against encroachments of every kind, and for the protection of workers from the hardships of enforced unemployment.
>
> A living wage in every industry and the highest wages that each industry can afford.
>
> A new emphasis upon the application of Christian principles to the acquisition and use of property, and the most equitable division of the products of industry that can ultimately be devised.

A similar creed has been announced for the laity of the Catholic Church through the Bishops' Program of Reconstruction, and it will ultimately obtain in that church. In a manifesto of eighteen articles the Union of Hebrew Congregations also urges a progressive industrial reformation.

PROBABLY the most rancid faultfinder with the churches can find little enough to cavil about in their united action against our common disaster. That action has solidified the spiritual forces of the nation and the world. It has enabled millions of churchmen, Hebrew or Christian, to realize that their theological fences often shut out more than they inclose.

But what of present and imperative national demands? While the grass grows the steed may starve. The churches of America have anticipated this objection. Their clergy and members are thoroughly aware that nothing has lowered the moral tone of the nation so rapidly as the ugly reality that 7,000,000 workers are workless at this moment, and millions in addition employed part time only. We know, as do other social agents, that this condition is unendurable. We recognize that the winter now upon us will tax every philanthropic organization to exhaustion. Many of these are already out of funds and know not where to turn for contributors.

Since churchmen are alive to the crisis, it remains to reiterate what is being done by them for its immediate inescapable and sufficient relief. After offering the entire facilities of the Federal Council's Social Service Commission for coöperation with President Hoover's Emergency Committee on Unemployment, the council has issued a nation-wide circular to its thirty constituent churches in which it requests that they canvass all their members in behalf of finding workers part-time or full-time jobs. Those members are further asked to give the use of a bedroom in their homes to some unemployed person recommended by an established agency. Other requests are:

(1) The use of the church plant to its fullest capacity, with warmth, reading matter, games, and a congenial atmosphere for the applicants.

(2) The care of older women, who find it hard to obtain jobs at any time, by the women's guilds. Food, shelter, and friendship to be offered them and positions found suitable to their abilities.

(3) The care of older men by the men's associations of the church.

(4) The addition to the parish staff of a church nurse.

(5) Open forums and special meetings for the workless in which employers, employees, labor-union representatives, economists, and the unemployed themselves shall confer together and bring home to all alike the grim realities.

(6) Volunteers to conjoin with the Salvation Army and municipal and local relief agencies for dealing with homeless and foodless people on the spot.

These measures are practical, and I have reason to believe that every priest and pastor in the Republic heartily supports them. They are doing more. They insist upon a searching reëxamination of personal standards of living, and ask that vulgar, ostentatious display shall give way to wise buying and giving till it hurts. Thus the religious forces of America are correlated with all available social, political, state, and federal agencies.

I HAVE just returned from a round of visits to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Omaha—typical centers of the American people. They will not allow any known instances of want to go unrelieved. The Labor Message for 1931 prepared by the Federal Council has been read and digested by their clergy, and these are where they ought to be—at the front of the drive. Reports are before me from the Brooklyn and Greater New York Federations of Churches which reveal their ceaseless activities.

Upon asking Mr. James Myers, the industrial secretary of the Federal Council, what are the facts in this debate, he at once produced a stack of documents a foot high, coming from all quarters of the United States, and packed with accounts of statistics of the work for unemployment done by the churches during the past twelve months. Mr. Hughes' elaborated idea that church buildings should be turned into dormitories for the shelterless was adopted by many of them months ago. They offered their premises for this purpose, and the offer was vetoed by the health departments of New York and other cities on the ground that the dangers of infectious diseases from this policy were too great for its consideration.

No one can foretell exactly how many meals, beds, suits of clothing, and jobs will have to be supplied. But if other means of housing and feeding (which, by the way, are chiefly provided by churchmen) fall short, I predict that the health departments will be overruled by public sentiment, and every needed public building commandeered in behalf of God's shelterless children.

I hope I have convinced the readers of Liberty that all the churches of every faith are actively sympathetic and alert to the situation which we alike deplore.

So far as I know them, it is the fixed determination of the religious organizations of our Republic to tide over the emergency now upon us, and, what is even more vital, to *see to it that it does not happen again.*

THE END

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

GWENDOLYN had turned artist; but she didn't realize that in so doing she had become an instrument of fate. In fact, Gwen did not know what an instrument of fate was!

Gwendolyn stood Ulysses up against the back porch so that the sun threw his profiled shadow against the wall. Then, with her prized ten-cent-store crayon, she outlined his saucy little features, and filled in the whole with a substantial background of smudge.

She stepped off and surveyed her masterpiece. Ulysses relaxed his pose and gazed too.

"When I grow up," she announced proudly, "I'm going to be a lady artist and make hundreds of dollars a week. Thousands!"

"When I grow up," retorted Ulysses, "I'm not going to be a model."

He picked up a ball; smudged it generously with mud scooped up from the edge of Lil's rather bedraggled flower bed.

This week's cover picture.

"I bet"—he squared off before the picture—"that I can hit it just so I make its eye for it. Look! Watch me. How's this for a freehand artist?"

Tongue between his teeth, he took aim with precious determination, and whanged the ball direct to where the smudge of mud would make an eye on his own profile.

But—!

The ball went smack through the dining-room window, shattering it into a tinkling clatter.

For an instant there wasn't a sound in the world.

Then the children heard a mighty roar—Sandy's voice! When fathers are out of a job they are around the house a lot and it is much harder to get away with murder.

Gwen turned and fled. She wasn't going to be blamed. And Ulysses, hearing his father's irate voice, dived for the refuge of a near-by hedge.

Sandy, newspaper in hand, came to the door, calling irritably for his son and peering vengefully around in the gathering shadow.

"Ulysses, where are you? Come here, you! Come here at once."

No sound. Ulysses in the bushes did not dare to stir. Sandy's eye caught the perfect shadow of his son's profile on the wall of the house, directly opposite the bushes.

So! Thought he could hide, did he? That was where the rascal was—behind the bushes! A smile pulled at the corners of Sandy's mouth. He felt a bit set up at this detective work.

Sandy strode over and yanked his son from his hiding place.

"There you are, you rascal! Why couldn't you come forward like a man and admit you've done something?"

"I didn't mean to!" wailed Ulysses. "I was only trying to—"

His little face wrinkled up preparatory to bawling, and his grubby finger pointed to the back porch.

Sandy turned and with a gasp dropped his newspaper. He completely forgot the scolding he had meant to give. He blinked and stared again. His son's shadow was still there.

Ulysses had moved, but the shadow hadn't budged!

(Next week's cover adventure: Merry Christmas)

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THAT COUGH
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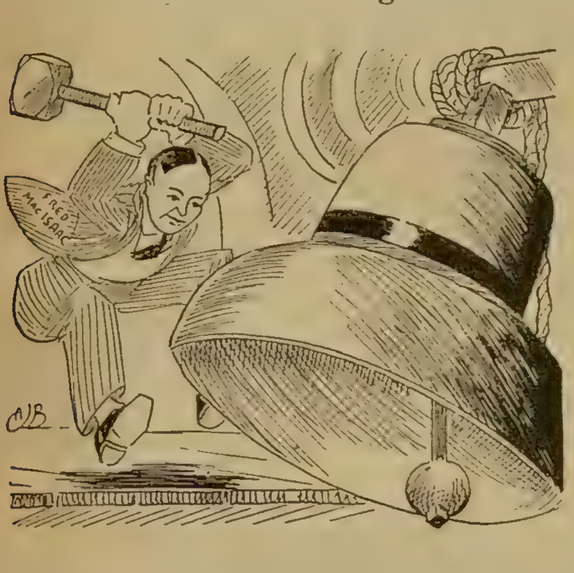
Vox

Unforgettable

BOSTON, MASS.—Sometimes I come across a story that I know I'll still be remembering long after I've forgotten literally thousands of the deft but uninspired tales I've read. Such a story was "No Fish Too Small for This Dame," by Fred MacIsaac.

Clever plotting helps to put a story over. So does clever dialogue and brilliant characterization. When you have all three of these you have one yarn in a hundred. MacIsaac's story had all three, plus a chief character, Wanda, who was "different" in a way that stamped her on your mind.



Good boy, Fred! To say you rang the bell is to put it too mildly.

You stepped right up to that bell and smacked it with a sledge hammer.—*M. Curtis.*

Back to the Land

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I have just finished reading your editorial, "Found—A Dependable Solution of Unemployment." Not only is it splendidly the answer to our present national indigestion, but has it occurred to you that France, with its rural life, is a living proof of your prophecy?

C. M. Hopwood

France is the one rich, undisturbed nation in this time of stress—all due to the Cow and Pig, cherished by what are sometimes called "hicks," but, in reality, each one king of all he surveys. More power to the open spaces where God really reigns.—*C. M. Hopwood.*

BUCKEYE, ARIZ.—I read your Back to the Land editorial, "Found—A Dependable Solution of Unemployment."

Now, I'll tell one. What about the millions of farmers, familiar with their jobs, often already owning well stocked farms, who are working from 5 A. M. to 8 P. M. every day and who find taxes and interest literally eating their farms from under their feet?

Well stocked cellars—stocked, not as the city dweller's is stocked, but with food for the winter—give a sense of security, but how about the surplus that cannot be sold, the clothes that cannot be purchased for the family, the taxes that are delinquent, the mortgage that will be foreclosed, wiping away the family's life savings, the utter ruin that stares so many thousands of farmers in the face today?—*A Farmer.*

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.—In Scioto County, one of the finest farming sections of southern Ohio, there are at present two thousand vacant farms. All these farms were abandoned during or after the war, when the large steel mills of that section were paying such enormous wages.

Many of them have good houses on them, plenty of fruit, and good soil.

The men who abandoned these farms were able to take care of their families while wages were good and work was plentiful, but now, when conditions have changed, they are beaten. They don't know what to do.

Take two thousand families out of Scioto County alone, place them back on those abandoned farms and give them a small start each, and it won't be long until the depression in Scioto County is over.

It should have been done last spring. By this time each family would have enough food stored to see them through the winter. Now, the government will have to do it.

Let each county in every state take care of its own problem. Things will work out to a better end that way.

Great minds disagree as to the cause of the depression and why it has lasted so long. It seems to the writer, a plain, ordinary citizen of the great middle class, that it is very simple. There should be no discussion as to why or how long.

Just get the unskilled laborers back to the farms whence they came and Big Business will take care of its own problems.—*J. E. Chandler.*

War for Two

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—In Vox Pop, Susie Lee suggested starting another war, primarily for the purpose of making a husband easier to get.

This bachelor would like to suggest to Susie that, from what he has observed, she could make a war a lot more personal by getting married and leaving the other 121,999,998 people out of the turmoil.—*Milton M. Craig.*

And if Electricity Was Hot Air—?

BAYFIELD, WIS.—I just wanted to express my opinion of your magazine. If hot air was electricity your writers, editors, etc., would be power houses.—*Oscar Schnizzlehafen.*

Looking Through the Holes in Prohibition

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I note that Liberty has been printing the arguments of both wets and drys. The arguments of the prohibitionists are as weak and full of holes as prohibition itself. They fail to show how prohibition has benefited the nation or the individual.

More money in the banks? More signs of prosperity? Yes, to countless thousands of foreigners, former ditch diggers. They ride in expensive cars and have fat bank accounts, for they are expert alky cookers.

Sari Sands

Are the drys ostriches with their heads in the sand? Have they ever gone to a street lined with speakeasies, in any city in the United States, at three o'clock in the morning? Who emerges from the speakeasies, laughing, shouting, staggering, to speed away into the night? A few broken-down old men with the hiccups, as in the days before prohibition? No, the youth and flower of the nation!—*Sari Sands.*

Lucky Bird!

EL PASO, TEX.—I have noticed so many folks tell you why they buy Liberty and why they like it—or don't like it. Now, the reason why I buy Liberty is because the pages just fit the bottom of my bird cage.—*L. Hendricks.*

Cutting Capone

DETROIT, MICH.—Hurrah for Liberty and Edward Doherty! Liberty for having the courage to print "The Twilight of the Gangster," and Edward Doherty for having the nerve to call guys like Capone and "Limbs" Diamond punks and cowards.

My sentiments exactly, Eddie—the big palookas!

Every picture I see of Capone I stick my tongue out at it, and if ever he comes to Detroit, I'll just pass him by and not let on I recognize him. Believe me, I'll show him!—*Paul Beare.*

Pop

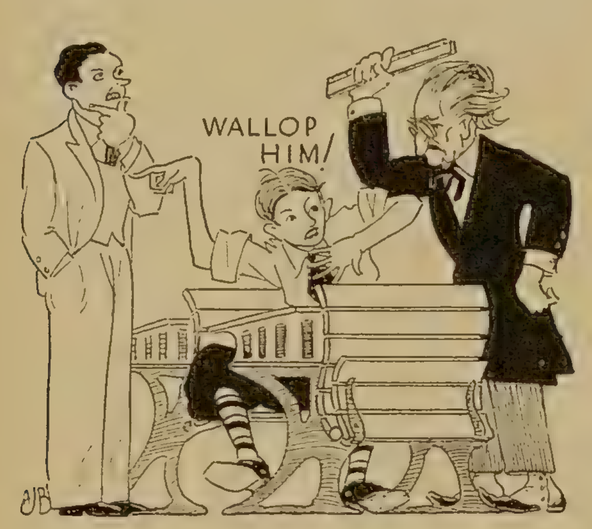
Green Can Take It

WHITEFISH, MONT.—Make sure Bert Green reads this.

Somebody will surely have to get Bert to write something more mournful than "Love Letters of an Interior Decorator" because of the trouble his letters got me into the other day in school.

One of my teachers was raving about something I wasn't concerned in, the other day. So I pulled a Liberty out of my desk and started reading Bert Green's comic strip. I started splitting a side just when that teacher said Julius Cæsar was killed by a bunch of conspirators.

Teacher spots me laughing my head off. So he comes back and wallops me. I was wishing Bert Green was there. I'd have told the teacher to wallop *him.* —*George Scanlon; Fifteen Years Old.*



Florida Speaks

JACKSONVILLE FLA

I CONSIDER YOUR ARTICLE BY MARY NOBLE PAGE FIFTY ONE NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH ISSUE OF LIBERTY GROSSLY UNFAIR TO FLORIDA STOP ARTICLE STATES FLORIDA DOES NOT LEND ITSELF TO DIVERSIFIED FARMING STOP FLORIDA HAS MORE DIVERSIFIED FARMING THAN ANY OTHER STATE IN THE UNION AND IN YOUR HEART YOU KNOW THIS TO BE AN ABSOLUTE FACT AND I DEMAND THAT YOU PUBLISH CORRECTION ON THE ABOVE STATEMENT STOP A COPY OF THIS WIRE IS GOING TO ALL THE FLORIDA NEWSPAPERS

E H ROGERS PRESIDENT CONSOLIDATED AUTOMOTIVE CO

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—Liberty for November 14 had an article in it entitled "Driven Back to Paradise!" written by Mary Noble. On the whole it was a fine article. But the author took an unwarranted fling at the State of Florida. The statement that Florida "does not lend itself to diversified farming" is the opposite of the truth. No state in the Union lends itself to diversified farming as does Florida. No other state grows one hundred fruits and seventy-five vegetables commercially.

On 350,000 acres in fruits and vegetables ten per cent of the winter-marketed of these crops of the United States are grown.

During the season of 1930-31 there were 150,367 carloads of crops shipped from the state of Florida.

Florida is still a pioneer state in many respects. With 35,111,040 acres it has less than two million under the plow. We will compare with any state on the acres cultivated.—*Nathan Mayo, State Commissioner of Agriculture.*

We're Keeping 'Em on Our Desk, Framed

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—I am sending you, under separate cover, the following photos of me:

One full-length front view taken in a fireman's suit I borrowed.

One group picture of our mandolin club.

One profile of me taken in a meditative mood.

One half tone of me taken while shaving. If possible I'd like to have you run all of them, in Vox Pop, four consecutive weeks.—*Bill Burton.*

Big Thoughts

DALLAS, TEX.—I've just had a few Big Thoughts, and feel the urge to spread them on paper. Here they are.

Nettie Watson

Life will be sweet and worth living when prohibition is forgotten; when the farmers get relief; hard times are a thing of the past; politicians become honest; the reformers are all dead; the gangsters have killed each other off; all nations trust each other; Uncle Sam stops immigration for twenty-five years; married women quit working; and when Liberty is twice as large as it is.—*Nettie Watson.*

For Mr. Chambers

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—I looked at the illustrations for "Whistling Cat" and said, "Who wants to read a Civil War story these days?"

But I started it, and—well, there is only one Robert W. Chambers!—*L. J. R.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—Don't let the ink dry on your presses after printing "Whistling Cat" until you have let us have more stories like this one by Robert W. Chambers.—*W. E. H.*

Large Order

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why in the heck don't you give us some good articles on the background of American business, the business cycle, etc.? Articles such as those might point the way toward the slow building up of a real, solid prosperity very different from the fake prosperity of 1928-29.—*A Business Man.*

"More Taxes? Yes"

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—I nominate "More Taxes? Yes" as the most sensible editorial of 1931. It had a punch in every paragraph.

I hope that every member of Congress read it and realizes it expresses to perfection the sentiments of the average taxpayer.

Governmental business, as the editorial says, needs foresight.

What a lot of members of Congress will be wondering what became of their jobs a few years hence if they do not cut out the gabble designed for local consumption and do some sensible, constructive work at the coming session! —*R. A. P.*

It "Wowed" Mr. Williams

WORCESTER, MASS.—I see Liberty is giving us more scientific articles than it used to. Good stuff! Keep it up.

As Liberty's selections have proved, there's no reason why scientific articles must, of necessity, be dull. It's just a matter of picking out some new and adventurous aspect of science and writing it up so the average man can understand it.

Your latest one about television, "The Marriage of Miracles," by Thomas Calvert McClary and Harry Salpeter, was a wow.—*F. Williams.*

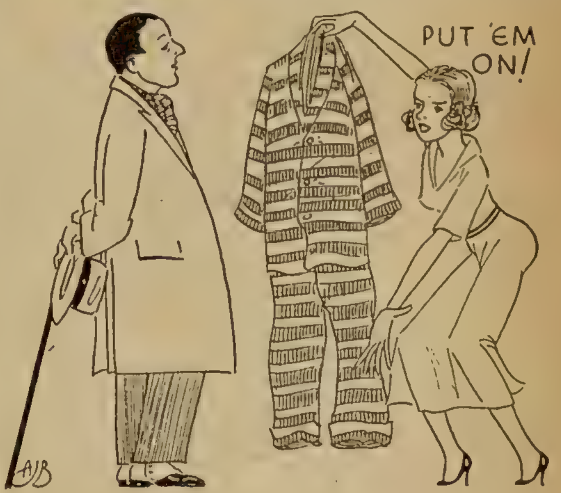
He! He!

TEXARKANA, TEX.—Your movie critic, or reviewer, or whatever you call him, Frederick James Smith, hardly ever admits that he's seen a thoroughly good picture.

An actor always does this or that that he shouldn't do, according to Mr. Smith.

And it's the same with the ladies of the screen.

Now, what Mr. Smith has is a strange disease called picture-review indigestion. He's all fed up; he needs a change. And, if you want my private opinion, I'd like to send him down to Leavenworth to serve part of Al Capone's term.



He! He! Bet that would take some of the squeamishness out of him.—*A Dumb Dora.*

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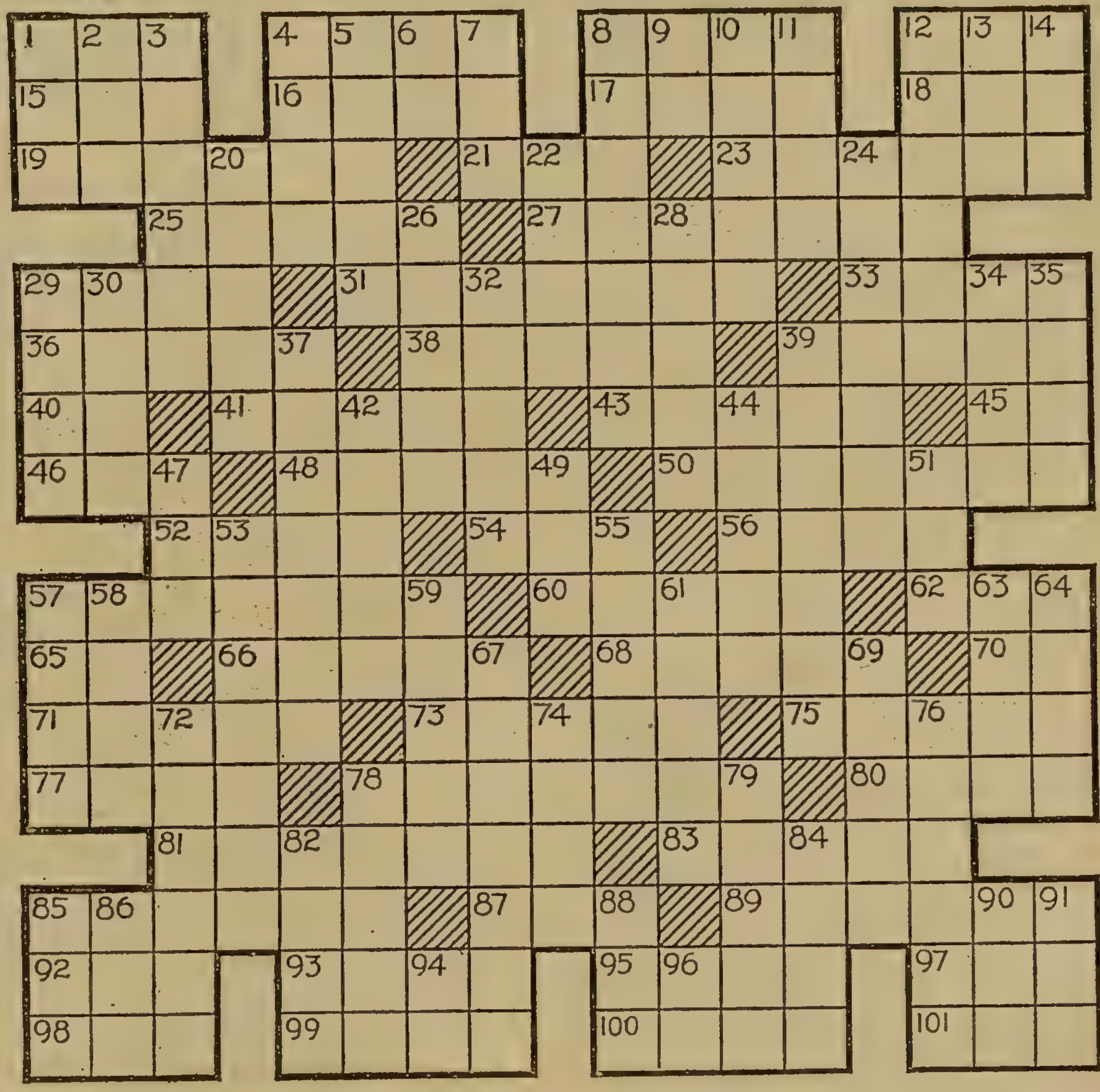
Cross Words

A New Puzzle

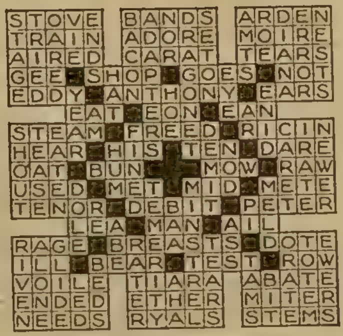


HORIZONTAL

1 Moist
4 Land measure
8 East Indian plant
12 Turf
15 Stray
16 Handle of a pail
17 Egyptian goddess
18 Beverage
19 Distributor
21 Old Dutch measure
23 Commemoration
25 A tree
27 Free from bigotry
29 Unconfined
31 Article of diet among Mexicans (plural)
33 A son of Jacob
36 Dares
38 Flowers
39 Expunged
40 While
41 Separate
43 A drain
45 Depart
46 An affirmative
48 An eel
50 Of a topic
52 A lure
54 Beat
56 Rend
57 Colorer
60 Mohammedan book
62 Yonder
65 Greek letter
66 Roman gods
68 Surgeons' probes
70 Note of the scale
71 Mohammedan noble
73 Caused to stand
75 European country
77 Close by
78 Chart
80 Bird of prey
81 Fictitious tale
83 At no time
85 Tannic acid
87 Knowledge
89 Passengers
92 American Indian
93 Garment armhole
95 Imitates
97 Girl's nickname
98 Couch
99 Ovule
100 Attitudinize
101 Cardinal number

VERTICAL

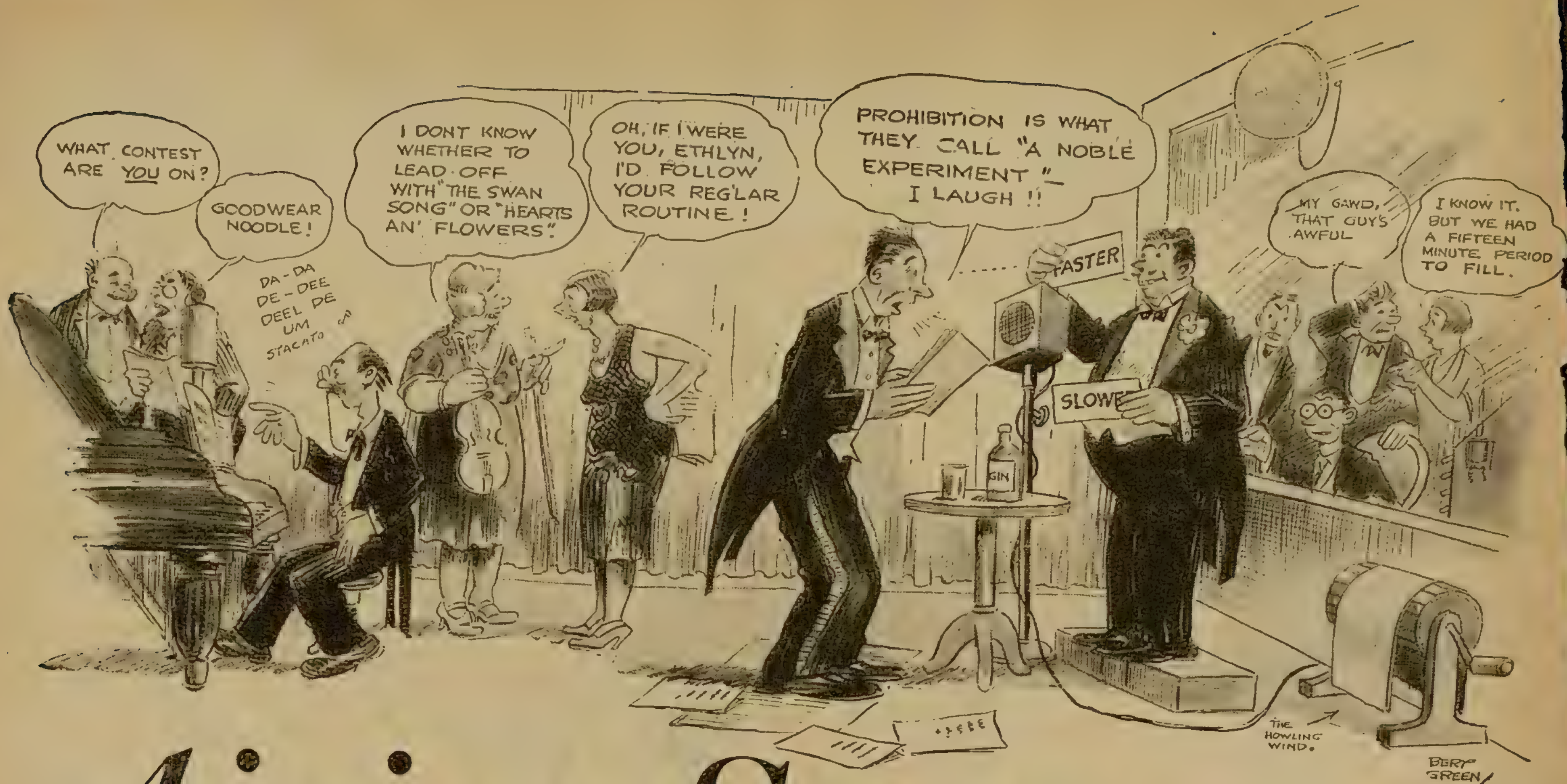
1 Espouse
2 Sooner than
3 Part of a harness (plural)
4 In bed
5 Measure of weight
6 Japanese measure
7 Note in Guido's scale
8 Figures of speech
9 Bone
10 Fruit (plural)
11 A son of Jacob
12 Woman's fur garment (plural)
13 Over
14 Measure of time
20 Liliaceous plant (plural)
22 Exclamation
24 Febrile disease
26 Scarcer
28 Attack
29 Wear into shreds
30 Ascend
32 Ethical
34 A star
35 Image of worship
37 Seminary
39 Feels contrition
42 Balloter
44 Teutonic deity
47 Arab's garment
49 Tibetan ox
51 Yell
53 Part of an airplane
55 Engine
57 Pair of animals
58 Period; era
59 A gum
61 A fortification
63 Teutonic deity
64 Not any
67 Piled
69 Move with celerity
72 Acquired by labor
74 Molding
76 Detain
78 Step rhythmically
79 Mountain lakes
82 To mourn the loss of
84 Jawlike device for holding work
85 A container
86 Corroded
88 Surface of cloth
90 Regret
91 Japanese coin
94 Pronoun
96 River in Italy



STOVE BANDS ARDEN
TRAIN ADORE MOIRE
AIRED CARAT TEARS
GEE■SHOP■GOES■NOT
EDDY■ANTHONY■EARS
EAT■EON■EAN
STEAM■FREED■RICIN
HEAR■HIS■TEN■DARE
OAT■BUN■■■MOW■RAW
USED■MET■MID■METE
TENOR■DEBIT■PETER
LEA■MAN■AIL
RAGE■BREASTS■DOTE
ILL■BEAR■TEST■ROW
VOILE TIARA ABATE
ENDED ETHER MITER
NEEDS RYALS STEMS

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue


WHAT CONTEST ARE YOU ON?
GOODWEAR NOODLE!
DA-DA DE-DEE DEEL DE UM STACATO
I DONT KNOW WHETHER TO LEAD-OFF WITH "THE SWAN SONG" OR "HEARTS AN' FLOWERS".
OH, IF I WERE YOU, ETHLYN, I'D FOLLOW YOUR REG'LAR ROUTINE!
PROHIBITION IS WHAT THEY CALL "A NOBLE EXPERIMENT" — I LAUGH!!
FASTER
SLOWER
GIN
MY GAWD, THAT GUY'S AWFUL
I KNOW IT. BUT WE HAD A FIFTEEN MINUTE PERIOD TO FILL.
THE HOWLING WIND.
BERT GREEN

Good evenin, I began, I've come to talk to you about prohibition.

Airing Some OPINIONS on BEER

A Rhapsody on the Radio Finds Its Way into the Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

(Reading time: 7 min. 19 sec.)

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

New York.

DEAR MARG,

Well, youll be surprized to know your boy friend was on the air. Yeah, broadcastin! Dont laf!

The other night, I'm on my way out for a breath of fresh Scotch when who do I bump into but my old pal Jim White. Well, as Jim dont drink—God forgive me—I took him over to a nice quiet spot on 55th Street called the Stagger Inn. The place, by-the-way, is the dood hangout for the broadcastin people. Its always cluttered up with radio announcers, opre singers, jazz crooners, violin scrapers, picolo feelers, bourbon soupranos, tellhervision hoofers, cops an talent like them. Anyway, while me and Jim is sittin at a table baggin about the good old days we spent in the Reform School, who blows in but a very dignified gent with a bit of a lush.

After a few quick jolts of Sandy Mac Donalds Liquid Fog, he turns around an begins gunnin our table like he new us. Well, about a half hour later this chummy disturbance leaves the bar, percolates over an sets down.

I know you! he butts in. Youre Mike Shea, the interrior decorator! Howd you like to go on the air?

What doin? I says, kiddin him.

Give em a talk! he glares, pointin his finger.

On what? I laugh.

PROHIBITION! he hollers. Youll be as good as a lot of them dizzy dopes whats on the air. Half of em dont know what theyre talkin about an neither will you! Why, I gotta wealthy brewer in Millwalkee whats lookin for a guy like you to make a heavy speel on BEER,—an believe me, youre the kid can do it! Youll goal em!

Why beer? I asked.

Well, we got about *everything else*, we might just as well have *beer!*

How much is in it? I pegs at him.

PLENTY! You do your stuff an I'll get you five thousand bucks for five minutes!

Five thousand what?

Five thousand dollars, thats what!

Hey waitor,—bring a coupla hundred drinks an a hop gun!

You mean to tell me that I'm gonna get five grand for five minutes beefin about *BEER?*

Sure, thats what I said! Why, thats no dough!—You see that fello standin again the bar? Well, *he* gets *more* than that for talkin about *Dandruff!*

Okay, I says, its in the box!

You mean youll do it? he nods, stickin out his duke.

Sure, its a pushover!

Heres my card. You write the story an I'll have you broadcastin within a week!

Marg, I like to folded up. When he left I looked the card over and heres what it read:—

C. CHISELEM GOODE
President
Radio Advertisers

Gosh Marg, can you imagine a stranger like him bouncin in an offerin me five thousand fish cold for a five minute talk? *Hot dog* thats what I get for havin a *rep!*

Finally, when the day come around, I traipsed up to the Broadcrashing station to air the works. I no more

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

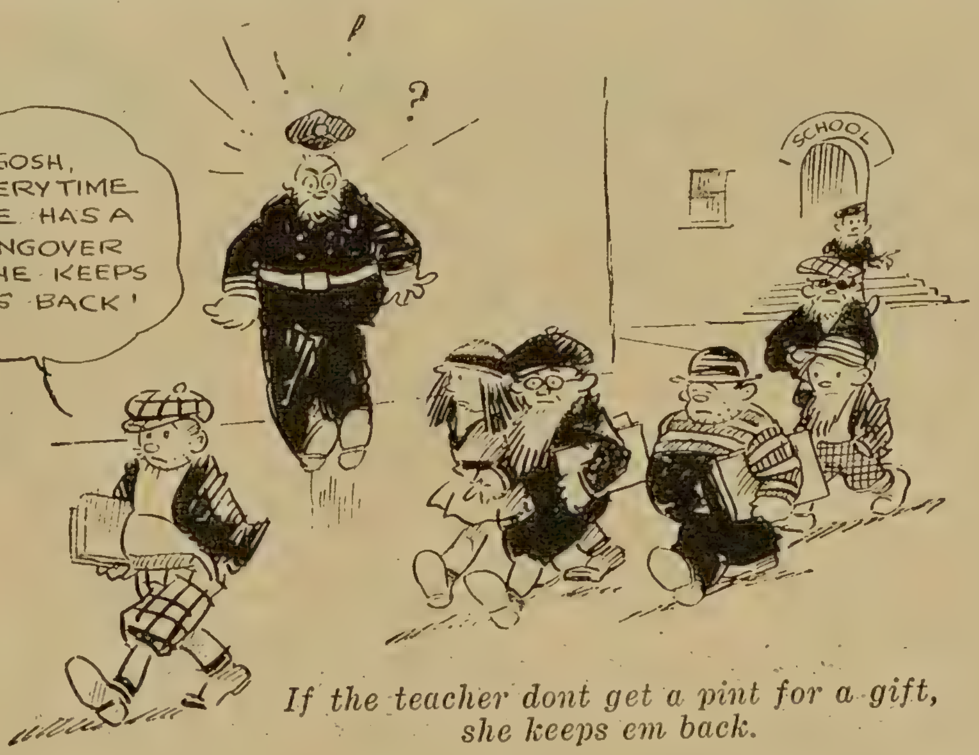
than stepped off the elevator than a nifty lookin hostess grabbed me by the arm an led me thru a bunch of greenhouses to the head man.

This is Mike Shea, she says to Mr. Le Trobe. Mr. Shea is our guest artist to-night on the BEER HOUR.

Oh yes, of course,—Please to meat you Mr. Shea.

I liked that guy Le Trobe, Marg. I guess its because he had a hangover too,—anyhow, we tip-towed into another room where a bunch of foreigners were playin sob music. After the music was all over another fello begins talkin in a soup strainer what was hangin from the sealing.

Ladies and Gentlemen, he begins, you have just heard a selection from the Pier Gent Sweet—entitled The Barber of Sabill—played for you by the Pantspressers Sinfoney Orchestra. These operas come to you each week threw the courtesy of the Boneless Baloney Company, makers of that crisp, fine, six ply baloney—Not a *hair* in a *carload*.—If your grocer does not carry this baloney,—drop a postal to the station to which you are listening or address your request to the Boneless Baloney and Monument Works, Gallstone, Wisconsin.


GOSH, EVERY TIME SHE HAS A HANGOVER SHE KEEPS US BACK!
SCHOOL

If the teacher dont get a pint for a gift, she keeps em back.

After the baloney program was over, some goof by the name of Bert Green got up an gave a bum speel about makin cartoons or somethin like that. Honest, he was terrible! He said, Just to show you what a swell cartoonist I am, I'm goin to give you an illustration.—

ONE time when I was down in Brazil, I walked into a café to get a cup of coffee. The waitor brought the coffee but no cream. I couldnt seem to make him understand I wanted cream because I couldnt talk Spanish, so I proceeded to draw him a picture of a *cow* on the back of the menu. Right away he said, "I savy," and beat it out of the room. A few minutes later he rushed back with two tickets for a *bull fight!*

Well, then came *my* turn!

Good evenin Ladies and Gents, I began, Ive come here to-night to talk to you about the burning question of the day,—PROHIBITION!

Maybe you aint heard of *Prohibition?*—Maybe you think its just a rumor? If you think so, —youre goofy!

Well, to begin with, the 18th Amendment was slapped onto the Constitution by a bunch of so called big shots in Washington while the flower of America was over in France bein killed off to decorate a grave yard.—We gave em a gun, shot em fuller holes an if any of em were able to come back, we slipped em *ice-water!*

Prohibition to-day is what we call a "*Noble Experiment*"! A yell what? Why, ever since it went into effect, the whole nation has been tryin to dope out a substitute for hard liquor. Ive done it, youve done it an our kids are doin it now! Why, in 1920 some drunk discovered that if you put a pinch of T. N. T. in a bottle of near beer, you could make a model T Ford shoot for an altitude record. Why, it got so bad that the goverment had to put the kybosh on T. N. T. because they was runnin out of amunition.

Up to the time prohibition went into effect, most frails thought that if they drank a glass of lemonade with a dash of *port* in it, it was a mashee shot to the road to ruin. Just look at em now! If they aint *half plastered* all the time, theyre *miserable!!*

I'M tellin you Ladies an Gents, this is what started the Equal Rights an Single Standard movement for wimen. Wimen found out that a womans right was just as good as a mans anyday,—provided they both threw the same dishes.

Listen, a womans place may be in the home but my gawsh, try an find em there *now*.

Yes, an whats more, look what prohibition has done to your kids too! Every single one of them packs a half pint flask to school these days to keep em from bein lonesome. Do you ever hear of em innocently bringin an *apple* to school? You do not! If the teacher dont get a pint of rye for a gift, she keeps em back. By the time the poor kid gets outa school, you cant tell him from Trader Horn.

Why, only last week, my neighbors kid came staggering home an called her old man a "Cake Eater." A nice name to call a bricklayer. Imagine that!

Yes, an look at the gangsters its given us! Why, this thing called Prohibition is responsible for introducin the machine gun into polite society too, for settlin private arguments.

Sure, its also responsible for our new National pastime known as "Puttin on the Spot." In fact, its more popular than baseball. The only difference is—the attendence gathers *after* the game is over.

But the woim has toined Ladies and Gents. We've been kidded long enough! What we want is BEER, an how! If BEER dont come *IN*, the politicians go *OUT!!*

An the sooner they get it thru their sculls the better.

I thank you Ladies and Gents for listenin to this speech.

If youre a stranger in the city, write or phone me in care of this station an I'll shoot you a list of speakies served exclusively by Al Capone an doin business with his okay.—Goo-bye.

Hows that Marg? If we dont get BEER *now*, we never will!!

Well, I'll be sueing you.

Yours troly

MIKE SHEA.

Another letter from Mike will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Connecticut?

2—On what date does the government fiscal year begin?

3—Who was Marie Antoinette's husband?

4—What nations engaged in the Punic Wars?

5—How many shillings in a guinea?

6—Who is the king of Norway?

7—Can a naturalized citizen become President of the United States?

8—Who was Solon?

9—What was the last state admitted to the Union?

10—What President was called Tippecanoe?

11—Where is the Taj Mahal?

12—What is limbo?

13—What are the lachrymal glands?

14—What is the motto of the Marine Corps?

15—What is the meaning of the suffix -itis?

16—What wedding anniversary is called the wooden wedding?

17—With what question was the Missouri Compromise concerned?

18—How many nautical miles in a league?

19—The Caribbean Sea is a part of what ocean?

20—What unit of time is represented by 1,440 minutes?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-three)

You Can Win!

$5,000 *in* CASH PRIZES

for Home Life Snapshots

ONE hundred dollars this week for a single snapshot. Ten dollars each for ten others and five dollars each for forty more. What a chance for easy extra money the Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest offers you! You don't even need to own a camera to get in on this. They probably have one next door. Take back their lawn mower and ask to borrow the camera instead. Then point the lens at a scene that comes under the heading of home life, and send the print to the judges as directed in the rules at the right. That's all there is to it. If your entry is awarded a prize it will be the easiest money ever to come your way.

Further, at the end of the contest, should your snapshot be judged the best of the entire entry list, you will be awarded the grand prize of $1,000 in addition to the $100 weekly prize already won. In other words, any snapshot sent to Liberty in accordance with the terms of this contest may win a total of $1,100. That's more than many an artist can collect for a picture it has taken him months to paint. And you can win it with one snap of the shutter. That's why we say this is easy money. You don't have to wander about looking for a suitable subject. Liberty wants home life pictures—human interest is the basis of the awards. Castle or cottage, city apartment or ranch house, the background is immaterial as long as it is HOME.

This week's contest closes at 12 noon, Saturday, December 26. Be sure to enter. And get in on next week's contest, too.

From a Kodak Verichrome film negative.

Through the courtesy of Eastman Kodak Company the illustrations on this page are from among the prize winners in that company's recent photo contest.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize (Every Week)	$100
10 Second Prizes (Every Week) Each $10	100
40 Third Prizes (Every Week) Each $5	200
51 Prizes Weekly	$400
TOTAL FOR 10 WEEKS	$4,000
Extra, Grand Prize for best snapshot of entire contest	$1,000
TOTAL PRIZES	$5,000

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO WIN NEXT WEEK

From a Kodak Verichrome film negative.

CONTEST RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks LIBERTY will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life photographs submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2—Anyone, anywhere, may compete except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3—There is no restriction as regards size of prints to be submitted. Enlargements are permissible, but in the case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4—Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 19, 1931, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you automatically agree that in case of a photograph submitted by you being considered for a prize you will, upon request, supply LIBERTY Weekly with the negative from which the print was made. Such negatives will be returned if so desired.

5—Submit as many prints as you wish. Write full name and address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of LIBERTY Weekly for reproduction wherever desired.

6—The first week's contest closed at 12 noon, Saturday, December 5, and succeeding contests will close at noon each Saturday following until February 6, the closing date of the final contest.

7—Quality of photography does not count, except that any photograph, to be awarded a prize, must be of sufficient clearness, in the opinion of the judges, to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person sending in the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the prize schedule appearing elsewhere on this page. In addition, a grand prize of $1,000 will be awarded to the best photograph submitted during the entire ten weeks of the contest series.

8—Announcement of winners of each contest will be published in the earliest issue of Liberty consistent with careful judging.

9—Address all entries to Home Life Contest, LIBERTY Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York City.

SHEATH

Is It Right to Let Murder Go Unpunished?

By CAPTAIN WILLIAM OUTERSON

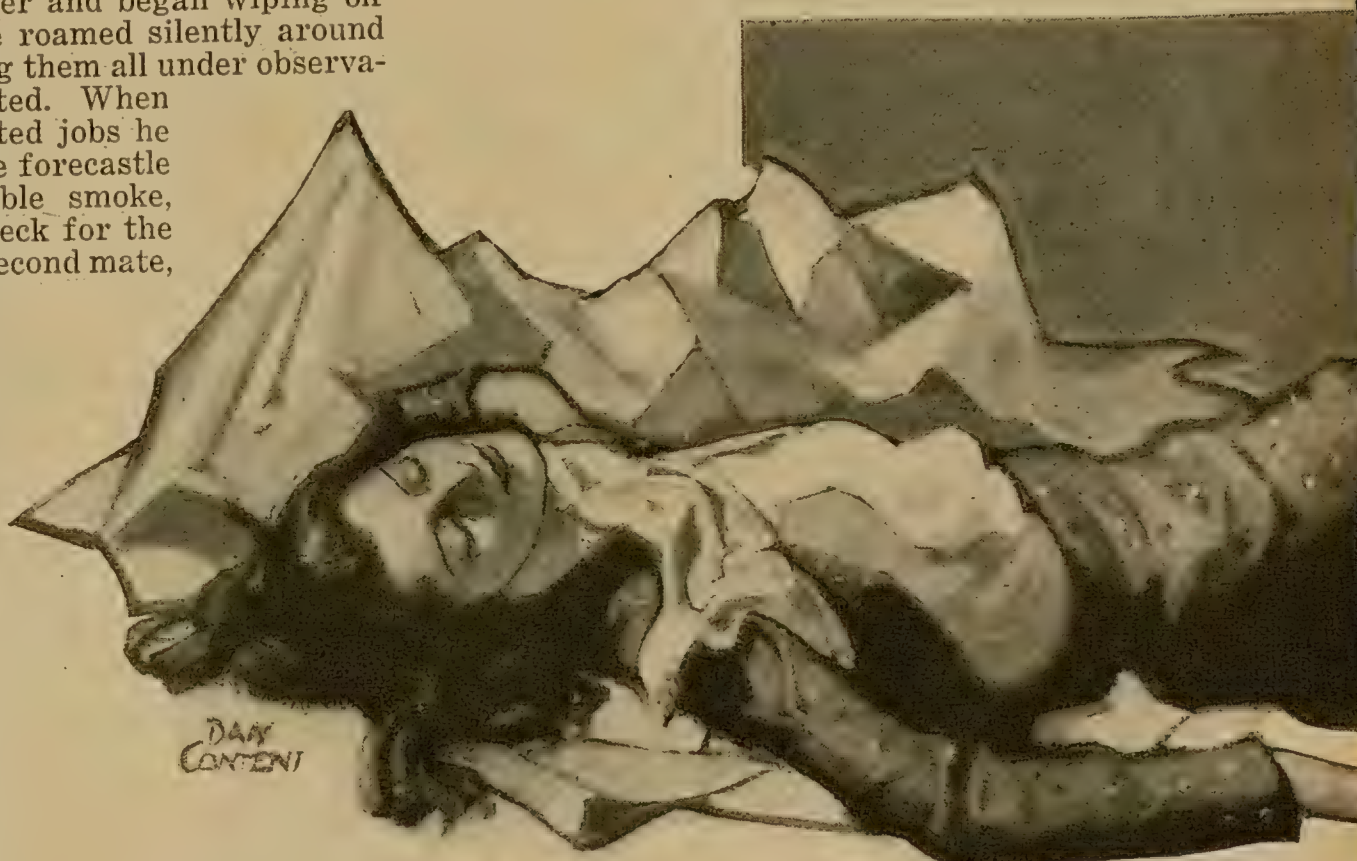
(Reading time: 18 minutes 20 seconds.)

Pictures by
DAN CONTENT

A CHILL small wind came from the southeast just before dawn. The bank of fog to eastward rose faster than the sun, and blotted it out, spreading a thick white curtain across the sky.

The watch on deck were washing down, under the direction of Mr. Larkin, the third mate, who was barefooted and had his pants rolled up below the knees.

When the decks were washed down and the brooms stowed away in the boatswain's locker, each man secured a swab and a bucket of sea water and began wiping off the paintwork. The third mate roamed silently around the decks in his bare feet, keeping them all under observation until they got properly started. When he saw them busy at their allotted jobs he made a skillful retreat under the forecastle head and enjoyed a comfortable smoke, keeping a quick eye along the deck for the approach of Mr. Browning, the second mate, who inevitably made his appearance. Mr. Larkin put his pipe out of sight and went briskly aft to meet his superior officer.



" There's a white fog comin' down," said the second, making a slight movement with his hand to windward. " Better put a man on lookout and give him that patent foghorn contraption. Tell him to give three short blasts every minute, as near as he can judge, an' keep his ears open as well as his eyes. That fog looks as thick as buttermilk."

" Aye, aye, sir." Mr. Larkin turned and sent a roar along the decks: " Man on lookout! " The men repeated the order, and a young seaman named Grant stopped wiping the paintwork, wrung out his swab, emptied his bucket over the lee rail and placed it in the rack, then approached and handed the swab to Mr. Larkin. From him Grant received the foghorn contraption mentioned by the second mate, a sort of trumpet with a bellows attached, which he carried up the ladder to the forecastle head, just as the fog came drifting down and slowly smothered the ship.

He had the horn slung over his shoulder by a cord attached to it for that purpose, and he at once tried to give three short blasts in obedience to orders; but getting no result, he examined it and found that the leather on one side was torn away from the wood. He reported this to Mr. Larkin, who came up on the forecastle head and took the foghorn in silent scorn to inspect the break.

" I'd like to heave the damn' thing over the side," he remarked casually. " I don't believe they'd hear it aboard a steamer, if there was one comin' our way. But orders are orders. I'll hand it to Chips an' he'll fix it."

The fog was so heavy now that Mr. Larkin was entirely invisible to Grant when he reached the head of the ladder on his way to find the carpenter. Grant drew forth his pipe and lit it.

Pacing leisurely from the port to the starboard rail and back again, he decided that this was the thickest fog he had ever seen. It blocked his vision within three feet of his eyes, and the whiteness of it caused him to wonder.

As nearly as he could judge, it was just a little denser than an Edinburgh fog he had got lost in before starting on his last voyage across the Atlantic, which was the thickest he had seen up to that time. The adventure of that night remained clear and vivid in his mind.

He was groping his way through the fog, and had just passed the sphere of nebulous light that marked a street lamp when he came with gentle force against a young woman moving in the opposite direction. Her bosom pressed with yielding firmness against him, and their entire bodies came into full and painless contact.

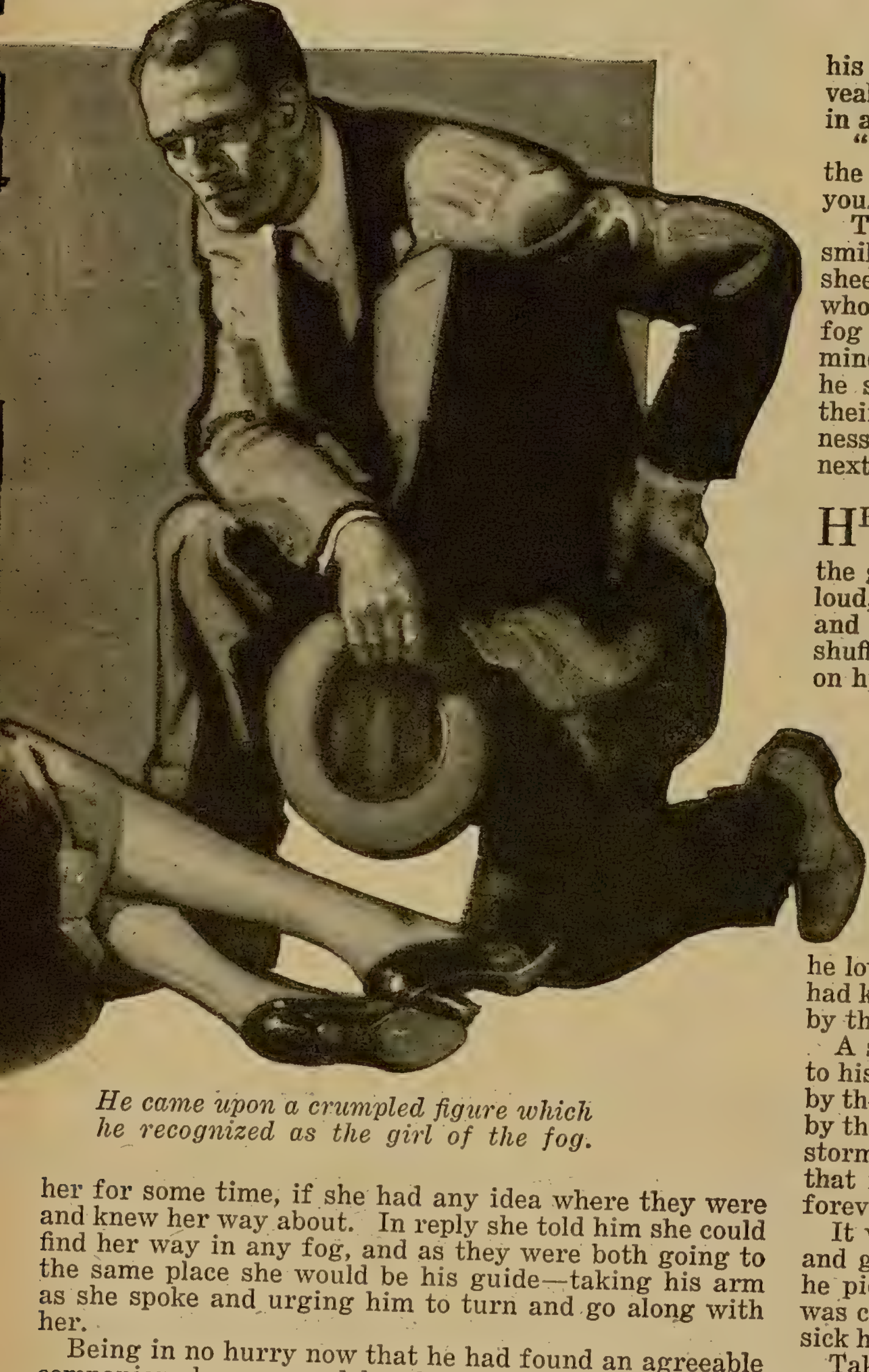
A hundred times since then he had remembered the thrill of that physical realization, when a current of living force, sparkling and dynamic, flashed out from her. He often wondered if she had experienced the same exquisite sensation.

She laughed in a delightfully mocking way.

" Hello, sailor." She murmured this greeting in a pleasant, slightly hoarse voice, and Grant welcomed the friendly ease of her attitude.

He asked her courteously, but as one who had known

KNIFE



He came upon a crumpled figure which he recognized as the girl of the fog.

her for some time, if she had any idea where they were and knew her way about. In reply she told him she could find her way in any fog, and as they were both going to the same place she would be his guide—taking his arm as she spoke and urging him to turn and go along with her.

Being in no hurry now that he had found an agreeable companion, he surveyed her leisurely, as closely as the fog permitted, and decided she was a nicer girl than her familiarity with a strange sailor might lead him to suppose. He suddenly felt angry with the situation, as if he resented her behaving in a manner that would subject her to insult. But he pressed her arm against his side as a sign that he did not want her to leave him.

STANDING thus, they heard sounds of someone approaching softly, and both turned slightly to listen, the girl's face becoming suddenly strained and fearful. Grant saw the form of a man looming in the circle of light cast by the street lamp, and as he approached he came straight toward them, instead of turning aside to avoid them, and peered into the girl's face. He was a heavy man, above medium height and very broad-shouldered, with a deep chest and thick neck, and bronzed by sun and wind. Instantly Grant knew him for a sailor; and although the newcomer barely glanced at him he guessed his trade with the same certainty, for he turned his face slightly toward Grant, so that the light revealed a long straight scar on his left cheek, and spoke in a low, gruff voice:

"'Scuse me, shipmate. This is my wife." Then to the girl: "Come along, Janet. I'd like a word with you."

The girl relinquished her hold on Grant's arm with a smile which he afterward recognized as a gesture of sheer heroism and turned away in silence with the man who had claimed her as his wife. They vanished in the fog with an abruptness that seemed to the disturbed mind of Grant strangely suggestive of annihilation, and he stood where they had left him, listening intently, their footfalls coming to his ears with perfect clearness until they had reached, he judged, the nimbus of the next lamp.

HERE the man started talking, and the girl made monosyllabic replies that sounded like angry denials. Then the gruff voice of the sailor became hoarse, but not too loud, with suppressed fury; the girl gave a gasping sob; and this was followed by the confused stumbling and shuffling of heavy feet, then the sound of a man running on his toes, making as little noise as possible.

Grant was aware of dim terror and dismay, and his instinct prompted him to turn and flee in the opposite direction. But something stronger urged him to advance. Striding past the next lamp, he came upon a crumpled figure which he too easily recognized as the smiling girl of the fog.

With a muttered exclamation of pity and anger, he stooped over her and raised her head from the stone pavement. But he found after a few moments that the life had gone out of her, and he lowered her again gently, seeking for the wound that had killed her. He found it over her heart—a gash made by the thrust of a knife.

A surge of anger and a lust for vengeance lifted him to his feet, and he started running in the direction taken by the other sailor. But after a few paces he was stopped by the sight of something lying beside the grating over a storm drain, evidently thrown there in the expectation that it would go through the bars and be lost, perhaps forever, from the sight of men.

It was a sheath knife, used by seamen on board ship and generally carried in a leather sheath on a belt, and he picked it up, but dropped it immediately because it was clotted with blood—from the heart, he thought with sick horror, of the girl he had loved at first sight.

Taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he lifted the knife again, wrapped it carefully, and placed it in his inside pocket, hoping he would some day meet the man who had committed this infamous crime, and settle with him as best he could. He would know him by his head and neck, his broad shoulders, and the long straight scar on his left cheek.

Meantime the girl was dead, and if he were found beside her with a blood-clotted knife in his possession, the law in its wisdom might see fit to hang him. Therefore he kissed the dead girl on the brow and left the place with dragging footsteps and a heavy heart. At the first opportunity he cleaned the knife thoroughly, and saw on the haft two clearly cut letters, J. R., no doubt the initials of the murderer. The experience had given him a memory of beauty and horror, of defeated longing and bitter regret; for in certain moods he held himself blameworthy in letting the girl go with the man into the fog and the eternal mist of death.

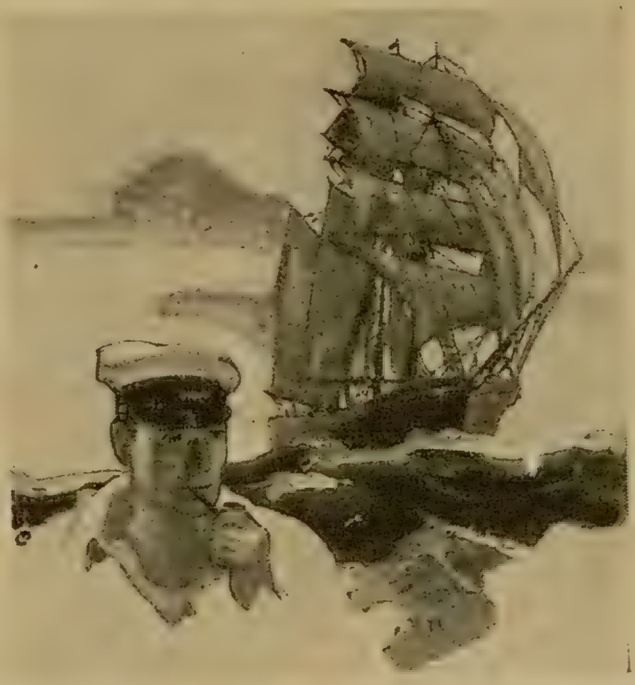
His absorption in these emotions and recollections did

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHEATH KNIFE
Continued from page forty-five

not altogether prevent him from paying necessary attention to the world outside, the ship and the fog—and something began to strike faintly upon his senses from a point on the port beam, a ghost of sound that was audible to him only because of his remarkably keen faculty of hearing. It was a dull sound with a slow, rhythmic beat, and after a few moments of tense listening he recognized it as the thud of oars against the tholepins of an open boat.

When he had convinced himself that this was the true explanation of the sound, his attention was distracted by Mr. Larkin, who mounted the ladder and handed him the repaired foghorn.



"Try the thing an' see if it works." Grant absently took the foghorn, continuing to listen meanwhile to the sounds from overside. The movements that caused them were extremely slow, and there came a long pause after each stroke, as if the oars were being handled by a man weak from exhaustion or illness.

"I hear the sound of oars, sir," Grant reported. "There's an open boat over there on the beam." The startled third mate listened intently but could hear nothing.

"Boat, hell!" he retorted, but his voice sounded doubtful. He knew that Grant's hearing was very keen, and he continued to strain his ears until the sound stopped altogether.

"Blow the foghorn," he ordered.

Grant made three vigorous efforts, and the horn emitted plaintive bleats that insulted the ship and the sea. Mr. Larkin looked at the instrument with fathomless contempt, and once again tried to hear the sound from overside, where Grant heard a hissing noise like a harsh whisper, followed by an almost inaudible splash of oars, after which all was quiet. The third mate heard nothing of all this; so he concluded that Grant's imagination was playing tricks on him and returned to the main deck.

Grant knew without any possibility of doubt that a boat was over there, not fifty fathoms from the ship, and he stood peering over the rail, expecting every moment to hear a hail. A minute passed, according to his guess, and he blew three more wheezy groans out of the contraption. Still no voice came from the boat, and he began to feel puzzled and anxious.

It seemed to him there must be something terribly wrong, and a sudden feeling of distress started him to thinking hard, trying to decide what was the best thing to do. Of a certainty there was a boat out there; and, for a reason which he supposed must be evil or unhappy, the people in it were unwilling or unable to make their presence known to the ship. They were castaways whose lives depended on their making land or being picked up by a passing ship, and it was unthinkable to him as a sailor that men adrift in an open boat should wish to avoid being rescued, or fail to hail a passing ship if they were able to do so.

THE thought tumbled into his mind that there were men in a ship's boat dying of hunger and thirst, too weak to take another pull on the oars or utter a cry for help. Urged by his mounting anxiety, he sent a hail to Mr. Browning on the poop:

"Boat on the port beam, sir."

A startled silence fell on the ship at this report, and every man on deck threw up his head to listen. The second mate's reply came through the fog:

"Where away?"

"Fair abeam and close aboard, sir. I heard the oars."

Mr. Browning stood for a moment in doubt, then sent his stentorian voice into the fog overside:

"Boat ahoy!"

There was no answer. The fog dripped down to the deck from the listless sails; the men remained silent and puzzled, waiting for what the sea might bring forth.

Eight bells were struck aft, and Grant tolled the hour on the ship's bell at the break of the forecastle, handed over the foghorn with the instructions he had received to the man who relieved him, went down and got his hook pot from the locker, and groped his way toward the galley for breakfast coffee.

Before he reached the galley door, a sudden conviction brought him to a standstill. There were men dying in a boat alongside the ship, hidden in the fog, and he must go swiftly to their assistance. Men in an open boat at sea had too great odds against them.

He stooped swiftly to lay his hook pot quietly on the deck, stepped to the rail, and went along it to the waist. A spare spar was lashed to ringbolts in the deck here, and on this he stood, leaning over the top of the bulwarks and staring fixedly in the direction where he thought the boat lay. A low moan, a mere shadow of sound, came to his ears, and he delayed no longer.

HE stepped up on to the rail, dived, and entered the water head on, the small splash he made being distinctly heard all over the decks, and as he came up and struck out for the invisible boat he could hear Mr. Browning shouting from the poop, and the excited voices of the men discussing it.

The ship was making absolutely no headway; therefore he was running no risk of being left behind, and he swam straight out from the side, at right angles to it, where he reckoned the boat to be lying, judging from the last sound he had heard at the rail.

After some thirty strokes he stopped swimming, and lay as still as possible to listen, moving his hands under the surface just enough to keep his head above water. The babble of talk from the ship's foredeck annoyed him, and he cursed the men in his heart; but in spite of their noise he heard the faint liquid slapping a boat would make in the light swell that was running. Turning slightly to his left, he swam directly toward this sound, and in a few minutes came to the boat. Taking hold of the gunwale, he swung himself up and surveyed the interior.

There were six men in the boat, and his heart contracted with acute pity at the sight of them. Five figures lay in contorted attitudes on the bottom boards, and the sixth, a powerful man with broad shoulders and a thick muscular neck, sat on a thwart, his head fallen forward until his chin rested on his chest. All were breathing in short convulsive gasps, making a dry scraping sound in their throats. Their blackened tongues protruded slightly between cracked and swollen lips, and their eyes were wide open, glaring horridly in the madness that comes with thirst.

The man on the thwart had evidently remained at the oars until mind and body both failed and he could no longer make an ordered movement, and Grant noticed that even now his hands continued to twitch, as if his indomitable spirit still fought against defeat and death and tried to force the tortured flesh to carry on.

As Grant stared at him in admiration, something about the shape of his neck and shoulders aroused a memory of another fog in a gray city of the north, and as he moved him with gentle urgency out of the way he paused a moment, his fascinated gaze on a long straight scar running down the sailor's left cheek. Then he took the oars and sent a hail to the ship that brought every man rushing to the rail.

"Ship's boat alongside, sir. Six men dyin' from thirst."

Heavy as the craft was, he brought it alongside with a few fevered tugs at the oars, and looked up to see a row of fog-wreathed faces staring down. The skipper gave a sharp order, and the men dropped ropes with running bowlines on the end, one of which Grant slipped over each man's shoulders with deft, rapid movements, drew it taut above his gasping chest, under the armpits, and gave the word to haul away. The six castaways were hoisted swiftly on deck and laid on the main hatch, where water was brought from the cabin by the steward.

In obedience to an order from the skipper, two men caught hold of each of the castaways and held them while the three mates poured spoonfuls of water down their blackened throats. Grant heaved the end of the boat's painter to one of the watch on deck and clambered up the side as soon as it was made fast. By the time he reached the main hatch there was a man to every job, and he had nothing to do but watch the action, which puzzled him.

He did not understand why it was necessary to dole out such wretchedly small quantities of water at first, and would have given them brimming pannikins, running over and down their chins as they drank, if he had been doing it, craving to see the water pouring into their mouths as fast as they could swallow it, spilling over their faces and dropping on to their laboring chests. Probably the skipper and the mates knew what they were doing, and there must be some good reason for giving water in such minute quantities to men dying of thirst, although he could not see it.

Their eagerness for the life-giving liquid was tragic and shocking, and they moaned each time they swallowed a spoonful, which no doubt mocked them as with unfulfilled promise. The spoonfuls were freely given, however, and when the officers finally held full pannikins to the cracked and blackened lips of the rescued men, Grant felt better, and as they lay back, satisfied for the moment, he drew a deep breath of relief.

Through his mind during this hour two thoughts ran side by side, and he felt alternate doubt and triumph. There lay the man who had committed a brutal crime in the fog, and he must go immediately to the captain and report the murder, producing the knife with the initials, J. R., as evidence. But this man, by an act of supreme endurance and heroism, had saved the lives of his five shipmates and his own, and had thus atoned for the murder of the girl.

THE longer he considered these two thoughts the more doubtful he became, and instead of approaching the captain he gave a hand to carry the man with the scar into the starboard forecastle, where they made him and two of his boatmates as comfortable as possible, beds and bedding being provided for all the castaways by the skipper, who gave them two heavy blankets apiece, as they were south of the River Plate and the weather was chilly.

A breeze came away from the west as Grant was finishing his belated breakfast—a cold wind that blew away the fog and filled the sails, driving the ship southward toward the stormy region of the Horn. The man with the scar awoke at seven bells, and they gave him a quart of water, which he drank without drawing breath, then stared queerly at the unknown faces surrounding him.

"I'm all adrift, mates. Where's the boat?" He spoke in a deep, hoarse voice that Grant remembered with an emotion not entirely unpleasant, and they told him all that had happened. He held out his hand to Grant.

"Thanks, mate," he said simply and with genuine feeling, and Grant's thoughts of vengeance became less positive, for he liked the man.

WHEN J. R. had eaten a meal he told about the loss of his ship, and his subsequent experience in the boat. His name was John Randolph, and he had signed as seaman on board the vessel, which had met a hurricane and foundered. They had fought for the life of the ship, setting sails to keep her running before the wind, but these had been blown to ribbons. The seas had stove the decks in and carried away the bulwarks with their weight of water.

That happened about four bells in the morning watch, and the wind fell away soon after. The sea went down rapidly, and they were able to launch the boats before the ship sank under them. There were six other men in the boat with him at first, but one went crazy from thirst and jumped into the sea. The breakers were nearly empty when they left the ship, and they had been five days without water. There ought to have been a sail in the boat, but it had been forgotten and they'd had to depend on the oars. . . .

Grant stood at the dark wheel that night. The boat appeared before him again, as it would come to him many times during the remainder of his life: the five men gasping in the bottom, Randolph sitting at the oars, his quivering hands still trying to pull toward life.

Randolph's hoarse voice sounded in his ears: "Thanks, mate," and "Come along, Janet." With the knife now in Grant's possession, John Randolph had killed a girl who appeared sweet and charming. On the other hand, it was his final heroic effort, the last supreme spurt of a tortured man, which had saved his mates and himself from death.

He would not report to the captain, Grant decided. But he had loved that girl, sailor fashion, and it would be well for Randolph to suffer a little for his crime. When four bells went, and he was relieved from the wheel, he walked serenely forward and entered the forecastle for a smoke. All the men of the watch were on deck, excepting the one who had just been relieved from lookout. Grant waited until he had gone, then took the sheath knife from his chest, and by the dim light of the forecastle lamp laid it, initials up, across Randolph's pillow.

THE END

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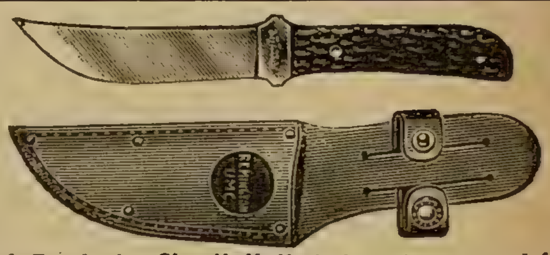

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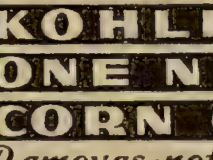

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GUARANTEED

EDUCATION in EXILE

I Try My Hand at Housekeeping—An Empress as Refugee—Rasputin's Slayer in England

By

MARIE

Grand Duchess of Russia

(Reading time: 25 min. 35 sec.)

THE Grand Duchess began last week's installment of these memoirs with a vivid account of her reunion in London, early in 1919, with her brother, Grand Duke Dmitri. He had come to England from India, after a sojourn as a refugee in Persia. On the ship he had been at death's door with typhoid, and in a moment of collapse and semi-stupor he had had a remarkable dream or vision, in which he had seen his sister beckoning to him. This proved to have happened at the very time when the Grand Duchess herself had been so ill in Roumania.

She went on, last week, to describe her first efforts to take up a new life in England. She told of a visit she had there from her former sister-in-law, the Crown Princess of Sweden, who brought her the jewels she had sent to that country for safekeeping; and of the painful experiences which she and her husband, Prince Putiatin, had in selling some of these jewels to avaricious dealers. Before long the couple were grief-stricken afresh by the news that their infant son, in Roumania with the parents of the prince, had died.

Acme photo

Prince Felix Youssoupoff, Rasputin's assassin.

PART FIVE

SUMMER went by and autumn came. Nothing held very much interest for me any longer; I had grown apathetic and shunned the company of others. I was still wearing my crape bonnet and did not wish to divert my thoughts from my sorrows. Although since the death of the baby I had not made any definite plans, in autumn we came to the conclusion that if Dmitri and we lived together, by pooling our expenses we might reduce them and also have a much pleasanter time. Giving up my small apartment, I took a house in an unfashionable part of London and we moved in.

Now I had to keep house, a thing I had never done before. I was obliged to interview servants about matters that I did not know myself; I had to engage them; I had to order meals; I felt that I ought to see if the lid of the piano was dusted and the parquet floor waxed. But I did it all extremely badly. I knew nothing about the intricacies of housekeeping, and all the details worried and annoyed me tremendously. The house was too big for us, and when eventually winter came, the hopelessly damp and gray London winter, I discovered that it was impossible to keep the house warm. There was, of course, no central heating, and the open fireplaces were much too small for the size of the rooms. We were obliged to close some of them because of the coal bills, which became alarming. At night we had to lie down on sheets which not only were icy but also clammy. In the mornings the rooms were so cold that to leave bed felt like performing a heroic feat. The days and evenings we spent in the one room we could keep warm, which was Dmitri's study, where we had a blazing fire burning without interruption.

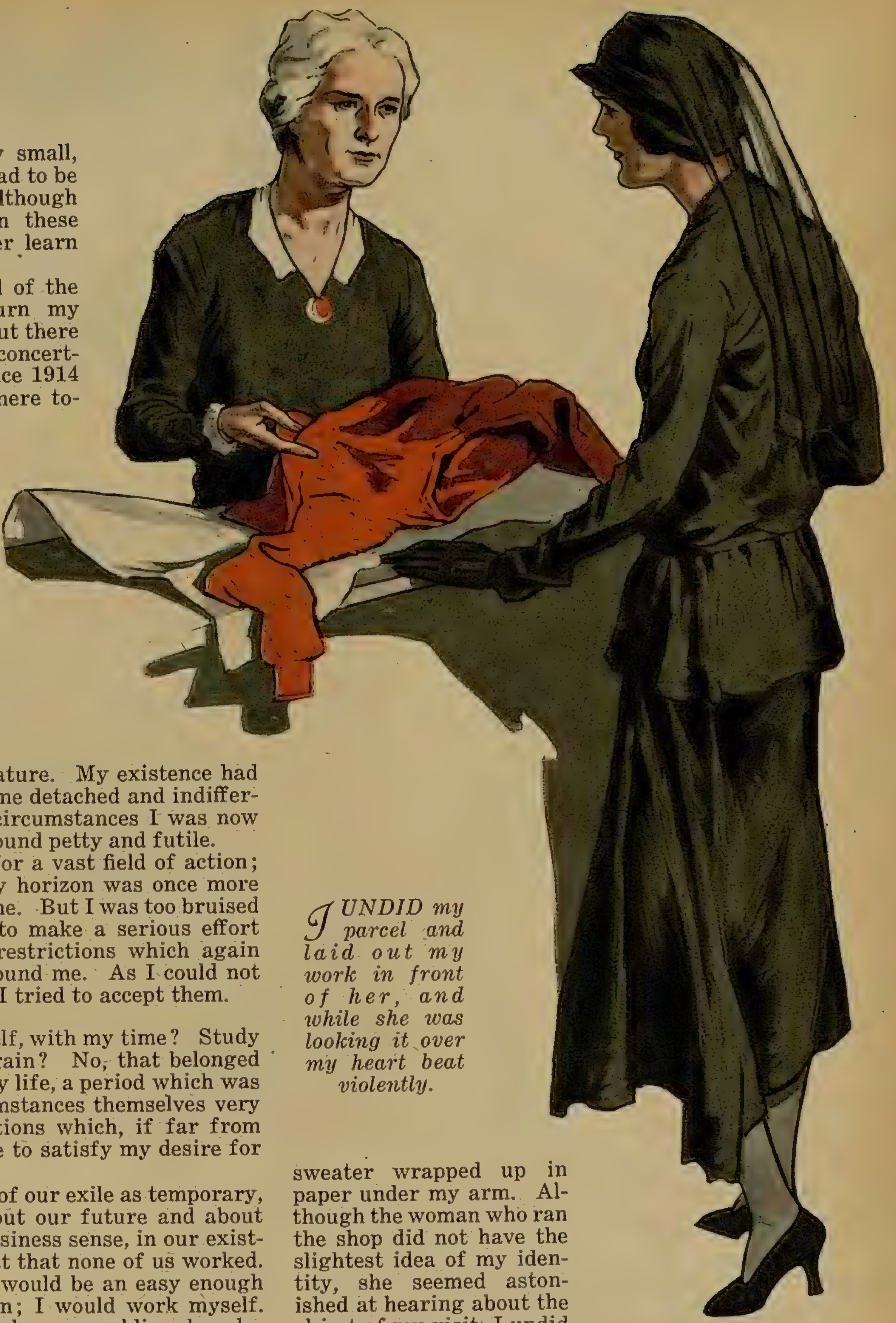
I did not think much at the time of the celebrated English comfort. The only consolation under the circumstances was a hot bath, but even that brief pleasure was soon spoiled for me. The bathroom was papered, and after the few first weeks the paper began to blister and then peel off. It soon hung around the wall in tattered fringes. The landlady, who lived in the house next door, secretly suspecting us of being a family of tartars, kept a vigilant eye on what was going on in our household. She was horrified at the looks of the bathroom, and it was not long before she told me that when we were taking a bath we had to keep the window open. For this I was not prepared, and although I obeyed the instructions, as a result I immediately got a bad attack of bronchitis. After we left she sued me for instituting a Turkish steam bath in her house.

I COULD not cope with the servants, although I was lucky with the English ones; but we had two Russians, and the foreign and native elements either clashed or got on too well. The old maid I had brought with me from Odessa was willing, but too advanced in age to be of any use.

My brother's orderly, who had been in his house for some time before the war began and who was now his valet, suddenly decided that it was he who would rule the household and rule it according to his own ideas. This house in Kensington, as long as we were living in it, had become and was a palace now and he himself was the major-domo. Everything had to be done according to the sanctified traditions of old, and he disapproved of what he thought our uncalled-for simplicity. He just could not understand that traditions were now a luxury far beyond our means. But in his way he was devoted to Dmitri and myself, although his devotion was of a primitive and jealous nature. Putiatin he hated; he could not forgive him for the *mésalliance* that I had, in his opinion, contracted.

For a time at least I struggled bravely but clumsily against his determination to exercise control over the household, and then I gave it up; even if his reign was more expensive, it made things certainly far easier and simpler for me. As this was only the beginning of my rôle of housekeeper, and as I have always since then had

Drawings by
B. Latham Kidder



I UNDID my parcel and laid out my work in front of her, and while she was looking it over my heart beat violently.

a private home, no matter how small, the housekeeping situation has had to be faced. But I must confess that although I have learned many things in these years, I don't think I could ever learn to be a housekeeper.

Now that my mind was eased of the domestic problems, I could turn my thoughts toward other things. But there was at first surprisingly, disconcertingly little to turn them to. Since 1914 I had been living in an atmosphere totally removed from the interests of persons of leisure. During the war I had been working hard, studying in the real sense of the word, and also learning about life. During the revolution my interests had been reduced to a struggle for existence. All this had involved the essential forces of my nature.

For five years my life had lacked exterior signs of refinement: I had not heard any music, had not seen a painting or a picture gallery or a play, had not kept up with literature. My existence had almost been ascetic. I had become detached and indifferent to worldly things, and the circumstances I was now compelled to settle down into I found petty and futile.

I did not see any more hope for a vast field of action; I could not make any plans; my horizon was once more threatening to close down upon me. But I was too bruised inside, too exhausted morally, to make a serious effort toward breaking through the restrictions which again were heaping themselves up around me. As I could not do otherwise, I accepted them—I tried to accept them.

BUT what could I do with myself, with my time? Study art, take up my painting again? No, that belonged somehow to another period of my life, a period which was dead. As often happens, circumstances themselves very soon provided me with occupations which, if far from intellectual, seemed for the time to satisfy my desire for activity.

Although I was still thinking of our exile as temporary, I nevertheless was worried about our future and about the lack of organization, in a business sense, in our existence. I was troubled by the fact that none of us worked. In my simplicity I imagined it would be an easy enough matter to remedy this situation; I would work myself. As to Dmitri and my husband, who were soldiers by education and profession, there was very little chance for them to find occupations which would keep us all for the present and could later secure them a comfortable living. For a woman it was easier; she could use her hands.

Ever since my childhood I had been taught to sew, embroider, and knit; this knowledge I could now apply. That year in London the fashion was for hand-knitted sweaters and even for entirely hand-knitted dresses. There was a chance for me in that field. I went and bought some wool and needles and with them a card on which directions were printed of how to knit a sweater. The first one I made was so large that nothing could be done with it. I worked out new calculations and started afresh. This time I was more successful as to the size but not satisfied with the quality of the knitting, and the second sweater I kept for myself.

After this I grew more experienced and at last judged my work good enough to be offered for sale. I inquired about a shop where I could place my knitting, and was given an address at which I presented myself with my sweater wrapped up in paper under my arm. Although the woman who ran the shop did not have the slightest idea of my identity, she seemed astonished at hearing about the object of my visit. I undid my parcel and laid out my work in front of her, and while she was looking it over my heart beat violently. She bought the sweater for twenty-one shillings and paid it to me in cash, besides asking me to bring her more.

I had always heard that the first earned money gave you quite a particular thrill with which no satisfaction in life could ever be compared. I was delighted that my work had pleased her enough to make her want more of it, but the money gave me no thrill. I felt guilty: the work was not hard enough to be so highly remunerated; I felt almost as if I were taking something away from another person who needed it more than I did. Forgetting to put the money into my hand bag, I left the shop, still holding it in my hand, and as I walked down the street I tried to analyze my sensations. I gave up analyzing in the future.

Soon I discovered that I was so ambitious that nothing of what I had done and finished with ever really satisfied

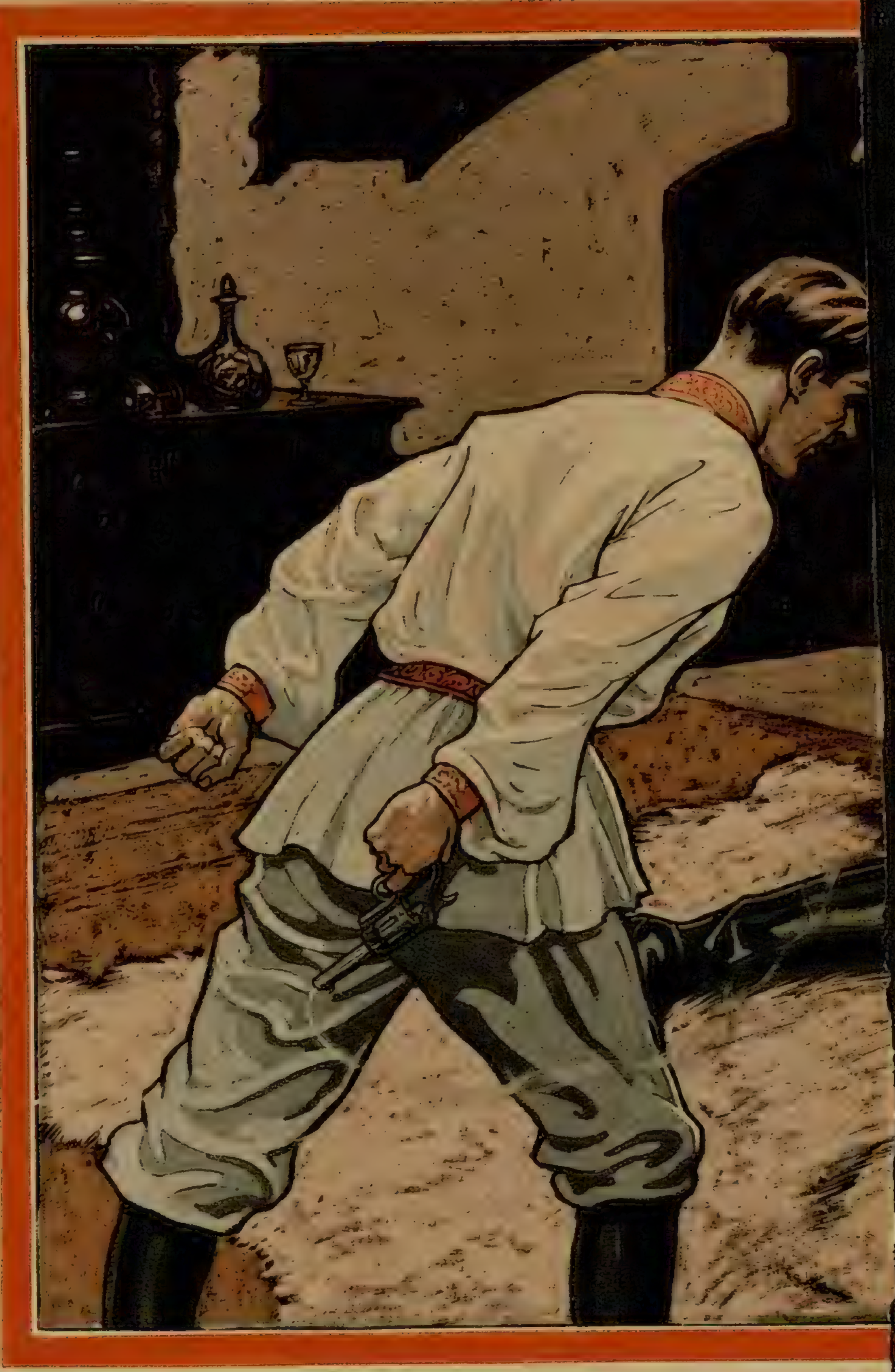
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page forty-nine

me. I had only vague recollections of the past efforts, besides having enjoyed them too much to expect any other reward. I would be already planning something new and far more strenuous, something that would really be worth while achieving.

I went on knitting sweaters and even made a few dresses. A sweater would take me about four or five days to complete; a dress from eight to ten, and I got a little over two pounds for a dress. I never put down my knitting. I got up early in the mornings and worked before breakfast; I took it with me to table and worked between the courses; I worked in the train and while I read.

I thought out new time-saving devices. The whole world had become " one row plain, turn, one row purl," and the boys began to hate the sight of the needles. But, even so, I could never make more than a little over six pounds a month, and it got me absolutely nowhere; it was a drop in quite a large bucket. It was, after all, a ridiculous undertaking and I gave it up. I turned to something else.



An artist's conception of the assassination of Rasputi

MY wardrobe, which since the Roumanian days had presented just a collection of stray garments, reached now a stage of such dilapidation that it needed to be attended to seriously. Although we still lived very quietly, I could no longer avoid all human contacts as I had done hitherto. Dmitri had made many new friends, old acquaintances became more insistent, and I was forced out of the complete seclusion of the summer and autumn months. As far as I can remember, I was by then quite willing to resume relationships with people, but until a year had elapsed after the death of my father I had refused to go out to dinner or the theater.

Seeing people, however informally, meant that I had to have clothes. But as I did not feel that I had the right to burden our budget with dressmakers' bills, I resolved to try and make them myself.

I found a magazine especially devoted to the making of clothes and studied it carefully, then I got some paper patterns, and at last a length of material. I could not tell now with what kind of dress I started, nor what it looked like when finished; I can only remember with what apprehensions I took the first bite at the material with a huge pair of tailoring scissors. The scissors and a large box of pins I had bought at the same time as the material. There was no table large enough to cut upon, so I used the floor; I possessed no sewing machine either, and all the seams had to be done by hand. My Russian maid was far too unintelligent to act as fitter, so I had to call upon my husband for help. Standing in front of a looking-glass, I explained to him what he had to do, but his own discretion was necessary in the places I could not see myself. I was so excited that I did not even notice the pain from innumerable pin pricks which I received.

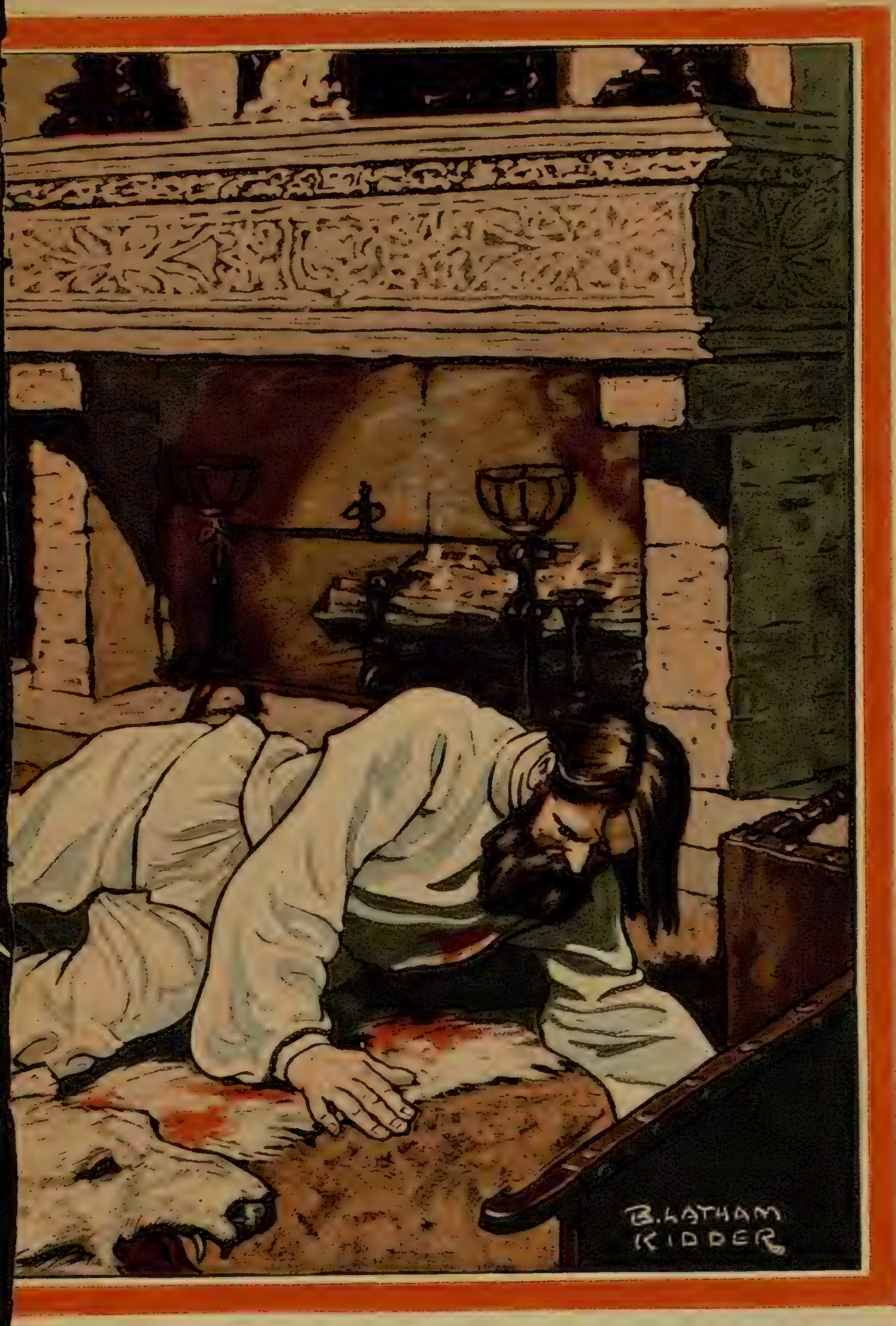
The first attempt was followed by others, until I was able to copy a black Callot evening dress lent to me by a friend, the skirt of which was made of many yards of tulle. I wore this dress the first time I went to a formal dinner party. It was not without anxiety that I studied the expressions on the women's faces when I entered and then stood around with them in the drawing-room before dinner. Did they see anything queer about me? I was more or less certain of my front view, but what about my back? I tried not to let them see too often that part of my anatomy. But all went off well, and by the time dinner was over I had forgotten that I was wearing a dress made by myself in a salon where all the women's clothes came from Worth, Vionnet, or Callot.

Later on I became quite an expert at this kind of handiwork; for a number of years I made most of my clothes and all my underwear. I made dresses and lingerie for friends who cared to order them from me. I went so far as to be able to fabricate a fancy smoking jacket for my husband which he could wear not only out of respect for my labors but with comfort to himself. I also made a dressing gown for Dmitri.

Later on I even learned how to make hats, but I never got much further than the preparatory stages. The hats worn at the time needed considerable gluing and wiring, which tried my patience and rather dampened my enthusiasm.

ALL these naïve attempts at making money in a direct or an indirect way of saving could not get me anywhere. During rare moments of lucidity, at the moments when flashes of premonition crossed my mind, I realized how profoundly helpless we were. The underlying current of my thoughts was nevertheless continuously preoccupied by the idea of work, but of work which really would be profitable. A second set of jewelry, the turquoises, had by then been sold.

Before resigning myself to a life in which interests of a wider nature were excluded, I made one last attempt. In the beginning of the 1919 winter a group of Russian women in London asked me to head the organi-



ince Youssoupoff described it to his fellow refugees in London.

zation of a workroom which would supply with underwear and hospital equipment the White volunteer armies fighting the Bolsheviks in the south of Russia. I consented. A suitable place was found where we could work, store, and pack the articles we had made ourselves or received as gifts, and almost every afternoon we gathered, cut, and sewed garments, folded compresses.

THE majority of the women I worked with did not belong to the titled class of Russian society; some of them were recent refugees as I was, some members of the colony and established in London either during or before the war. They spoke freely in my presence and I encouraged them to do so by asking questions. I used these occasions to get in touch with their thoughts. All were bewildered, as we were; like ourselves, they made no plans, lived in illusions and on their last money. They could not be of any help to me.

Once, however, I might have had a chance of speaking to somebody who during his entire lifetime had been on the other side of the fence; but of this chance when it came I could not avail myself.

To explain the incident I must return to the past. One night in February, as far back as 1905, when the revolutionary disorders had already begun in Moscow, my uncle and aunt with whom we then were living took Dmitri and me to the opera for a charity performance. We lived then under a cloud of apprehensions. That night the group of terrorists who had been plotting my uncle's murder had posted a few of its members at a place in the street past which we had to drive on our way to the theater. One of the men was to make a sign at the approach of the carriage, and another was then to throw the bomb. The first one, upon seeing us children in the carriage, did not have the heart to make the signal, and thus saved our lives. Two days later my uncle went out alone; the bomb was thrown and he was killed.

The man who spared us, and whose name was Savenkoff, went subsequently through all the stages of a revolutionary's career. At the time of the 1917 revolution he had gained some fame in his particular field, but in spite of being himself a socialist, he joined forces with the bourgeois elements. He ended by having to leave Russia just as any other member of the persecuted classes. Now he was in London.

I HAPPENED to know somebody slightly who had met him and who mentioned my name in his presence. Savenkoff was reminded of the past and commented upon the strangeness of the fact that the children whose lives he was once in the position to save were now, when they had grown up, political refugees like himself. He expressed a desire to meet me, and I was told of it. For my part, I was delighted at the prospect of a possible meeting. Although he had been an ardent revolutionary and our principles would have been in opposition on most things, I felt sure that his action in the past would create a human tie between us and that this tie would enable us to bridge the gulf and find a ground for mutual understanding. I imagined that it might make him speak to me more freely. I longed to find out something about the psychology of a man who was one of an organization which had vowed us as a dynasty such bitter hatred, desiring to annihilate us at such frightful risks. Did he feel himself justified now, in spite of what was going on in Russia?

But before making a definite move, I thought it best to discuss it with my husband. He was horrified that I should care to meet an individual who was one of my uncle's murderers. He accused me of idle curiosity. At the time I was not articulate enough to explain the reasons for which I wanted to see and talk to Savenkoff. The matter was dropped and we never met.

During our first weeks in London there were practically no other refugees from Russia besides ourselves. Then they began to arrive, generally in more or less numerous parties. The first one to come was composed of the Dowager Empress Marie, mother of the late Czar, and her daughter and grandchildren. The old empress was entitled to some interest on the part of the English royal family, as she was King George's aunt, the sister of his mother, Queen Alexandra. Empress Marie and several other members of my family had remained as long as they possibly could in the south of Russia, where finally an English man-of-war was dispatched to take them away and bring them to England.

Her arrival in London was shrouded in mystery and all efforts were made to avoid publicity. The man-of-war landed her at some port where, as far as I can remember, she was met by her sister, Queen Alexandra, and both came to London by train. We were advised at the last minute about the time of the train's arrival. On our way to the platform we were stopped at every corner by officers of the police, to whom we were obliged to give our names and got through with great difficulty. We emerged on to the platform just as the train was coming in.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page fifty-one

The scene we were looking upon was reminiscent of receptions in former days, with the exception of their brilliance and bustle and the feeling of welcome, even if it were only official. In the foreground stood the king and queen with their family, a little behind them the group of their household officials. We kept in the shadow. There were no crowds; the station was empty and very quiet. The train glided in smoothly. In the first carriage at one window stood Queen Alexandra; at the other Empress Marie. The train stopped. The royal party on the platform stepped up and in a few moments the two aged sisters alighted. Greetings were exchanged, then the group moved up the platform, the two queens and the empress at its head. We then joined them, and the empress, after we had kissed her hand, spoke a few words to us.

She had not changed much in the two and a half years since I had seen her. As always, she was dressed in her little black tailor-made suit with a small hat trimmed with sequins. Around her neck she wore a short feather boa pinned together at the throat. She did not appear nervous or upset; she was perfectly calm, contained, and even smiling. Did she make comparisons between her present arrival and those of the past?

QUEEN ALEXANDRA took her sister to Marlborough House, where she resided and where she intended that the empress should settle down with her. The sisters, who were both over seventy, had kept for each other a girlish devotion which had lasted ever since they had been children in their father's Danish home. All through the years they had exchanged letters and telegraphed to each other daily; both had missed these constant communications during wartime and especially during the revolution, and the queen had suffered great anxiety for her sister. Now they were together again. To look at them, both seemed much younger than their ages; they had preserved their coloring, the queen fair, the empress dark, and their eyes had lost nothing of their brightness. Both were small, lithe, and alert. They were surprisingly active, moved briskly, and kept up their interest in what was going on around them.

The world—not the world of political intrigue—knowing the sisters' affection for each other, was satisfied in the certainty that they were now perfectly happy in their reunion, and this was surely true. But as weeks and then months went by, the situation apparently underwent slight changes. The two old ladies, sitting day after day nearly entirely in each other's company, must have noticed that although they had been fighting off age and did not show many of its outward signs, in reality they were just two old women with weary and furrowed souls and very little now in common but their age. For over fifty years they had led entirely different lives with different, sometimes even conflicting, interests and had developed different points of view.

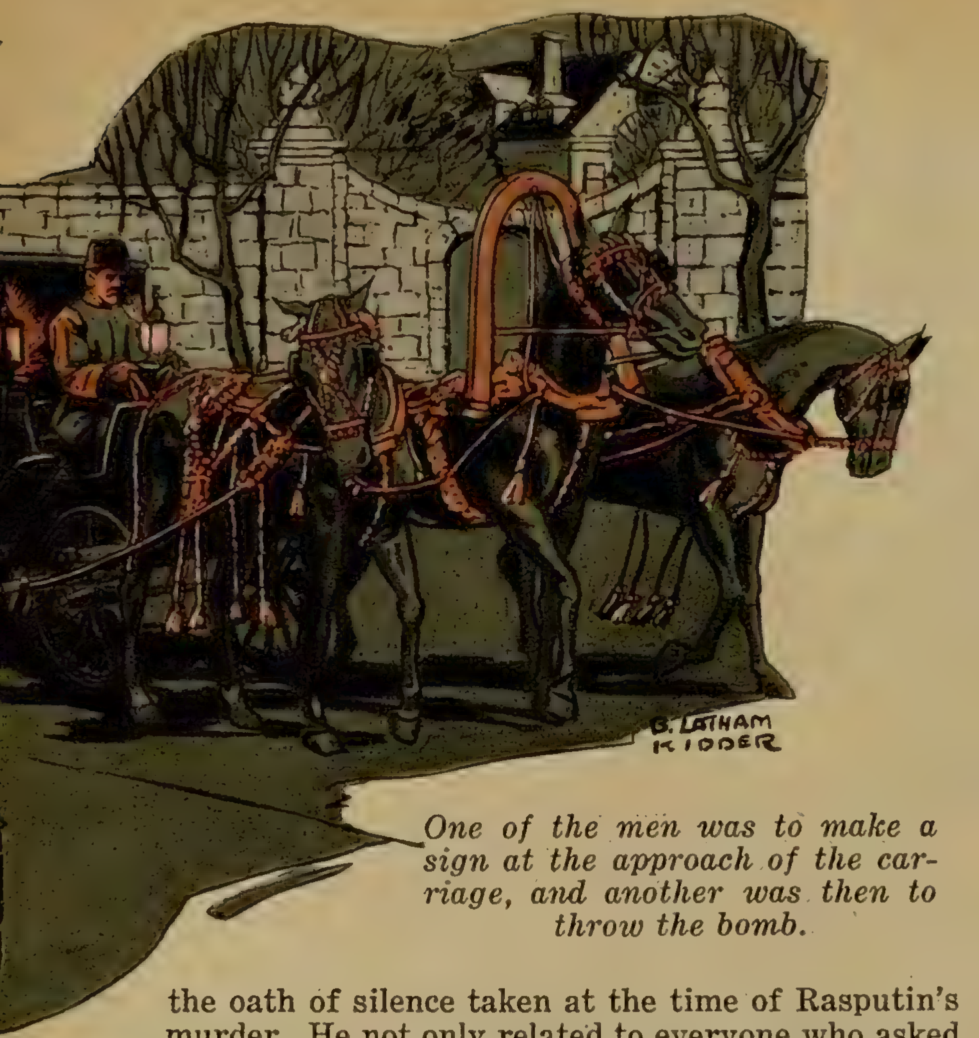
Their meetings in the past had been frequent perhaps, but short and full of social diversions; besides, they had been free to come and go as they pleased; now they were tied together. Among other things, the empress was irritated by the queen's deafness; the queen by the disturbances occasioned in her well ordered household by the presence of the empress' attendants. Discreetly and pathetically one complained of the other, each commenting upon the changes in her sister's disposition. They missed their former perfect understanding and could not make out what had come between them, although their affection was as deep as ever. Happily, for once, political reasons intervened, and it was thought better for the empress to leave England and establish herself in Denmark, the country where she was born.

The winter and spring of 1919-20, however, they spent together, and Dmitri and I frequently visited Marlborough House. It was difficult to believe in those surroundings that so much in the world had changed. Although by then we had all heard of the murder of the Czar and his family, and the official world seemed not to doubt it, no convincing or final proof had yet been produced of the tragedy. The rumors had reached the empress' ears, but never for a moment did she think them true; she spoke of her sons and grandchildren as if they had been alive, confidently expecting news from them. Her attitude was so firm in this respect, and she showed such faith, that people were encouraged to believe that she really was in possession of reassuring information.

RUMORS, increasingly fantastic, began to spring up and circulate, amplified and enriched with details as they were passed on. It would sometimes be an officer coming from Serbia who had met there a friend who had seen the emperor with his own eyes. Then it would be somebody else who said he knew that the imperial family had been saved and concealed by a group of Siberian peasants belonging to some sect that had its dwellings in the midst of impenetrable forests. Then they would have been suddenly discovered in China, Siam, or India. People knew people who had seen letters, received messages, talked to eyewitnesses, and so on, until these tales became quite an ordinary topic of conversation and no one paid any more serious attention to them.

The empress' eldest daughter Xenia, who had come to England with her mother, lived in a small house, smothered by a large family of boys and numerous female servants. Smiling, always perfectly enchanting, and slightly bewildered, she moved about the house in search of a little privacy. Her we saw very often; we went to her house and she came to ours.

Prince Youssoupoff, married to her only daughter, had also established himself in London. He and his wife lived in an apartment owned and furnished by him before the war. Felix tried to resume the friendly relationship with my brother, but in spite of all his efforts he did not succeed in doing so. Long before, Dmitri had heard that Youssoupoff did not consider it longer necessary to keep



One of the men was to make a sign at the approach of the carriage, and another was then to throw the bomb.

the oath of silence taken at the time of Rasputin's murder. He not only related to everyone who asked him the details of that horrible night, but even read aloud some notes he had compiled afterward on what had then occurred. At his house in Petrograd he had left the room in the cellar exactly in the same condition as it had been on the night of the murder. He used to point out to trembling female admirers a white bearskin rug on the floor which, according to him, had been soaked in Rasputin's blood.

Happily, however, the stains were no longer visible when, not knowing where I was going, I found myself in the cellar and eating supper precisely at the same table where he had tried to poison his guest and victim.

Dmitri was revolted over Youssoupoff's light-hearted attitude toward the event, of which he himself never had spoken, and could not forgive his chatter. The silence he himself continuously observed on the subject made me believe that he had never lived down this tragic and resounding affair in which he had taken part in the hope of averting a pending revolution. He avoided Youssoupoff, but I and my husband continued to see him.

YOUSSOUPOFF, of all us refugees, was at the time the most fortunate and best off financially. He had succeeded in bringing out of Russia objects of art and jewelry amounting to a very considerable sum, but, just as we were, he was living on the proceeds of occasional forced sales. Eventually he also exhausted his resources to the last drop. At that time he was seriously imagining himself a historic figure of considerable importance and all he did was calculated to enhance this position and to impress it on others. For a long time he apparently hoped to play a political part in Russia, basing his calculations on the notoriety (mistaking it for popularity) which was brought to him by Rasputin's murder. He wanted to become czar or at least president of the Russian republic. Also Youssoupoff had since his early youth been a seeker of sensations and public notice. At all costs he wanted to be spoken about, no matter in what manner or how.

On his arrival in London, one of his first preoccupations was to put himself in evidence as the benefactor of the Russian exiles, and in this he was entirely successful. In a beautiful old house for which he paid high rent he installed a workroom where the same work was done as in mine but on a much larger scale and in much more magnificent surroundings. This workroom, however, was attended by the needy class of refugees and their labor was remunerated. The cutting tables and sewing machines stood in a room decorated with gold moldings, the windows of which looked out on to one of London's most aristocratic squares. A lady of great name and distinction but of little practical experience was asked to head the organization. Thousands of pounds were lavishly and usually indiscriminately expended by Youssoupoff out of his own pocket.

ONCE or twice a week in the evenings Youssoupoff gave parties at his apartment. These gatherings were most informal, rather amusing, and lasted long into the night. The guests consisted of Russians, mostly men and women of his own class, but usually with a sprinkling of an outside element which had very little in common with his friends.

The strangers, impressed by the company, would generally keep their places and not differentiate themselves by anything.

Sometimes, however, situations arose which would be extremely painful to the friends who had accepted Youssoupoff's hospitality. Once, for instance, just before dinner Felix, being in a hurry to get dressed, put away in his desk several small packages containing precious stones and forgot to lock the drawer. After the end of the party he happened to remember the packages and looked into the drawer, but they were gone. The story spread with the rapidity of lightning, and until the culprit had been found—and he was discovered eventually—the other guests who had been present that evening felt extremely uncomfortable.

Youssoupoff seemed to enjoy mixing his guests; he liked to see the embarrassment with which the outsiders were greeted by his friends and how, out of politeness to their host, they would try to overcome the barriers of prejudice or social distinction.

He himself presided with talent and a certain humor over these unusual gatherings. His beautiful, silent wife was just a spectator and to all appearances an unconscious one.

These parties were much more suitable for men than for women, but as the life of the refugees was deprived of most amusements they were attended frequently and with pleasure by both.

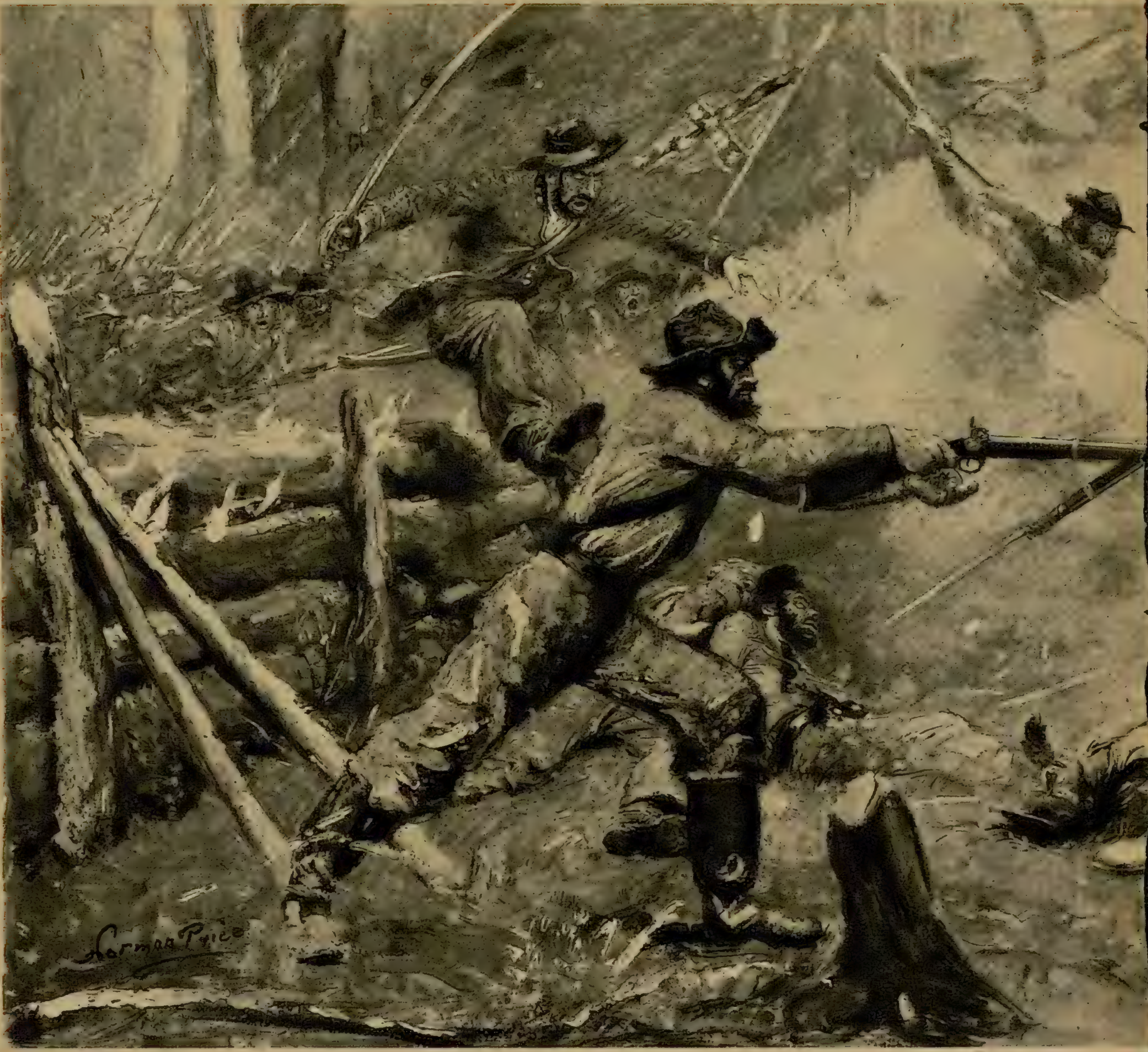
As I came out of my seclusion, Youssoupoff's house became nearly the only place where we went in the evenings.

My husband's knowledge of English was not sufficient as yet to enable him to take interest in my own or Dmitri's English friends, and he preferred to find himself among people who spoke his own language. In spite of Dmitri's silent disapproval and a certain uneasiness on my part, my husband and I found ourselves involved in the Youssoupoff set. My relationships with Felix after that time went through several different phases, until, a few years ago, they ceased altogether.

In next week's installment the Grand Duchess will tell of her reunion with her stepmother, Princess Paley, and will repeat the princess' harrowing, detailed account of the last days and death of Grand Duke Paul.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 42

1—Hartford.
2—July 1.
3—Louis XVI.
4—Rome and Carthage.
5—Twenty-one.
6—Haakon VII.
7—No.
8—An Athenian sage and lawgiver.
9—Arizona.
10—William Henry Harrison.
11—In Agra, India.
12—Place or condition of neglect or oblivion.
13—The glands which secrete tears.
14—Semper fidelis (Always faithful).
15—An inflammatory disease of.
16—The fifth.
17—Slavery.
18—Three.
19—Atlantic.
20—A day.



Half the entire army—Hancock and Burnside—was mixing bayonets with Lee's yelli

WHISTLING

By ROBERT W

Pictures

(Reading time: 33 minutes 35 seconds.)

THIS is a story of love and battle during our Civil War, told by Juan Maddox. Juan and Iris O'Brien, fellow Texans, and both Military Telegraph operators, fled before a Confederate raid, and, later, worked at the same instrument in Culpeper, Virginia. Connie Spurlock, a refugee child, shared Iris' bed.

Juan was embarrassed by Iris' wish that he should be her beau, and disturbed by the fact that Conway, a detective, was plainly suspicious of her.

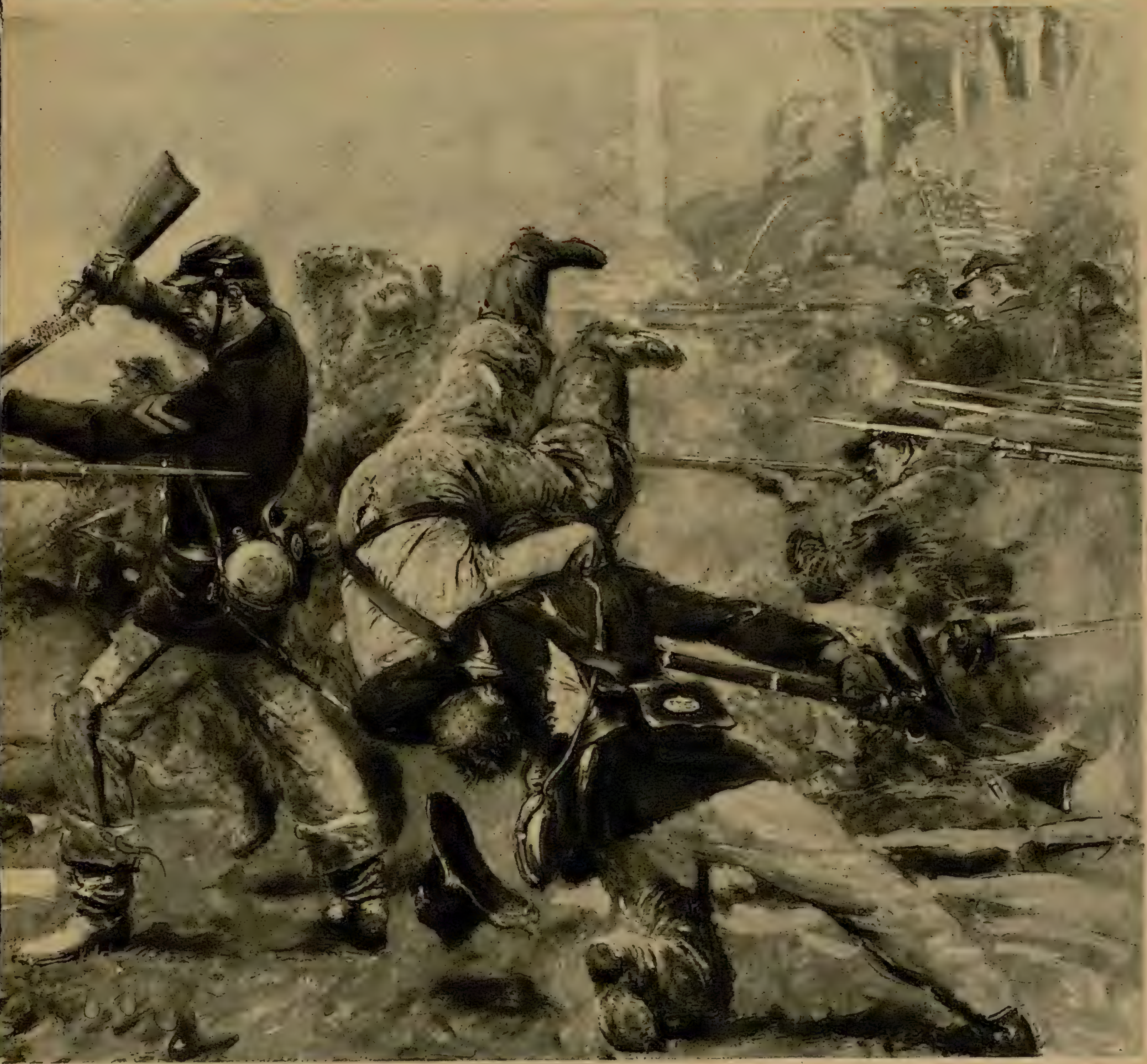
Asleep after work, Juan was startled by Iris' voice in his ears. He sprang up, ran to the head of the office stairs, and met her flying up at full speed.

PART SIX—IN THE THICK OF IT

"HOLD on," said I. "I'm not dressed!" But she threw her arms around me with a desperate wail and clung.

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked, scared at the white misery of her face.

"Oh, Juan! Oh, darling! You've got to go!" she



antry. They came surging on where red rebel battle flags glimmered in the smoke.

CAT

The Desperate Good-by—Plunging into Action—Gales of Bullets—Grant Against Lee—The Clutch of the Wilderness

CHAMBERS

ORMAN PRICE

whimpered. "Caldwell's downstairs with your orders—"

"All right. Let go—"

"Oh, I'm so unhappy! They won't let me go. I begged Caldwell—"

Her desperate embrace was nearly choking me, and I was as embarrassed by her tearful, desolate face as I was by my nightshirt. I mentioned the latter angrily and tried to wriggle free, but: "What do I care about your old nightshirt," she sobbed, "when you go off like this and leave me and Connie and D-doggie D-d-doggett all alone—"

I put her aside and hurried into my section. "You stay out," said I, "until I'm dressed!"

And as I lit the lamp and pulled on my clothes and boots, I heard her whimpering in darkness behind the blanket. She came in before I was ready and, kneeling and crying like a silly child, fell to stuffing my haversack and rolling my blanket while I buttoned my tunic, belted it, and adjusted saber and holster with shaky, excited fingers.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page fifty-five

I pulled on my fatigue cap, buckled the cheek strap, and slung haversack and blanket roll. Then Iris precipitated herself upon my breast, and I hugged her with awkwardness and unaccustomed emotion.

"I'll write to you, Iris," I said. "I'll try to find you on the wire when I have a chance. . . . You kiss Connie for me, will you?"

She pressed her feverish mouth to mine and we kissed like unhappy children.

Going down the dark stairs she hung to my arm, paying no attention to Caldwell, who had so far unbent as to take over the switch. I saluted him as he rose.

He said to me pleasantly: "We'll take good care of your fiancée, Mr. Maddox. There's a boy at the door with your horse. You'll have three battery wagons and repair trailers and equipment. An Indian guide goes with you. Here are your orders."

I took the memoranda. He went out to the road, probably to give us a chance.

Iris rested her mouth against my ear. "Will you?" she whispered.

I knew what she meant, but asked: "What?"

"Be engaged. Will you, Juan?"

But a boy recoils with instinctive distaste from sentimental suggestion, not willing to visualize future chimeras.

"Good-by," I said, kissing her heartily. "I'm fond of Mother and you, and that's all I know about it."

She clung with all fours like a wildcat to a tree, kissing me violently, blindly, until I picked her up and seated her at her table, where she hid her head in both arms.

Outside, as I climbed into my saddle, the Negro boy slung on a sack full of forage for my horse, and Caldwell buckled the flaps of my saddlebags.

I saw the Pamunkey then, bareheaded, his sleek dark face framed in his black hair, seated beside the driver of the leading battery wagon.

"All right," said Caldwell briskly. "Good luck!"

We shook hands; the wagons started; and I got a lantern-lit glimpse of the linemen seated inside.

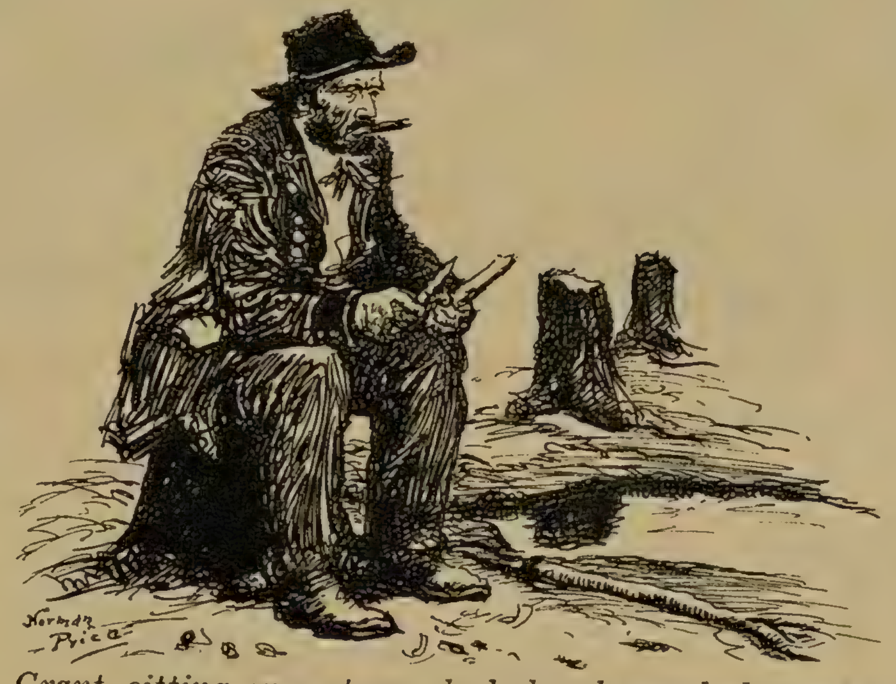
Then four cavalrymen, armed with Spencer carbines, trotted up out of darkness. I put myself at their head and our little expedition started southward.

Once I turned in my saddle to look back at the illuminated office window.

Iris still crouched over her instrument, her face buried in her arms.

II

ABOUT noon, before we arrived at Germania ford, we heard the deadened thudding of guns far to the southward. Our road led along a line of flimsy field-telegraph poles strung with iron wires and guarded by tired cavalry of General Torbert's command. Their officers told me that General Sheridan already had ordered their recall to his corps, and they were waiting only for General Gregg's horsemen to replace them.



Grant, sitting on a stump, had already smoked twenty big black cigars.

Working parties of the construction, maintenance, and repair department of the M. T. C. were busy every mile or so.

My confrère, whom I ranked, was a young man with a grievance, named Wild, who presently mounted one of the led mules to jog along beside me.

His seemed to be a case of real injustice. He had been detailed, he told me, from the ranks against his will, yet was obliged to serve at soldiers' pay—thirteen dollars a month—instead of the seventy dollars which operators received. He knew of men discharged—not detailed—from the ranks who drew forty dollars.

"Do Confederate spies bother us much?" I inquired presently.

"Spies or something. The Johnnies maintain a parcel of damned women spies, too—like that Nancy Hart and like Miss Boyd and Mrs. Greenhow and Mrs. Morris. They're always on my mind. Every time I see a woman peek sideways at me in this secesh country, I shiver in my boots."

The softened thudding of the guns had now become a series of rapid, heavy detonations. We soon came in sight of a Federal signal tower—a tall skeleton affair.

It was here that two of our battery wagons and two construction carts were scheduled to turn eastward, according to my orders. They took a rough road to the left. We continued on toward the roar of the guns with our remaining battery wagon and construction cart, escorted by the two troopers left us as escort.

JUST as we were breasting a little height of rolling country, a civilian came galloping up to us from a camp of M. T. construction men in a meadow to the right. I recognized and saluted Mr. Doren of the chin whiskers and grim mouth.

"You're Maddox, aren't you?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Take your teams off this road and pull up to the left over there."

I called to the leading driver. The two four-horse teams swung to the eastward into a brushy pasture and came to a stop beside the highroad.

Just in time, too.

Down the road raced a flying battery, the drivers in their reeking saddles flogging the gun teams to a dead run. After them, headlong, tore two squadrons of regular cavalry—a blaze of blue and yellow where their capes flew wildly from their shoulders, their colors and forked guidons flickering and flashing through the dust.

In the towering cloud the provost cavalry was closing up in their rear. We sat our mounts in silence, waiting further direction from our chief, Dennis Doren, who had now disappeared, we knew not where.

He returned shortly, trotting up on his dappled gray horse. "You go by the wooden bridge—not the canvas one—over Germania ford," he said. "Most of our wounded will be using Ely's ford, I expect. I don't think you'll get your wire through to Parker's or to the Tavern, but try the Orange turnpike if our people are still holding it. A big field train will follow you if you reach Wilderness Tavern. But I don't expect it. I've told the general we will have to go further east."

He waved us forward. "All right, Maddox. . . . And look out for your cipher key, will you? You'll find things rather hot over there with Warren."

I saluted and spurred forward.

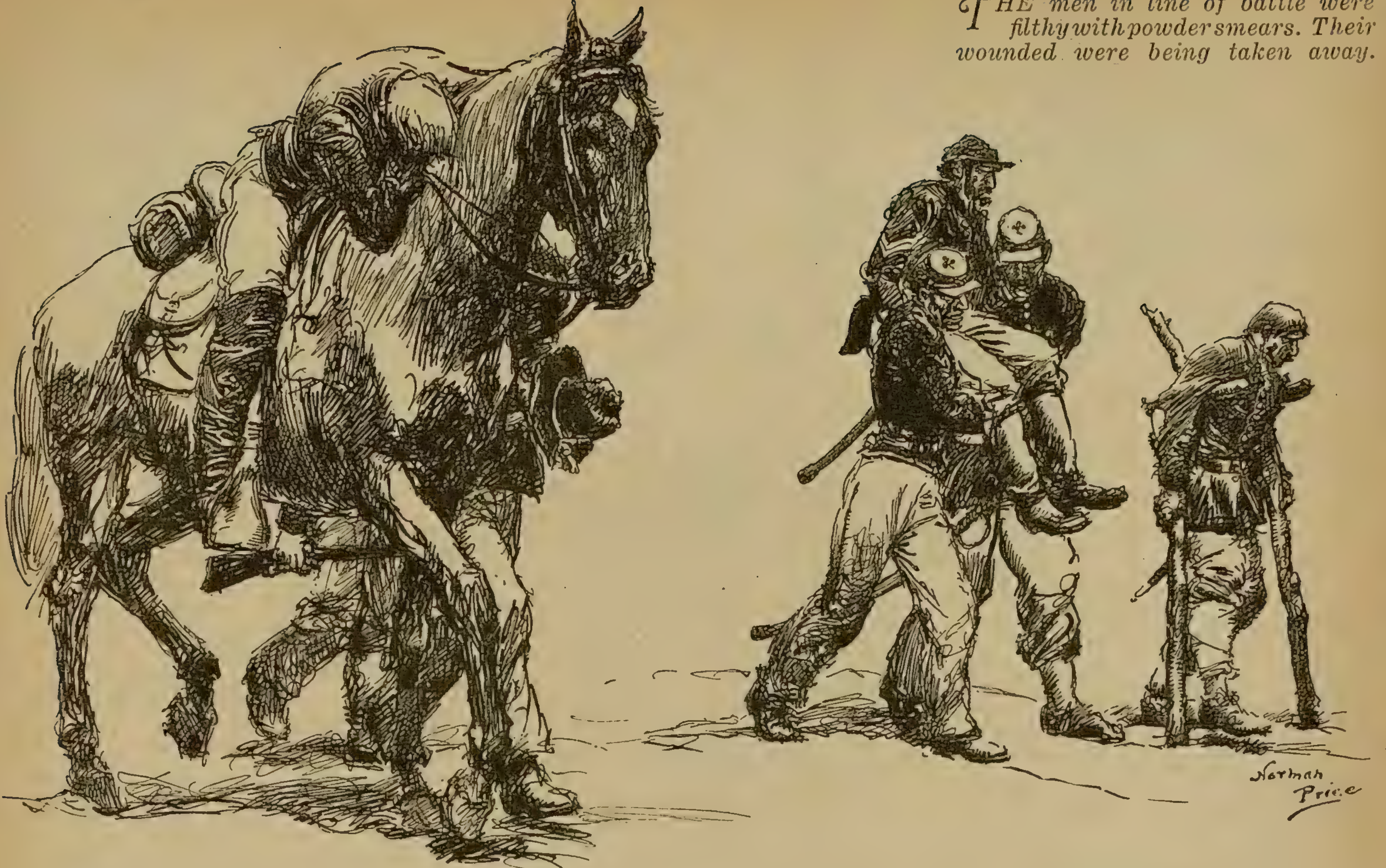
"Kiss me good-by, Mr. Doren," sneered Wild, kicking his mule into action and ranging up on my right.

After a little while we topped another knoll, from which we could see the river, the ruins of the old bridge, and the two pontoons at Germania ford. East and west, as far as we could see, heavy masses of infantry, cavalry, and artillery occupied the rolling country: General Burnside's 4th Army Corps, held in reserve.

The whole place was swimming in smoke drifting back from several batteries in action across the river. I thought, too, that I smelled green smoke, as though the woods were on fire somewhere.

We got over the pontoon bridge all right. Noticing some linemen and a repair foreman lying down at the end of the telegraph line, and the operator perched on

THE men in line of battle were filthy with powder smears. Their wounded were being taken away.



a cracker box with his wire grounded and his instrument on a board in his lap, I got off my horse and called out our construction and repair men.

Very soon we had made the connection. Then I motioned the construction cart forward. Two of our men, wearing climbing irons, mounted such trees as I designated, trimmed them, screwed on the insulators, and carried the common wire over as it unreeled from the wagon. I calculated we were making very slow progress —perhaps half a mile a day. But it couldn't be helped; this was a bad country to run a line through. As we plodded on along the Germania ford road, the first rebel shell I ever heard came screeching toward us and over us with so hellish a noise that I ducked my head. The line of battle lay some distance ahead, but very soon our people and wagons had moved out beyond it.

STEADY tides of walking wounded had set in. Bleeding officers riding wounded horses stumbled by us; and we encountered officers with clay-colored faces and bloody jackets, held on their saddles by soldiers hobbling on either side. Here, too, we noticed our first dead men. I experienced merely a benumbed, incredulous feeling when I saw them, as though these things were not to be comprehended by the living. And there was no sense of fear, either.

Such an ending as this seemed utterly foreign to me—in fact, in my mind, death did not appear to concern me personally at all.

This was neither stupid courage nor the bravery that is intelligently afraid but still trudges forward. It was a boy's sheer inability to see himself in any such ghastly plight as death.

As there appeared to be no good reason at present for our battery wagon to follow us, I halted it and our led mules and continued on with the construction cart.

Presently one of the axmen said: "It's getting kinda hot out here, sergeant."

Before I could reply, a mounted officer rode up to the border of the wooded road and waved us back.

"You damn' fool!" he shouted at me. "You don't know your business or you wouldn't be out here! Get back around the bend there!"

"You noisy jackass!" said I, incensed at his language. "Do you think *you* can give orders to the M. T. C.?"

"What's the matter with you?" he bawled. "I'm trying to warn you that the plank road ahead is swept by rebel rifle fire! Don't you know anything at all?"

We could see a log parapet and a shallow ditch ahead—the intrenchments of General Warren's line of battle.

Wild said to me: "To hell with him, but I guess he's right. Listen to that!"

The rifle fire ahead had risen to a roaring gale, lashing out right and left in swiftly swelling fury.

I asked my Indian in what direction was Parker's and the Wilderness Tavern. He pointed stolidly toward the uproar of battle.

Suddenly, ahead of us and on every side, I saw men in blue swarming toward us through the woods. Some were running. Officers with naked swords and pistols swinging were running too, shouting at the men, blocking their flight, menacing them, arguing, pushing them back. And very soon this wavering blue line of battle, shaken, bewildered in the gloom of the trees and thickets, was stopped, shoved into two long ranks, persuaded, encouraged, and sometimes kicked forward in groups again until it settled down behind the logs on the ground like a thousand blue quail, and lay there scarcely stirring while the officers walked forward to stare into the woods and listen, or resume their watchful pacing to and fro among their prone and huddled men.

"This is the damnedest place for a war I ever heard of," growled Wild. "We can't go in this direction, Maddox. If you want to twang a harp, just step around that bend in the road yonder."

"Turn your cart," I said to the Indian. "Come on," I added to the repair men.

III

HERE was what was happening in this blind cockpit where North and South were now at it, beak and spur.

The Army of the Potomac under General George Meade —which belonged to the group of armies under Lieutenant General Grant—was advancing into the Wilderness by roads leading from the various fords of the river Rapidan. General Hancock's corps marched on Chancellorsville;

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page fifty-seven

Warren on Wilderness Tavern; Sedgwick followed Warren; the cavalry made for these two spots.

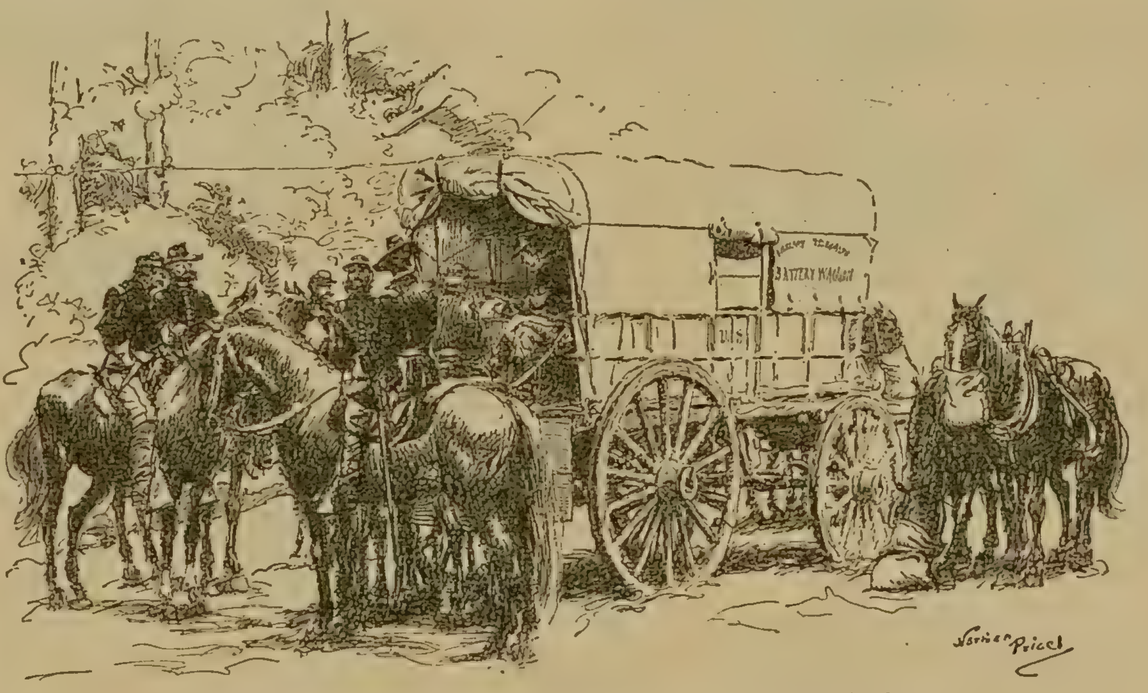
To reënforce them General Burnside's 9th Corps was arriving at headlong and exhausting speed.

Confronting the magnificent Army of the Potomac stood the superb Army of Northern Virginia under the greatest soldier of the century, General Robert E. Lee.

Grant did not wish to fight here; he wished to get through by Lee's right, emerge from the horrible mess of woods, and fight on the southern side in the open. But Lee meant to fight him *here* and *now*, and was blocking him in his tracks.

Two roads pierce the Wilderness from the south: the Orange plank road and the Orange turnpike.

Over these were arriving the Army of Northern Virginia to stop the Army of the Potomac—General Ewell by the turnpike, General Hill by the plank road. To them also was hurrying a third army corps under General Longstreet.



Staff officers began to arrive with dispatches.

It all resembled, on a gigantic scale. the child's game of dancing to and fro and blocking with extended arms the attempted progress of a playfellow.

These men ahead of us were Ewell's Confederate veterans, pitching into General Warren's men just where the Orange turnpike connects with the Germania ford. And Warren had already driven them nearly a mile, and was now, in turn, being driven; and Sedgwick's men were arriving along the Brock road to help Warren hold his breastworks and prevent him from being kicked into the Rapidan.

We went back to where the battery wagon stood. A colonel of infantry, with other officers, came out of the woods and hailed us, asking if we could fix up things so that his brigadier could communicate with his division headquarters at Ely's ford bridge. I said I thought so. Wild made the connection with a fine spool and a bayonet, and presently I could "taste" the current.

So I climbed into the hooded battery wagon, sat down at the table, connected the instrument, and heard the magnet click to my touch.

The colonel handed me his telegram naming his general, brigade, and regiments, and stating simply that the brigade had already lost half its strength and had made no progress.

The reply came rattling in from division headquarters: "Go in again and break through. If you can't get through, hold your ground. No retirement will be tolerated."

I wrote out the message and handed it to the tall, sallow colonel. He read it, nodded slowly, turned his horse, and rode back into the woods.

Staff officers, guiding their nags with difficulty among the trees, began to arrive with dispatches. Very soon I recognized Beckwith's writing, and he mine, without signature, as corps reports poured into general headquarters, carrying shocking details of wholesale slaughter in the woods where no ground had been gained, where the rebel line of battle was checking every advance.

My wire was jammed with these tragic reports from our entire front. The replies concerned the shifting of brigades and divisions, maneuvers calculated to bolster up and support sagging sections of our battle line, but never permission for any retrograde movement, and always the cold formula: "Go in! Break through! Hold what you have at all hazard. No retirement will be tolerated."

Wild, taking by ear and working his pencil like lightning, growled in my ear: "That damn' bulldog Grant! He's got ahold of 'em now. Nobody can pry open those jaws!"

Rebel bullets were clipping and ripping our wagon hood, cutting down and showering us with branches. The rifle storm swelled to a roar around us. Suddenly far in the woods my ears caught the sound of a strange, high-pitched noise, increasing, shrilling nearer. With a startled clang of bugles, amid shouting of officers, thousands and thousands of blue infantry sprang to their feet in the woods around us. A stunning outcrash of musketry—a blaze of flame—smoke crowding out and gushing over the ground—the high-pitched Confederate battle cry close ahead amid the red glare of exploding shells.

"Load at will!" shouted the officers. A sudden clang of iron ramrods—a ripple of cocking muskets—*crash!*—a blank of choking smoke. Faintly, then, the treble rebel yell, thinner, dying, silenced.

"Bayonets!" shouted a mounted officer. "Get on there! Continue the movement! Get your men forward, Colonel—"

Wild pulled at my elbow and put his lips to my ear. "Look at the fire," he said. "We can't stay here!"

I looked out forward.

Now a bush, here and there, crackled into flame; forked tongues of it licked tree trunks or kindled in dry windfalls here and there; close to the ground, where the carpet of dead leaves lay, a long sparkling line of fire crawled toward us under its crest of little restless flames.

So we disconnected, turned our wagons, and moved slowly rearward. I made no attempt to take down the wire, believing that the taller living trees were not likely to catch fire.

When we got back a little way we established connection once more.

Wild got out of the wagon and went into the woods; and came back deafened, saying there was nothing to see but smoke and burning brush ahead.

A major of a Pennsylvania regiment was carried by in the frightful tide of wounded now setting in heavily from the front. He saw our wagon and caught sight of Wild, and began to beg that a telegram be sent to his wife saying he was not badly hurt.

He died in his blanket while I was trying to understand what he was saying.

A few discouraging reports from staff officers followed. I sent them to Ely's ford.

Nothing else came for a while. I called Brandy Station and, with an odd and startled thrill, recognized Iris' writing.

"It's you, Juan! I knew your style instantly! Are you quite safe, darling?"

"Yes. Are you all right?"

"Yes, but very anxious. Are you near all that terrible fighting?" she rattled out at her usual lightning speed.

"Not very. What do you hear about it?"

"Beckwith came over a little while ago. He said the slaughter in the Wilderness is becoming frightful. When are you coming home?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Where are you, anyway?"

"On a road in the woods."

"*What* road?"

"It's called the Germania ford road."

"That's where the worst fighting is! Oh, Juan!"

"If Beckwith told you that, he had no business to! Everything's all right here. How is Doggie Doggett?"

"He's out with Connie. Everybody spoils those two. An orderly is here with a lot of dispatches. Thank you for talking to me. Good-by."

She signed off; and almost at the same moment, through a momentary lull in the firing and confusion, came that high, wild yelling from the distant woods again.

The battle line began to fire—regiment after regiment, unseen, taking it up, swelling the terrific din. Then startling silence. A dropping shot or two. Then:

"Load at will—load!" came the shouts of officers near us—the loud command repeated in dwindling diminuendo until lost in distant thickets. Jarring the ear, followed the ominous ringing of ramrods in steel barrels; the click-click-click of gunlocks; a metallic snapping of priming caps—all heard distinctly through the shrilling of the rebel yell and approaching trample over dead leaves.

Wild called out, "Here they come!" And I saw them—a misty multitude suddenly visible in the sylvan grayness—some walking, some jogging toward us, others running heavily ahead just beyond the breastworks.

As I caught sight of their beautiful red battle flags bearing the blue saltier set with stars, everything was blotted out in a wall of smoke and level flame.

Then the woods raged with our rifle fire, blazing into the opaque wall of smoke ahead, where above it two or three red battle flags still tossed, but came no nearer—and then, of a sudden, vanished utterly.

WILD and I, standing on the driver's seat of our wagon, fired our revolvers into the smoke, reloaded, and continued to fire until, from their ditches, hollows, log shelters, and shallow trenches, the blue line of battle leaped to its feet and surged out into obscurity, cheering.

There came riding, then, up the corpse-encumbered plank road, a superb-looking major general and his staff. A company of regular cavalry escorted them.

"Hancock," whispered Wild in my ear.

Seeing our battery wagon and two operators on duty, General Hancock reined in beside us.

"Can you get my headquarters at Chancellor's?"

"Yes, general; by relay."

"Very well. Operators Rose and Shreffler are there. Tell them I am inspecting the front. Tell them where I am and ask them to relay the information to General Grant. He can keep in personal touch with me through you, I suppose. I leave a staff officer."

He signed to a staff captain to remain; then, with a pleasant nod, rode forward.

Very soon Beckwith telegraphed:

> GENERAL HANCOCK: Push on if you possibly can. Burnside is coming up. I need not tell you it is vital to hold on to what you have.
>
> U. S. GRANT, Lt. General.

This was not in cipher. Wild wrote it out and the staff captain took it, but waited for whatever other news I might extract from other operators.

I got Operators Hall, Henderson, and Edwards at General Warren's headquarters.

They gave me only vague news of dreadful losses along the five-mile battle front.

I GOT the operator at Culpeper ford. He also reported fearful slaughter all along the line. He said the 10th and 18th Army Corps were ready to strike when ordered, and all transportation by water was ready for instant departure.

All this Wild penciled for General Hancock's information.

And then something went wrong with my magnet.

The armature dropped with a click; then the magnet sputtered as though somebody were splicing a severed wire or making a series of crazy contacts.

I kept on testing and adjusting and presently the flow was resumed.

"What the devil was the matter?" I asked Vaughan, with whom I had just been conversing.

"Nothing's the matter," came back the reply. *But it was not Vaughan's writing!*

Then followed the alarming query: "Who are you?" But this should have been asked by using the number 134.

"Sign," I signaled.

"Well, well," came the swiftly jeering rejoinder. "If it isn't our old friend from Golden Brook Bridge! How are you, Maddox?"

"Who the hell are you?"

"I'm Ellsworth," came the startling reply. "I thought I'd just cut in to ask how things are going down in the dear old Wilderness. Has Mr. Grant got through yet?"

"Are you really Ellsworth—John Morgan's operator?"

"Yes, I really am, Maddox. Many a time I've tapped your wire and listened in while you were flirting with that O'Brien girl. Oh, you naughty Don Juan!"

"Ellsworth," said I, in a cold fury, "if you don't get off that wire in a hurry you'll be sorry!"

"I know it, Maddox. I can see some of that angry General Garrard's cavalry coming. I'll talk to you another time. Good-by, Don Juan—"

For half an hour the wire was dead. Ellsworth, of course, had cut it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

If You Are Charmed by Corned Beef and Cabbage

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WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page fifty-nine

Then, sputter-sputter, jiggle-jiggle, and the armature fell.

“ Vaughan? ”

“ They’ve gobbled Jack Vaughan. Rebel cavalry cut the wire. We chased them away and spliced it. This is McCarty again.”

“ Have you notified Doren? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Well, let me tell you, I’ll know Ellsworth’s writing again if he ever cuts in,” said I, incensed.

Just then the impatient staff officer rode up with his orders and his budget.

“ That’s all,” I said.

He spurred away *southward*. It was evident that our battle line was pushing ahead.

Very soon my magnet clattered and I recognized Beckwith’s writing. His message said: “ Grant at Meade’s H. Q., Wilderness Tavern. Cavalry there also. Hancock at Chancellor’s. Send your couriers to H. Q. Doren will meet you tomorrow. I go to Grant’s H. Q. O’Brien remains.”

It was growing a little dim in the woods now. None of us had eaten that day. So we started a little fire and my men cooked all our rations for us.

General Hancock did not return—at least, not by our road.

I took the key and told Wild to sleep until midnight, when I’d awaken him.

Messages kept on coming through for all the forces at the various fords until a late hour. The ambulances worked all night.

Just before I awakened Wild, Iris called me so suddenly that my legs and heart jumped simultaneously.

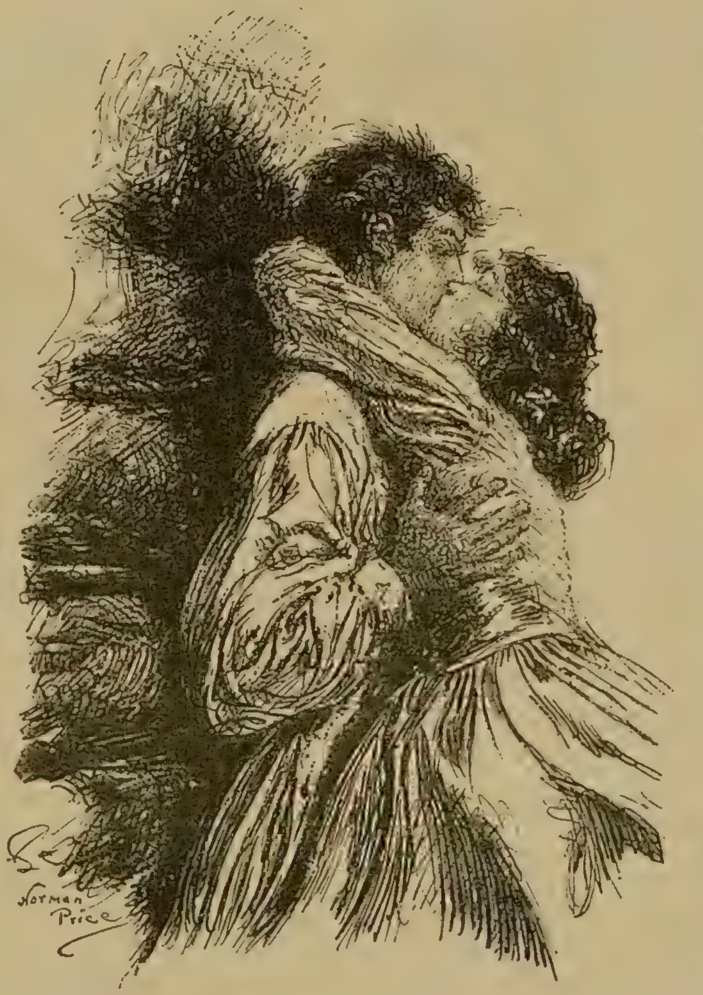
“ Are you all right, Juan? ”

“ Perfectly.”

“ Good night, then.”

“ Good night.”

It began to rain. The murmur of it filled the mournful silence. A creeping chill settled over the blood-soaked Wilderness.



Her desperate embrace was nearly choking me.

IV

A TERRIFIC tumult of rifle fire awoke me. It was a quarter to five in the morning.

I could hear the magnet clicking madly. Wild was taking.

As I stumbled to my feet to grope for pencil and paper, in the lantern rays I caught a glimpse of eight or ten mounted messengers from general headquarters, sitting their horses around the tailboard of our wagon.

I wrote, reading by ear: “ Confederates have opened fire on Sedgwick’s right. Bayonet work is following. Sedgwick drives them very slowly.” On the heels of this: “ Cavalry fighting. Custer and Gregg are driving Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee.” Then: “ All of Warren’s and Wright’s division of Sedgwick’s have been checked by Ewell.” And then: “ Hancock on Brock road, driving Hill. Longstreet coming up.”

As I handed out the several dispatches I asked the couriers where General Grant was.

“ At Lacy’s,” they shouted back as they spurred away.

More dispatches came in:

“ Longstreet driving Mott’s division on Hancock’s left. Mott demoralized.”

“ Longstreet has just been killed.”

“ Confederate General Jenkins killed. Longstreet not dead but badly wounded. Mott rallies.”

“ Mott has been driven a mile. He is standing firm now. General Wadsworth has been killed.”

That is the way it went all the morning. Wild could not get any sleep; we had no time to eat; no opportunity to pack up and start for Lacy’s house, which my Indian said he knew how to find.

Noon found our wires still jammed and impatient mounted messengers waiting. And in the midst of that came several dispatches to be “ set up,” and several ciphers to be deciphered or relayed to Lacy’s by messenger, a hazardous business always.

Half the entire army—Hancock and Burnside—were mixing bayonets with Lee’s yelling infantry. They came surging on, wave after wave, where, on our intrenchments, red rebel battle flags glimmered in the smoke of our own log breastworks afire. Here, in the heat and smothering smoke, our infantry recoiled, scorched by flame and mangled by bullet and bayonet.

THE operator at Chancellor’s informed us that Hancock was holding on, and that his men were cheering him wherever he rode. A courier from general headquarters told us that he had seen Grant near the Lacy house, sitting on a stump; that he had already smoked twenty big black cigars since morning; that he seemed only mildly interested in the battle and scarcely spoke to anybody.

Another courier said that, while he was standing to horse near the general, a brigadier from Hancock galloped up, red in the face and nearly out of breath, reporting Hancock’s men as wavering.

He began to express his alarm in gasps concerning what Lee was going to do to us, when Grant said wearily:

“ Oh, I am heartily tired of hearing what Lee is going to do! Go back to your command and try to think about what *we* are going to do to General Lee.”

At that Wild burst into a harsh laugh. “ The old bulldog! Didn’t I tell you? He’ll never let go.”

Later in the evening I had an opportunity to call up Iris at Brandy Station. Mrs. Camp signed. She said that there was now a great scarcity of cipher operators; that Iris had qualified and had taken the oath, had been given her key, had already started with a large field train traveling eastward toward some unspecified destination.

I had never dreamed of such a contingency.

“ Where is little Connie Spurlock? ” I asked.

“ Here with me. Her brother Gilfred is here, too. He has enlisted in the corps of spies and guides.”

“ Let me know when you are in touch with Miss O’Brien,” I said. “ Don’t forget! ”

She promised, in her shaky writing, and signed off.

Later on a terrible uproar arose to the westward. The Confederate General John Gordon had rushed at Generals Shaler and Seymour and overwhelmed them, taking five or six hundred prisoners; but the 6th Corps was perfectly safe and had intrenched again on a much better line.

Between twenty-four and twenty-five thousand men of both armies lay dead, dying, or wounded in the horrible woods around us. And the woods were burning fiercely.

God knows when night faded into dawn. A dispatch from Beckwith: “ Pack up and make for Chancellor’s. Follow overhead wire.”

We hitched up and started. The Pamunkey Indian must have smelled his way, I think.

It was obvious to us that our army was filing, now, by Lee’s right flank. Our wounded were being moved toward Fredericksburg. Our cavalry rode in the general direction of the Rappahannock. An orderly came from Germania ford with a message from Doren saying that we could reel in our cable if we had laid any toward the Tavern, and re-lay it toward the Widow's Clearing. As we had laid none in the direction of the Tavern, we continued on toward the river, looking for the wood road running toward the Widow's Clearing—wherever that might be. The Pamunkey, however, seemed to know.

When dusk came the firing died away. As we could no longer even see the wire we were following, we camped. All night long we heard cavalry riding eastward.

Few messages came in. One was from Beckwith:

“ Connect with the overhead and lay cable toward Chancellor's house. Doren will be up tomorrow.”

Wild said: “ I hope God lets me live to see Mr. Doren up a tree dodging rebel shells.”

That night the entire army lay comparatively quiet.

A cipher dispatch came through by courier from General Grant, ordering his entire wagon train to re-provision and move on Spotsylvania Court House.

“ By God! ” muttered Wild, “ I see it now. That good old bulldog! Looking for a deadlier grip. Oh, glory, glory and little chickens! ”

Another dispatch from Doren by wire:

“ Stay where you are until further orders.”

Early in the morning the hungry legion of couriers beset us fiercely, demanding transmission and news.

Now, through us for relay, came significant orders from general headquarters:

Warren was ordered to march by the Brock road behind Hancock's trenches; Sedgwick was directed to follow by way of Chancellorsville; Burnside was to guard the trains; Hancock to cover the movement.

Now it grew very dark in the accursed place where a great army was struggling to disentangle itself from the strangling clutch of the Wilderness.

V

THE roar of battle awoke me. A sickly dawn grayed the foggy woods. Rain fell. Wild said our wire was working badly; that the operator at Chancellorsville was attempting to report to Brandy Station; that he had relayed the message and had just received an answer when the Germania ford operator put on his ground wire, cutting the line from the east, probably to attend to important western business uninterrupted.

“ It's that damn' fool Jenkins,” he said. “ He's done that to me before. His wire's dead and I wish he were! ”

I tried to stir up some current. All was deathly still. While I was trying to reach Jake McGovern, operator at General Garrard's headquarters, from the apparently severed line the magnet began to sputter and fizz as though two severed ends of the wire were being tinkered with. Then, click! The lever of the sounder dropped.

“ All clear,” I signaled Chancellorsville, and turned the dispatch over to Wild, who sent a sizzling hot message to Jenkins which soon cleared his ground wire and his befogged brain. Nevertheless, he took time to tell us both to go to the deuce.

It was a tragic message from Chancellor's—the dead, wounded, and missing numbered thousands; the woods were still burning, despite the rain, and ambulance men couldn't reach our wounded. Neither cavalry nor artillery were able to operate in the dense, matted jungle ahead. We had word from Beckwith that a train with wagonmasters, blacksmiths, messengers, saddlers, laborers, repairers, foremen, clerks, and teamsters was starting toward Spotsylvania Court House; and that I was to leave what wire I had strung, take my wagons away from Orange plank road, find a certain wood road which my Indian would show me, and follow it to an open field in the woods, called the Widow's, where a staff officer from General Hancock would await me.

So, the horses having been fed and watered, we finished our melancholy breakfast, packed up, jogged off.

It had begun to rain quite hard; and if we were bogged once we were bogged twenty times before we saw a watery gray glimmer ahead, and drove out to the edge of a gloomy clearing. A staff officer rode over to us with an order from Mr. Caldwell to hook up at Chancellor's clearing and carry our cable eastward toward the left flank as far as possible and parallel to our line of march.

Well, we'd try to do it, I told him. Of course, here was no place for common wire, in this series of bushy runs. But the trail of gun carriages was all around us; so I did use our lances at first, in order that neither cavalry nor artillery should ride over our insulated cable. Then, clear of the muddy lanes, we used our pack animals and a reel apiece and slowly advanced through the pouring rain.

ONCE we drove right into a line of battle—part of a division of General Warren's rear guard, which had just repulsed a terrific Confederate charge.

The men in line of battle were as black as Negroes, filthy to the lips with powder smears from bitten cartridges, foul with smoke and grime. Their wounded were being taken away; their dead lay thick everywhere.

Toward noon we halted and I coupled up, spliced, connected, and called Brandy Station. A strange operator was on duty there. I made him sign up, fired several tests at him, and, finding him O. K., asked where Beckwith had gone. He was still with General Grant at General Meade's headquarters. So I merely reported myself, disconnected, and plodded on, not even taking time to get Mrs. Camp, but leaving word for her that Operator Maddox was all right and to tell Miss O'Brien.

Then, just ahead, I saw a low log signal tower and a forlorn soldier atop, wigwagging in the rain. He was signaling a treeless hill on which some ramshackle farm buildings stood. There also I could see a field battery, its guns firing now and then.

The signalman was wigwagging: C-U-Imy-121-21-22-111-Cav-33. 22111-333. Which meant, “ Can you immediately send the cavalry? Do you understand? ”

A round cloud shot with lightning covered a gun: hilltop and farm vanished. Then, on the heels of the gun's lashing thunder, we saw horsemen cantering down the gentle declivity in our general direction. I discovered Dennis Doren, presently, sitting on his horse.

“ You're doing pretty well, Maddox,” he said as I came up. “ Park your wagons here and connect. I want to talk to G. H. Q.” He got off his horse, climbed into the battery wagon, and was presently conversing with loud, determined clicks. It was Iris' writing replying. I knew it instantly. General Grant had gone forward to General Meade: that was what she was saying. Beckwith, of course, had gone too.

Doren said to me: “ O. K., Maddox. You stay right here until further orders.” He motioned Wild to the switch, got on his horse, and galloped off toward the hill.

I thought I'd lie down, being too tired to try to eat cold, wet rations. But before I could get into the battery wagon the whole place swarmed with cavalry.

“ Hello, Juan! ” said a poncho-covered officer, pulling in his steaming mount beside me; and I looked up into the handsome, reckless face of Captain Stephen O'Brien.

Next week you'll see Captain O'Brien become the center of a mystery in which Iris also is strangely involved.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Suggestion for Telephone Companies

Transmitting a telegram by phone one evening, the sender spelled out the recipient's name and address as well as his own. Upon finishing, his four-year-old daughter, who had listened intently, inquired, “ When are you going to take another spelling lesson, daddy? ”—L. E. Rice, 727 West Seventh St., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

She Was Bored

Martha, aged five years, had been reprimanded several times before Easter. Each time her mother would say, “ If you are not a good girl the Easter bunny will not bring you any eggs.” Finally the youngster replied, “ Oh, mother, I'm tired of hearing about the Easter bunny! Please change your line.”—Barbara Hewitt, 1716 N. Bronson St., Hollywood, Calif.

To the Ladies!

DELICATESSEN
HOME
COOKING

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

WHEN she was a little girl she wanted to run away with the gypsies. " Even now," she confessed to me, " I still sing gypsy songs."

And why shouldn't she? Life, indeed, has made a homeless wanderer of this lady. Out of Soviet prisons, out of exile camps where they kept her among thieves and murderers because she refused to give up the religion of peace taught by her famous father, Countess Alexandra Tolstoy has come at last to America.

Countess Alexandra Tolstoy.

I met her the day she reached New York from California from Japan. I met a sturdy, simple woman dressed in the plainest clothes. Gray eyes steady behind strong glasses. Near-sighted eyes, but eyes in which I saw a twinkling humor that no amount of hardship could daunt.

Tolstoy, her father, is nearly as celebrated here as in Russia. She was his closest helper, his secretary through the busiest of his writing years. She will lecture about him in this country. And she will bring out a book telling her own experiences in the land of the Soviets, where she has been five times arrested, imprisoned, exiled.

After that? Well, this is what she said to me:

" I know how to farm. I can work as hard as a man. Fourteen years under Soviet rule have taught me how. Here in America I want to live in the country. On a farm. Already I feel at home here—and at peace."

COLORED glass and colored table linens are no longer as much in favor as they were. The good heavy cut glass known as crystal is back in fashion again. A wise return, I think, for when you have once made the investment you will not grow tired of crystal glassware as you do inevitably of colored glass after you have had it for some time. The old patterns in cut glass—hobnail, nail and thistle, daisy—are all becoming stylish again.

As to table linen, the present demand is chiefly for lace or embroidered white cloths, but you'll soon see a return of the lovely damask tablecloths of hand-woven Irish linen. Their snowy sheen and the sparkle of cut glass by candlelight combine to make the very finest of all table effects. Really good food requires a beautiful but *solid* setting. Our ladylike luncheon sets of colored glass and linen are really appropriate only for fussy dishes or for reducing diets. And have you ever noticed how much smarter the men in evening clothes look around a *white* table?

"ONE of the greatest differences between the average American woman and the average European woman is the difference of their respective behavior in a grocery store."

An observant traveler made this remark to me, and went on to say:

" You may have heard it said that the Americans know how to spend, the English how to lend, the French how to save. You will certainly realize that part of this at least is true if you watch a Frenchwoman buy groceries, then see one of our one-hundred-per-cent American women do her shopping.

" Any number of American women will tell you, with a kind of pride, that they ' don't know a thing about meat.' If the fruit or vegetables such a woman finds in a store do not suit her, will she turn around and walk out? She will not. For some reason she feels ashamed to reject, to pick over, to insist on satisfaction. The average American woman of fairly easy circumstances seems to shrink from the *disgrace* of appearing thrifty in the eyes of a grocery clerk."

I must admit that I have noticed this tendency myself, and have not been pleased to see it. There is certainly nothing disgraceful or sordid in thrifty buying. True, the women of France are inclined to be miserly at times, and miserliness is an unpleasant trait. But—*France is prosperous.* And I firmly believe the thrift practiced by French housewives has a good deal to do, in the long run, with the prosperity of their nation.

Throughout the length and breadth of France I doubt if you could find one housewife who would even admit—let alone be proud of—the fact that she couldn't pick out her meat and groceries with a sharp eye for quality.

MY friend Nettie is attractive. She's superbly alive. Gay, quick, cheerful, she makes friends everywhere. She is also intelligent. Whatever she sets out to do she does with ease.

Nettie was universally a favorite in the office where she worked. She was liked by the girls and men who worked with her, and by her superiors too. She never used to get in trouble when she let her work slide. Someone was always ready to help her out when she lagged behind with her duties.

If the worst came to the worst she would smile so contritely that the boss didn't have the heart to give her the dressing down she deserved.

" I always felt so secure."

That's what Nettie told me the day she lost her job.

And *this* is what the boss told Nettie when he fired her:

" Young woman, you're a good worker. I could overlook your occasional slackness if you weren't so popular. The trouble is, there are too many other girls here who might try to imitate you. Your popularity is a bad influence. That's why I've got to let you go."

Well, Nettie has brains. She knows the boss was right. " If you're popular," she says, " I guess you have to be on the job every minute."

THE three-quarter-length overblouse is back in favor. Thrifty Parisiennes are sponsoring its return. So many last-year gowns can be saved by the three-quarter blouse.

An evening dress, for example, plainly cut, of crêpe, velvet, or satin, may be transformed into a charming " Sunday supper " frock by slipping on over it a lamé blouse reaching nearly to your knees. Light-toned satin or velvet-brocaded georgette may be used instead of lamé, and the overblouse made with a cowl drapery in front, the sleeves either long or short. The sleeves may be trimmed with fur if you like, and if the blouse is fairly short the hem may be given a fur band. The smartest of these overblouses are untrimmed, however. They get their effect with fine lines and beautiful materials.

AND Life Goes On is the title of a splendid new novel by Vicki Baum, who wrote Grand Hotel. The story tells of an automobile accident in a small German town, and of the love that springs up between an overworked housewife and the owner of the wrecked car. (Doubleday, Doran.)

Scamper up hills with ETHYL

STARK DAVIS

Rocky Mountain sheep have the nimble vigor Ethyl gives motors on hills. Not that Ethyl doesn't make cars run better on level roads; it does. But you ought to try it on hills! There's where controlled combustion gets a full chance to prove its value (and saving). The Ethyl fluid in Ethyl Gasoline prevents uneven explosions that cause power-waste, harmful knock and overheating; it delivers power with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best in *any* motor. Try it. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

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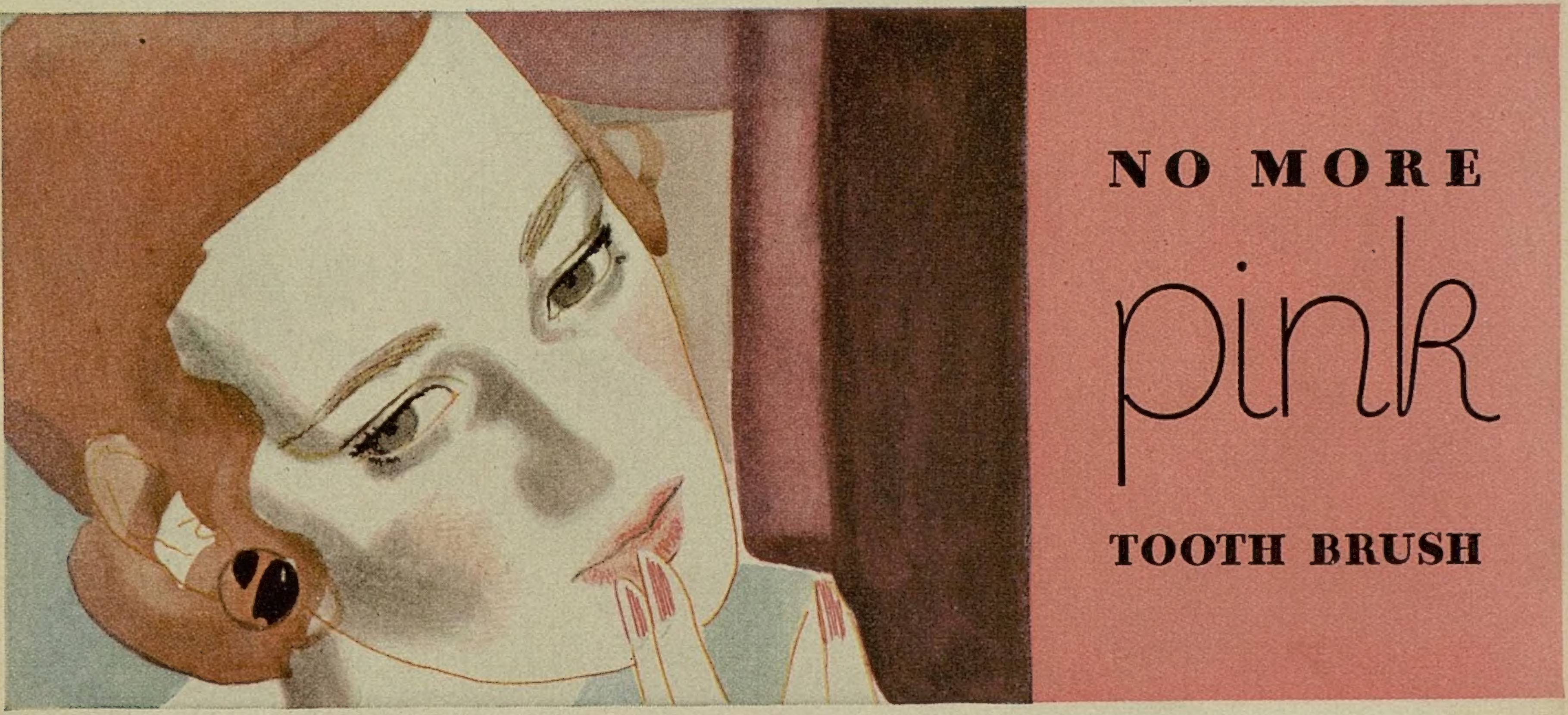
ETHYL GASOLINE

THAT LITTLE TOUCH OF "PINK" upon your tooth brush!



Modern diet lacks the coarse foods which stimulate and firm tender gum tissue

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
FOR TENDER GUMS
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK
Grafström

IF you ever find "pink" upon your tooth brush, make up your mind, then and there, that it's something that's got to be stopped!

Make a decisive and firm resolution that your gums are going to be firm and healthy—that your teeth are to be kept sound and white. For "pink tooth brush" is a warning not to be ignored if you value the health of your gums and your teeth.

• • •

Talk to your dentist first of all. Probably he'll answer you just like this, for this is the summary of the best dental opinion.

"Weak gums are the result of hasty eating and soft foods. Like all modern people of 1931 you have little choice in the matter of diet. You eat—and have eaten for years—easy-going foods that rob your gums of the exercise and stimulation they need for healthy hardness. Sooner or later you'll probably discover 'pink tooth brush'! Don't get panicky about it but don't neglect that little touch of 'pink' on your tooth brush!

"True, you can probably clear it up with massage and a good agent like Ipana. But if you ignore it many serious troubles—such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and the happily much rarer pyorrhea—can follow in its train.

"And 'pink tooth brush'—neglected too long—can lead to a loss of lustre of the teeth, and an infection at their roots. And *that* threatens teeth which today are sound and white."

• • •

Get Ipana, clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then, after you've done that put a little bit of fresh Ipana on your brush and massage those lazy, inactive gums of yours. Wake them up! Give them the stimulation that modern food fails to provide. Firm their walls, increase their resistance.

Keep on, for 30 days, using Ipana and massage . . . Your teeth will be brilliantly white, your gums firm and healthy. And you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush" in the future.

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